LIFE

Amid controversy over the Warren Report
Governor Connally examines for **LIFE**
the Kennedy assassination film
frame by frame

DID OSWALD ACT ALONE?

A MATTER OF REASONABLE DOUBT

FRAME 230

From the film:
A key moment in the controversy

NOVEMBER 25 · 1966 · 35¢

®

POLAROID®

It's like opening a present.

Polaroid
Color Pack
Cameras
start at
under $60.

3 goals to discuss with your broker before you invest in stocks or bonds.

Growth, income, safety...how to match one of these goals to your needs...4 guides to wise investing...new Exchange booklet.

It's estimated that more than 20 million people own shares in American business. You may be one of them. Or perhaps you are just beginning to see yourself in the role of investor. Your circumstances may have improved, and you see your way clear to putting some of your funds to work in the market.

—*—

Right now, you may be puzzling the question of what your investment goal should be. Your answer may be in the following:

—*—

GROWTH: Your goal may be to benefit from your investment in later years—to help finance a college education, to cushion your retirement years, even to treat your family to some long-talked-about vacation or luxury.

—*—

So you consider common stocks of companies which strike you as having good prospects of growing as the years fly by. Although the past doesn't guarantee the future, many common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have grown impressively through the years.

—*—

Healthy growth is one thing; the dazzle of the "high flyers" may be another. The one sure thing is that stock prices ebb and flow for many reasons, so there is risk in any investment.

—*—

INCOME: If your ambition is to spice your regular income with dividends—a second income to ease the way through current expenses or add to your share of life's good things as you go along—your interest may focus mainly on a stock's dividend record and prospects. Possibly preferred stocks or bonds.

Some 500 stocks listed on the Exchange have paid quarterly dividends for 20 years or more without a miss.

SEND FOR FREE INVESTMENT GUIDE

"STOCKS ON THE BIG BOARD" is a comprehensive investment guide published by the New York Stock Exchange.

This new 32-page booklet groups by industries more than 900 common stocks out of some 1,200 listed on the Exchange... makes it easy to compare the growth in earnings per share, yield and dividend record of each stock with other stocks in its group.

The booklet also describes guidelines for wise investing, the significance of listed stocks, and the services offered by member firms. And it tells about the role of investing in an expanding economy.

To get your free copy send the coupon below.

A company usually pays a fixed return on preferred stock and bonds. But, on common stock, it may share its prosperity by increasing the dividend—or, in adverse times, cut it back or even pay none.

—*—

SAFETY: While growth and income may have a cheerful ring, perhaps your circumstances suggest a more conservative tack. Then you would weigh the relative safety of principal combined with a good yield that high-grade preferred stocks or bonds might offer.

Settling your mind on a realistic goal is just one of four guidelines that wise investors usually follow.

—*—

A second is to consider investing only money you don't expect to need in the foreseeable future, for living expenses and the emergencies that can unexpectedly appear in every life.

—*—

A third is to ask your broker for facts and advice in appraising a company's business picture before you apply your judgment.

—*—

The fourth guideline is to use the services of a registered representative in a member firm of the Exchange. He's not infallible—who is?—but his knowledge of investing can often help light your way.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

Send for Free Booklet: "STOCKS ON THE BIG BOARD," new 32-page guide groups more than 900 stocks by industry for easy comparisons. Valuable to both new and experienced investors.

Mail to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange in your community, or to New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 6-SC, P.O. Box 1070, New York, N.Y. 10001.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

Max Factor's Royal Regiment Gift List for Men

Just fill in the names of the men on your list.

Christmas List

After Shave Lotion for:

Regimental Gift Set for:

Cologne for Men for:

Spray Cologne for:

Cologne Cannon for:

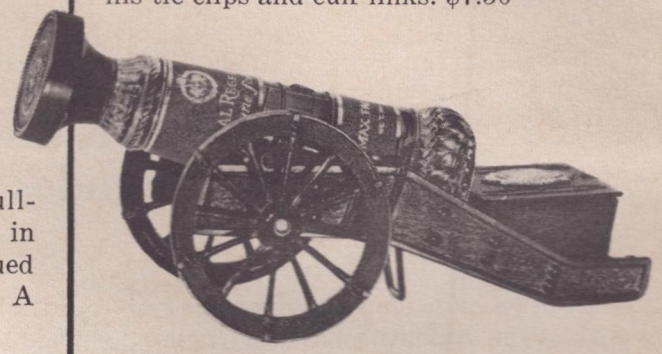
Cannon Ball Soap for:

Cologne for Men

Clean. Crisp. Invigorating. Full-bodied Royal Regiment fragrance in a man-sized bottle bearing an antiqued traditional regimental medallion. A uniquely masculine gift. $4.50

Cologne Cannon

For that special man on your list ! Royal Regiment's antique Cologne Cannon is cradled in a replica of a 19th century cannon carriage. Solid metal. And the luxuriously lined ammunition box stores his tie clips and cuff links. $7.50

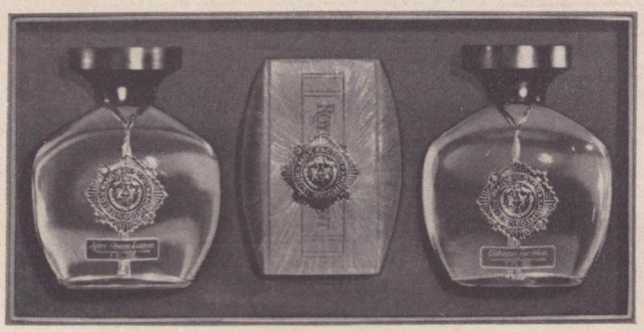


Spray Cologne

A refreshing, exhilarating spray... after showers and baths. The antique Cannon Bottle is slim and sleek. He can slip it into his overnight bag. Complete with a realistic metallic-finish, a superb gift idea. $4.00

After Shave Lotion

Cool. Bracing. A classic blend of woody undertones with a crisp topnote and accents of subtle leather and spice. A splash of confidence after every shave... before your every encounter. $3.50



Regimental Gift Set

The Deluxe Combination, a three-fisted gift in a handsome leather-like case with regimental colors and distinctive regimental medallion. After Shave Lotion, Deluxe Shower Soap, Cologne for Men. $9.50

Cannon Ball Soap

A novel gift idea ! This man-sized cannon ball splits into six individual wedges of quick-lathering, leather-fresh shower soap. The reusable ammunition box is solid wood with a rugged burned-in decor. $5.50

New Royal Regiment by Max Factor

© 1966 MAX FACTOR & CO. AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Vol. 61, No. 22 November 25, 1966

LIFE

CONTENTS

OPINION AND COMMENT

Editorials 4

A job the Republicans asked for
I, we, and they, according to L.B.J.

Reviews 13-30

Book: Catherine Drinker Bowen's *Miracle at Philadelphia*, reviewed by D. W. Brogan
Movie: *The Endless Summer*, reviewed by Roger Vaughan
Game: The Shakespeare Game, reviewed by John Ferris

Letters to the Editors 35

The Feminine Eye 36

I'd know him anywhere. By Shana Alexander

THE WEEK'S NEWS AND FEATURES

Amid heightening controversy over the Warren Report, Governor Connally examines for LIFE the assassination film.
That Oswald acted alone is

A Matter of Reasonable Doubt 38

The Presidency 54

Ave—durable servant of four Presidents. By Hugh Sidey

Close-Up 57

George Masters, highhanded hairdresser. By Jane Howard

Education 65

Pop music and discipline as pupils carry on classes in Sweden's teacherless schools. By Bill Wise

The Family of Levi Smith 72

Part I of a series on an uncommon American clan that draws strength from its traditions in a time of change. Written and photographed by Barbara and Grey Villet

At Last: an 'Alice' Unspoiled 96A

Jonathan Miller faithfully brings the Lewis Carroll classic to television, making a child's dreams plausible

'Fire in Alpha 107 Mike!' 104

The floating hell of the fire that racked the carrier *Oriskany* and the cold courage that saved her. By Don Moser

Nature 121

A high-jumping whale named Makapuu

Theater 127

Happy encore for George Kaufman's classics. A man with a healthy relish for the human race. By Tom Prideaux

Fashion 132

The wastebasket dress arrives

Conservation 139

Niagara Falls reduced to a trickle

Miscellany 142

© 1966 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

3–ALFRED EISENSTAEDT 38–U.P.I. 39–DON UHRBROCK 48A–DON UHRBROCK 48B–BOB PETERSON–THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES 53–PHIL WILLIS 54–FRANCIS MILLER 57 through 62–JULIAN WASSER 65–BIRNBACK–TORE JOHNSON 67–PRESSENS BILD exc. t. TORE JOHNSON 68–BIRNBACK 96A–TERENCE SPENCER 96B, 97–TERENCE SPENCER exc. lt. cen. BBC 98–TERENCE SPENCER 104 through 107–JAMES PICKERELL from BLACK STAR 108–drawing by ART ROSSER 110 through 119–DOLF HERRAS 121, 122, 124–RALPH CRANE 127–GEORGE KARGER from PIX, JOHN DOMINIS 128, 129–ROBERT ALAN GOLD–lt. VANDAMM STUDIO (2); rt. CHARLES BONNAY 130–MISS ALIX JEFFRY 132, 133, 134–HOWELL CONANT 139–U.P.I.–CHARLES MOORE from BLACK STAR 140–CHARLES MOORE from BLACK STAR 142–RALPH CRANE

November 25, 1966 Volume 61, Number 22
LIFE is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Linen, President; D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer; Bernard Barnes, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. subscriptions $7.75 a year and Canadian subscriptions $8.75 a year.

EDITORS' NOTE

The Villets and the Smiths

Two years ago this month Photographer Grey Villet and his wife Barbara took on what they knew would be the most subtle and arduous assignment of their careers: to tell the story of one unheralded American family with intimacy and insight. The measure of their success can be found on pages 72–92 of this week's issue, the first of a four-part series devoted to the family of Levi and Julia Smith of Burlington, Vt.

The Smiths are not a "typical American family." But from the moment the Villets met them they felt the family's deep sense of continuity, born of their six generations in Vermont. This was the very thing the Villets most wanted to portray: "The qualities Levi and Julia had imparted to the lives and upbringing of the children, and the way those qualities came back like a sea change in each of them."

BARBARA AND GREY VILLET

The Villets rented a house outside of Burlington, settled in on June 7, 1965 and stayed exactly one year, moving back and forth among the branches of the family in two-week sessions, joining its gatherings for Thanksgiving, Christmas and an endless round of children's birthdays. Although the Smiths had, of course, assented to the story, it was months before their New England reticence yielded to the Villets' omnipresence. The children were the first to accept them—a process aided by Grey's insistence that in order *really* to be a part of the family it was necessary to arrive each day before breakfast. The first real intimation of how the photographer and reporter had been accepted by their subjects came after the 80-year-old Levi was badly injured in an automobile accident. When the Villets rushed to the hospital, Levi Smith insisted they be admitted to his room, and all through the crisis the family openly shared their anguish and their love for Levi with the Villets.

At more normal times they often found their involvement with the Smiths thoroughly exhausting. "They're a very active bunch," says Barbara, "always hiking and skiing and swimming in icy ponds." Perhaps the single most active day came last Christmas when the Villets went to each family's tree-trimming in succession, ending the last well after midnight—only to have to return at 5 a.m., stumbling over presents and the dog's dish in total darkness, to be on hand before the kids woke up to open their presents. A week later they found themselves floundering up the logging road on the side of Mt. Mansfield for a New Year's Eve celebration at a family lodge, loaded down with food and winter gear, Grey festooned with cameras and Barbara sporting a seven-foot chain of link sausage around her neck. By the time they got there—"a half-mile through the snow, straight up"—they knew why the kids' Christmas present to them had been a book on physical conditioning.

Grey wound up with 325 rolls of film, Barbara with 30 crammed-full notebooks—and the Smiths and the Villets still like each other. "I think the reason we got along so well," says Barbara, "was that Grey and I already knew and felt that long, strong sense of family. We both had a nostalgia for their kind of life—not only their rugged individualism but the sense that they are using their lives so well."

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT, *Managing Editor*

A Job the Republicans Asked For

Of all the Republican gains in the late election the most significant may well be the 700-odd new seats they picked up in state legislatures across the land. This more than compensated for their losses in '64 and means better party support for the 25 Republican governors who will now preside in half our state capitols. Since the Republican half includes five blue-chip states and 57% of the population, the immediate future of state government in America is mainly in Republican hands.

That is quite a responsibility. The future of our federal system—and indeed of a successful national democracy—depends on whether the states can cope with those increasingly urgent social problems which the federal government pokes at but cannot by itself quite reach: education, city congestion, housing, poverty and pollution. But it is a responsibility which the Republicans actively courted in the '66 campaign. National Chairman Ray Bliss put at least as much effort into getting and grooming good candidates for the legislatures as he did into congressional contests. And he was encouraged in this aim by quite a few Republican governors who believe in stronger state governments.

Governor Daniel Evans of Washington, for example, has long maintained that exemplary state governments are the key to national politics. In 1964–66 he got more than half his own "blueprint for progress" through a Democratic state legislature; now he has a Republican majority in the lower house and a good chance of getting further with urban problems, pollution and tax reform. Governor Chafee of Rhode Island had been in a similar case with his "state version of the Great Society"; he pushed through major improvements in education, beautification, medicare and job training, and while he still faces a Democratic legislature, he has re-election by a personal landslide behind him. Governor Volpe of Massachusetts was rewarded by the voters for his courage in passing and defending a sales tax without which his state would be broke. Governor Romney's tremendous victory in Michigan carried a Republican majority into the state senate and all but won the lower house; he can now fight more hopefully for the basic tax reforms a previous legislature denied him. Nelson Rockefeller won his third term not by coloring his image "liberal" or "conservative" but by reminding New Yorkers that he is an aggressive problem-tackler. Rockefeller, Romney and Evans are leading articulators of the new creed that states' responsibilities come ahead of states' rights. "A national pork barrel doesn't solve problems," says Romney, the proved "problem-solvers" are the Republican governors. Their new activism has reversed the old vote-repellent image of Republicans as obstructionists.

An activist governor doesn't have to be Republican, of course. Philip Hoff, the first Democratic governor of Vermont in 108 years, won handy re-election because he has reorganized an archaic small-town-dominated government in the direction of what he calls "creative statism." Maine also elected an attractive young Democratic governor, Kenneth Curtis, on his promise to "get Maine moving again," Kennedy-style.

"In my opinion nothing is more certain than that we shall see, in the next ten years, a drastic upgrading of state and local governments." So predicts a Republican who nevertheless runs the third most expensive department in a Democratic administration—Secretary John Gardner of H.E.W. A desperate wish may be father to his prediction, for more than 90% of H.E.W.'s general budget "is spent by nonfederal agencies and institutions. . . . If they [state and local governments] cannot play their part, then our programs fail." And that would lead to efforts at direct federal control, which Gardner opposes. Only a week after the messy election in Georgia, the energetic Democratic mayor of Atlanta, Ivan Allen Jr., launched a drive to build 17,000 new low-cost housing units in the next five years, rousing Atlanta's business and civic leaders while seeking federal help "to set a new standard of federal-local government cooperation." Such initiatives are the best answer to the prospect that the 90th Congress will probably slow down Washington's own leadership toward a "Great Society." As Johnson himself admitted, "The bulk of our platform . . . has already been enacted." The next steps will have to be taken within the states.

As argued in a recent study by the respected Committee for Economic Development, most of the 80,000 local governments in the U.S. are structurally about as obsolete as they can be, and should be reduced and combined into 16,000 or so. Thus the states face an Augean task of political self-reform toward which the reapportionment decreed by the Supreme Court is only the first step. And they must do this while taking the principal responsibility for the nation's most urgent social problems as well.

This problem is too big to be a party issue. Its main requirement is political competence, confidence and drive. But the Republicans have asked for it and are now in a catbird position to identify their party with the revitalization of local self-government America so badly needs. If they make a good record in the states they now control, they need not worry about their future as a national party.

I, We and They, According to L.B.J.

Editorial writers have long used the pronoun "we" when they speak for their publication. The device gives their pronouncements a little more thunder—and dilutes the onus for views that might get one man tarred and feathered. Sovereigns play the same trick with pronouns, but it somehow does not jar the ear to hear that Queen Victoria could frost an impudent courtier with "We are not amused."

Now that President Johnson has adopted that royal prerogative, though, we are confused. It is not so much that we mind his saying "we" when he means "I," but the fact that now we are never sure what he means by "we." In some contexts it can stand for himself alone, or can include Lady Bird and his daughters. Sometimes it stands for his administration and, on occasions of consensus, for all Americans. And sometimes his "we" takes in all of Western man, or even all mankind.

At a recent press conference, the President explained the plans for his surgery. "We will leave San Antonio tomorrow morning." Fine, that could include the traveling White House. Then: "We plan to go into Bethesda Naval Hospital Tuesday." A little more doubtful, perhaps, but it might include Lady Bird and the daughters. But, for a moment there, we were worried about Lady Bird's health when he added, "We will undergo surgery early Wednesday morning. . . . Within an hour we will be out from under the influence of the anesthetic." Maybe the royal "we" was beginning to disturb him too, for a moment later he demonstrated a mid-sentence pronoun shift with the comment, "There are other bills that I now have under consideration that we will act on between now and tomorrow night."

Anyway, now that the operation is history, we are glad that they came through it so well.

This is one reason little girls love Cheerful Tearful.®

This is the other.

The pictures tell the story. They're both the same doll.

Mattel's new Cheerful Tearful can actually *change her expression.* Move her arm up, and her tearful pout turns to a happy smile. Move her arm down, and her smile turns to a pout again. (She even cries *tears.)*

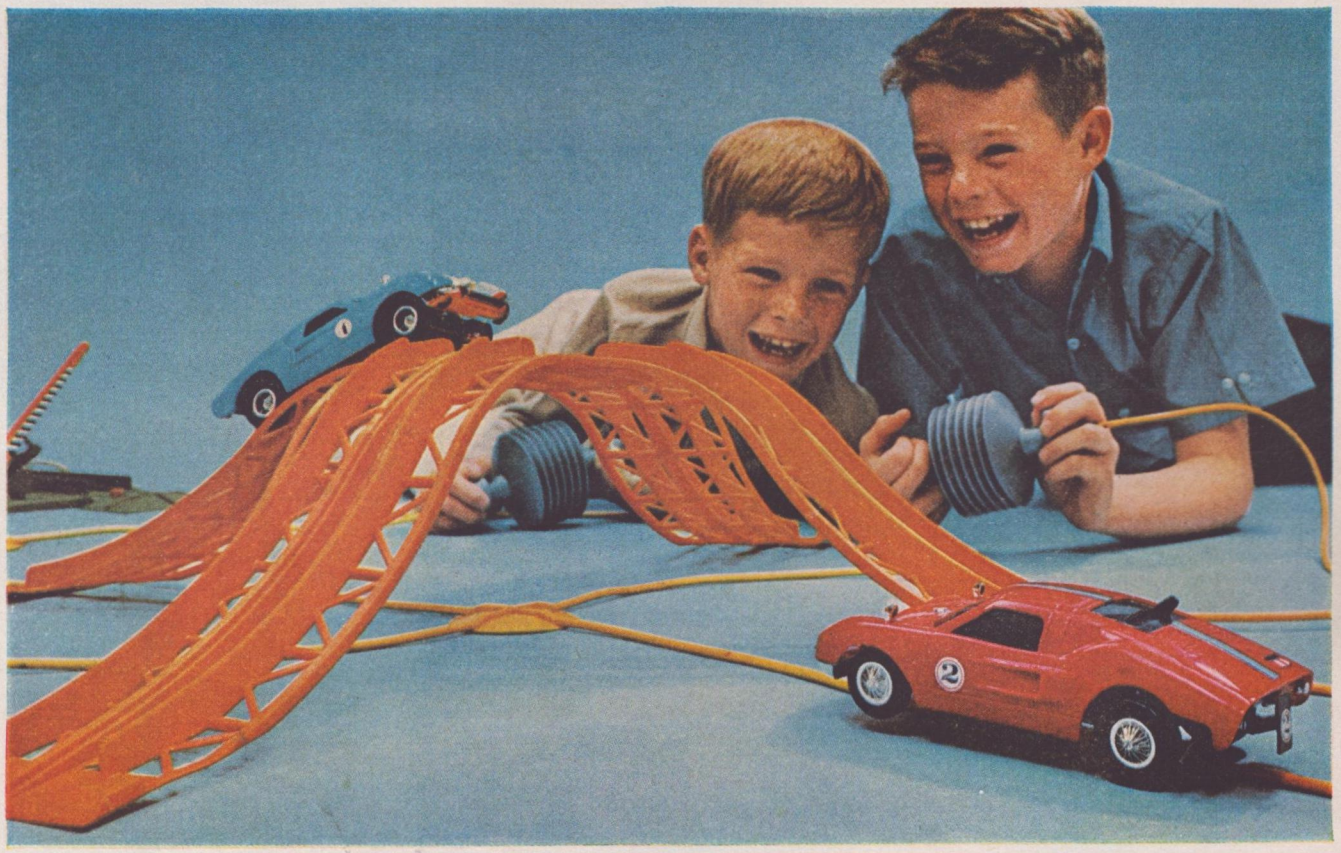
At first, little girls are simply astonished. But in no time, astonishment turns to love. And to endless hours of having fun: taking care of Cheerful Tearful when she's sad, and making her happy again.

MATTEL, INC. TOYMAKERS®

On the next few pages, you'll find more new Mattel toys and dolls for Christmas, each one creative, imaginative, and a lot of fun. That's the way we think toys should be.

© 1966 Mattel, Inc.

Switch 'N Go is a new kind of road racing set: it puts your boy in the driver's seat.



"SWITCH 'N GO" is the trademark of Mattel, Inc., for its TOY VEHICLE APPARATUS.

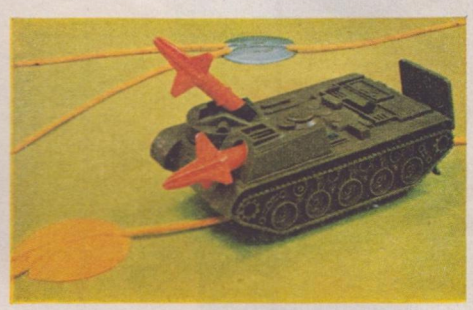
Switch 'N Go gives youngsters complete control... of their cars, and the layout they race over.

One: they can guide their cars around the course, switching them from track to track by *remote air-control.*

Two: they can flip cars over by remote air-control. (Makes competition more exciting.)

Three: they can design their own course (making it as tricky as they want), then set it up indoors or out. And they can change it whenever they want.

In other words, youngsters can have a ball with Mattel's *Switch 'N Go Twin GT Sports Car Set.* (You too, dad.)



We make a Switch 'N Go Battle Set, too. Works like the car set, only with authentic missile firing tanks, missiles that fire by remote air-control, targets, remote control pillbox.

Our Thingmakers® make things. (Like Creepy Crawlers, Creeple Peeple,™ Fighting Men.)

Thingmaker

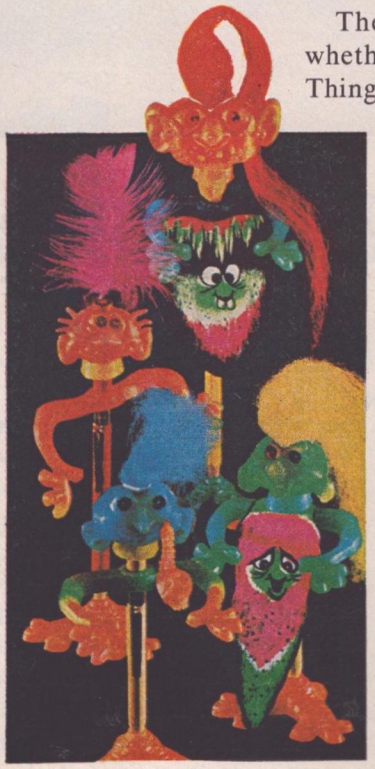
A year ago, we invented the Creepy Crawlers *Thingmaker®*. Now millions of boys and girls are making Creepy Crawlers, playing with Creepy Crawlers, even selling Creepy Crawlers.

This year, we've got two new Thingmakers. One makes Creeple Peeple. They're kind of ugly, but lovable. And fun to wear, or stick on the end of a pencil.

The other Thingmaker makes Fighting Men: whole armies of toy soldiers, and all their equipment.

There's just one problem. We can't figure out whether kids have more fun making toys with our Thingmakers, or playing with the toys they've made.

"THINGMAKER" is the registered trademark of Mattel, Inc., for its PLASTIC CASTING UNIT AND MATERIALS.



Creeple Peeple

Creepy Crawlers

Fighting Men

© 1966 Mattel, Inc.

If you've ever watched Barbie® help a little girl grow up, you know why she's our most famous doll.

With *Barbie* a little girl can experiment with fashions, to see what color shoes go with a red and white gown. She can make a dress for Barbie, without sewing. She can even create hair styles for new Color Magic Barbie.

With Barbie, there's an endless opportunity for a little girl to learn, and have fun. That's how Barbie and her friends have helped more than 20 million little girls grow and be happy.

Girls flip over the new "mod" London look. So does our new Francie.™

Francie is Barbie's fifteen year old cousin. Like most girls her age, she loves to wear stripes, paisley prints, London lace, and granny gowns.

(And our bending leg Francie even has real eyelashes.)

Francie is very real to girls who'll be fifteen someday, too. That's why she's so much fun.

Francie

Because little girls asked, we gave Barbie a tiny sister. Her name is Tutti.®

Tutti is only six inches tall. She has hair that girls can comb, and she can pose like a real little girl. She even comes in special play sets, with costumes and her own tiny toys. (And she has a twin brother, *Todd.* They come together in a twin play set.)

Tutti

The perfect doll house: nothing to put together, nothing to lose, and your daughter can take it wherever she goes.

Tutti's Playhouse is actually a vinyl suitcase, complete with lots of built-in furniture. Open, it's perfect for playing. Closed, it's perfect for storing dolls and costumes.

It's a completely new kind of doll house. And we have more: for Francie, for Barbie, and a club house for all the Liddle Kiddles.

Tutti's Playhouse

MATTEL, INC. TOYMAKERS®

© 1966 Mattel, Inc.
"BARBIE," "SKIPPER," "FRANCIE," and "TUTTI AND TODD, BARBIE AND SKIPPER'S TINY TWIN SISTER AND BROTHER" are the trademarks of Mattel, Inc., for its DOLLS.

© 1966 Mattel, Inc.

When Baby Teenietalk™ talks, her lips move. When Baby Secret™ whispers, her lips move, too. (But softly.)

No one has ever made dolls with moving lips before. That's part of the reason these dolls are so much fun.

But what they say is important, too. *Baby Teenietalk* is the kind of doll little girls love to take care of, especially when she asks things like "Mommy, will you rock me to sleep?"

And *Baby Secret* really does whisper secrets. (Remember when you were small? Was there anything more fun than keeping secrets?)

Which doll do we think is better? Whichever one your little girl will love most.

Baby Teenietalk

Baby Secret

One thing about our games: if you play with your kids, you'll probably lose.

In *Flea Circus,*™ it takes split-second timing and coordination to make tiny magnetic fleas perform daring circus tricks.

In *Super Magnetel*®, it takes a steady hand to aim and shoot the magnetic discs in any of ten different games.

(Our third new game is *Sprint.*® It's the game that brings the excitement of the drag strip to the game board.)

These are all games of skill, action and fun. That's why they can keep youngsters busy for hours.

Super Magnetel ®

MATTEL, INC. TOYMAKERS®

It's a lathe, a drill, a sander, a saw, and a miracle: our Power Shop cuts real wood, but not real fingers.

As far as we're concerned, it *is* a miracle. Our *Power Shop* is completely safe, but still more than a toy.

It's four different tools in one, so boys can make things worth making, out of *real* wood. They can learn all about working with wood, and have a lot of fun besides.

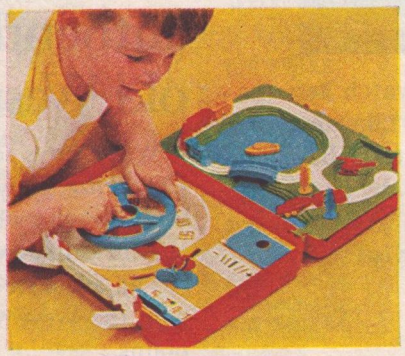
One more thing: when you get your boy a Power Shop, get ready to replace your spice rack with the one he makes for you. The same goes for dad's pipe rack.

How to give a pre-schooler something fun to do. And something fun to learn.

The Mattel-O-Phone™ talks, teaches, and works like real. The voice *actually comes out of the receiver,* like a real telephone. Youngsters can choose private conversations with 40 different characters, from Kit Carson to the Man in the Moon. And all this telephone talk is an especially happy way to stimulate a child's vocabulary.

See 'N Say™ toys teach children about animals, sounds, the alphabet, and time. *The Farmer Says* helps children identify animals, by their pictures and the sounds they make. *Mr. Sound Says™* teaches the way things sound, like jet airplanes and typewriters. *The Bee Says* teaches the alphabet. *The Clock Says* helps children learn to tell time.

Wherever you take the kids, the kids can take Go-Play.™ Go-Play cases are packed with things to keep pre-schoolers busy: in *Go-Play Travel Fun,* there's a steering wheel, dashboard, plus toy trains, cars, boats, and a self-contained area for playing with them. In *Go-Play House Fun,* there's a clock, jigsaw puzzle, and a lot more.



An old idea that's new to every child. Children love music and surprises. That's why *Jack-In-The-Music-Boxes* have been around so long. (We've made more than 15 million, and learned how to make them stand up to the kind of happy punishment youngsters can dish out.)

Liddle Kiddles Klub

Liddle Kiddles® are as small as your child's hand. And as big as her imagination.

Kiddle Kottage

Tiny dolls are cute, but they're nothing new. Except for our nine Liddle Kiddles.

Here's what's new about them: each tiny doll has a personality all its own. Each one has arms and legs that really bend, and hair that little girls can brush and comb. Each one comes with a Liddle Kiddles story book. And finally, each Liddle Kiddle comes with a toy that really works. (For example, Liddle Diddle has her own crib. And the sides really do slide up and down.)

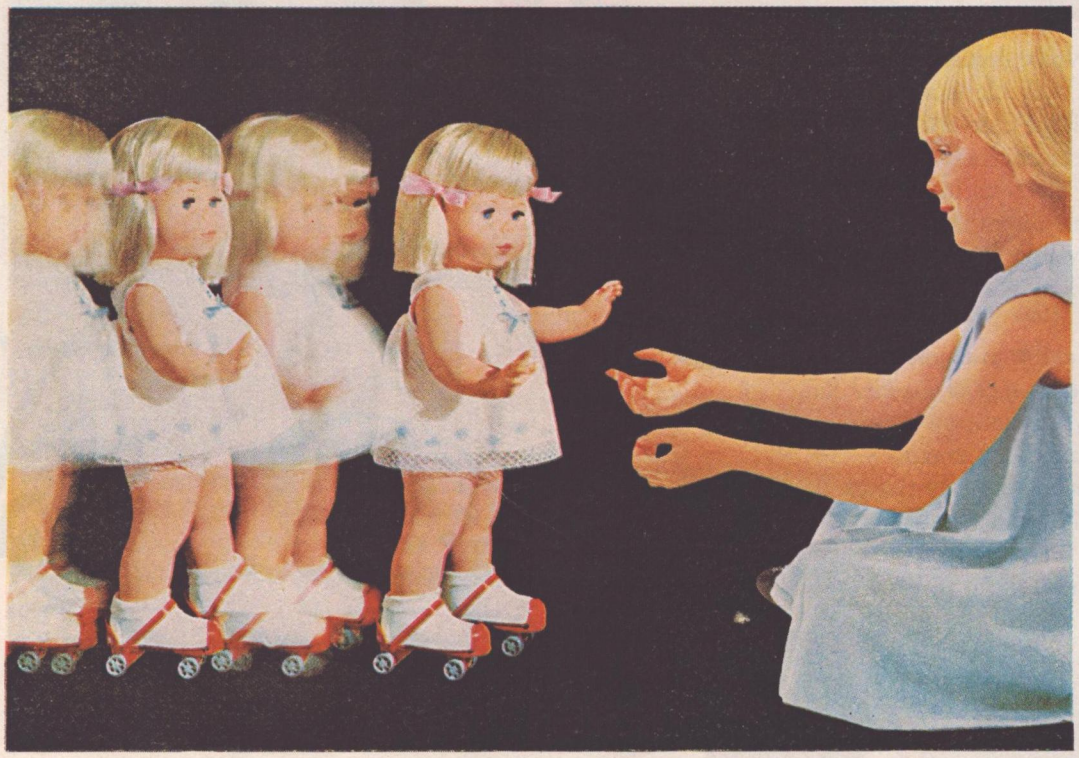
All of this is why the Liddle Kiddles *are* something new. They're part of a whole tiny world. A child's world of imagination.

We feel that's a pretty nice thing.

The Liddle Kiddles Klub (left) is another of our new kind of doll houses. It's big enough for all the Liddle Kiddles. We also have a Kiddle Kottage (above), just the right size for one Liddle Kiddle.

© 1966 Mattel, Inc.

Our walking doll has learned how to talk. (And roller-skate, too.)



Last year, more than a million little girls received one of our *Baby First Step*® dolls and fell in love with her.

Now Baby First Step is even more captivating. Because she's learned to talk while she walks.

And it's pretty amazing to watch her scoot along on her roller-skates. Like any youngster, she teeters and totters. But little girls think it's nice when Baby First Step needs their help.

Because that's what a mother is for.

"Winchester"® Licensed by Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation. © 1966 Mattel, Inc.

This new Winchester® Crrackfire® captures the authentic sound of the old West, without caps.

When boys squeeze the trigger of our *Winchester Crrackfire,* they hear the sharp crack of firing, followed by the whine of a ricochet.

And this new toy rifle is authentic in looks, too. It's an accurate copy of the famous Winchester that won the West before cities and suburbs dotted the plains.

How to give your child a comedian of his own.

We make talking comedians in the shape of hand puppets, rag dolls, plush dolls, stuffed dolls.

Like *Patootie,*® our happy clown with the sad mask. Or *Tom and Jerry,* who talk and tease each other. Or *Bernie*™ *Bernard,* our lovable (but slightly lost) St. Bernard.

There's bound to be one your youngster will love to laugh with.

The X®-15 is not a trike. It's something more.

Trikes can tip over. The X-15 can't. Trikes have handlebars. The X-15 steers with a control stick. What's more, on the X-15 the *two rear wheels* steer the vehicle. And in a turn, the X-15 banks like an airplane.

More than a trike? Yes. And more fun, too.

You've just seen many of our new toys. We've worked hard to make each one creative, imaginative, and fun.

So we hope you agree with what youngsters have been saying for years: *"You can tell it's Mattel, it's swell."*

Mattel Toymakers

Mattel toys are also available in Canada.

MATTEL, INC. TOYMAKERS®

X-15 is the registered trademark of Mattel, Inc., for its SPECIAL THREE WHEEL VEHICLE.
"Tom & Jerry" ©1965 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

When you start your Christmas toy shopping, you can see all Mattel's new toys at these and other fine stores.

MATTEL, INC. TOYMAKERS®

JEWEL HOME SERVICE
HOLIDAY STATION STORES
K-MART
ZAYER DEPT. STORES

AVAILABLE AT MOST:
GAMBLE DEALERS
W. T. GRANT STORES
S. S. KRESGE
KRESS STORES
MONTGOMERY WARD
G. C. MURPHY CO.
NEISNER'S DEPT. STORES
J. J. NEWBERRY
SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.
TEMPO STORES
WESTERN AUTO STORES
WOOLWORTH STORES

IOWA

ALGONA
Big Bear Store
R. M. Harrison Co.
116 East State St.

AMES
Arlans Dept. Store
620 Lincoln Way
Fastco Drug
327 Main St.
J. C. Penney Co.
324 Main St.
P. M. Place Stores Co.
232 Main St.

BEDFORD
P. M. Place Stores Co.

BLOOMFIELD
P. M. Place Stores Co.

BOONE
Big Bear Store
P. M. Place Stores Co.
621 Story St.
Spurgeon's

BURLINGTON
J. C. Penney Co.
500 Jefferson St.

CARROLL
Sernett's
521 North Adams

CEDAR FALLS
Coast To Coast
314 Main

CEDAR FALLS
Coast To Coast
314 Main

CEDAR RAPIDS
Killian's
Downtown—Lindale Plaza
J. C. Penney Co.
109 2nd St. S.E.
Toy Fair
Town & Country Shp. Ctr.

CENTERVILLE
Gibson Discount Center
107 E. Van Buren
P. M. Place Stores Co.

CHARITON
P. M. Place Stores Co.

CHARLES CITY
Gibson Discount Center
320 N. Main
Spurgeon's
Trowbridge Center
Highways 18 & 218

CLARINDA
Gibson Discount Center
123 S. 15th St.

CLARION
Gibson Discount Center
102 S. Main

CLINTON
J. C. Penney Co.
217-23 5th Ave. S.

CORNING
P. M. Place Stores Co.

CORYDON
P. M. Place Stores Co.

CRESCO
Coast To Coast Stores
212 N. Elm St.

CRESTON
Gibson Discount Center
212 N. Maple
P. M. Place Stores Co.
Spurgeon's

COUNCIL BLUFFS
Beno's
Pearl & Broadway
Pee Wee Store
50 North Main
Peoples Dept. Store
Broadway at Bryant
Ranks
325 Broadway

DECORAH
Gibson Discount Center
110 Washington
Big Bear Store

DENISON
B and B Farm Supply

DES MOINES
Ardans—Toy Dept.
4100 Merle Hay Road
Clevenger Variety
1314 Army Post Road
Davidsons Toy Land
7th & Walnut
Heaven To 7
3015 Merle Hay Road
Katz Drug Co.
Third & Belz
Katz Drug Co.
4205 Fleur Drive
Katz Drug Co.
100 E. Euclid
Katz Drug Co.
1900 Carpenter
P. M. Place Stores Co.
4110 & University
P. M. Place Stores Co.
4928 Franklin
Toy Fair
Wakonda Shopping Center
Toy Fair
Merle Hay Plaza

ELDON
Thompson Drug
413 Elm

ESTHERVILLE
Joy's Western Auto

FAIRFIELD
Harrison's Variety Dept. Store
P. M. Place Stores Co.

FORT DODGE
Big Bear Store
Hogan's Sporting Goods
1022 Central Ave.
Osco Drug
907 Central Ave.
J. C. Penney Co.
117 S. 25th St.
Wretmans Toys 'N Togs
822 1st Ave. So.

GRINNELL
Big Bear Store

GRINNELL (Con't.)
Gibson Discount Center
816 Fifth Avenue

HARLAN
Coast To Coast Stores

HARTLEY
Coast To Coast Stores

INDEPENDENCE
Ace Hardware
113 3rd Ave. N.E.

INDIANOLA
Coast To Coast Stores
107 N. Buxton
R. M. Harrison Co.
126 North Howard

IOWA CITY
Lubins Discount Annex
Dubuque & Washington St.
Osco Drug
120 E. College

IOWA FALLS
Big Bear Store

JEFFERSON
P. M. Place Stores Co.

KNOXVILLE
Big Bear Store
Gibson Discount Center
103 S. 3rd Street

LOGAN
Darner's Variety

MARSHALLTOWN
Coast To Coast Stores
122 W. Main St.
J. C. Penney Co.
119 W. Main St.
Spurgeon's
Vas Toyland
102 W. Main St.

MASON CITY
Arlans Dept. Store
1510 S. Federal Ave.
Big Bear Store
Carter-Gilles
14 First St. N.W.

MONTICELLO
Schultz Bros.

MT. AYR
P. M. Place Stores Co.

MT. PLEASANT
Gibson Discount Center
203 S. Jefferson

NEW HAMPTON
"V" Store

NEWTON
Big Bear Store
Coast To Coast Stores
113 First Ave. West
Spurgeon's

OELWEIN
Big Bear Store
Coast To Coast Stores
13 So. Frederick
V. C. Farm Service Ctr.

OSKALOOSA
Big Bear Store
Gibson Discount Center
302 High Avenue East

OTTUMWA
Arlans Dept. Store
2814 N. Court Rd.
Big Bear Store
McWilliams Drug
Jefferson Square
J. C. Penney Co.
110 S. Market St.
Ranks
Albia Road

RED OAK
Gibson Discount Center
314 Coolbaugh
Kolterman's Variety Store
Ben Franklin Store

ROCKWELL CITY
Coast To Coast Stores

SIGOURNEY
Coast To Coast Stores
103 East Marion St.

SIOUX CITY
Bellas Hess
South Glenn Ave. & Hwy. 75
Bostwicks
Sunset Plaza
J. C. Penney Co.
408-12 4th St.
Pete's Toy Box
411 Nebraska
Woolco Dept. Store
3025 Hamilton Blvd.

VINTON
Cromer Distributing Co
Highway Z18 North

WATERLOO
Clark's Dept. Store
3420 So. Falls Ave.
Welles Dept. Store

WAVERLY
Coast To Coast Stores

WEBSTER CITY
P. M. Place Stores Co.
618 2nd St.

WILLIAMSBURG
Coast To Coast Stores

WINTERSET
Coast To Coast Stores

NEBRASKA

ALLIANCE
Coast To Coast Stores
324 Box Butte

ALMA
Coast To Coast Stores

ARAPAHOE
Coast To Coast Stores

BELLEVUE
Kiddie Klos
213 W. Mission
Youngtown Southroads
1100 N. Fort Crook Road

BROKEN BOW
Jack & Jill Store
Wheelers
214 S. 5th Ave.

COLUMBUS
Don's Toy & Hobby
1367 26th Ave.

FREMONT
Daniel Rexall Drugs
332 E. 22nd
Ranks
Highway 30
Schwesers
114 East 6th

GRAND ISLAND
Allen Self Service
220 W. 3rd St.
Brandeis Dept. Store
101 W. 3rd St.
J. C. Penney Co.
319-23 W. Third St.
Skagway
5 Points
Wheelers
New West Highway 30

HASTINGS
Allen's Shopping Center
1115 W. 2nd

HASTINGS (Con't.)
General Supply
2nd & Kansas Ave.
J. C. Penney Co.
839 W. 2nd St.

HOLDREGE
Wheelers
226 Denver St.

KEARNEY
Baumgartner Stores
2301-2303 Central Ave.
Unimart Thrift Center
Highway 10 & 39th
Wheelers
525 East 25th St.

LEXINGTON
Wheelers
811 West 7th

LINCOLN
Blevins Meadow Lane Phcy.
70th & Vine
Four Star Drug
1340 No. 66th
Golds of Nebraska
10th & O St.
International Super Stores
North 48th & Leighton Ave.
Lawlor's
Miller and Paine Inc.
Downtown and Gateway
J. C. Penney Co.
13th & O St.
Coast To Coast Stores
1281 S. Cotner
Youngtown
Cottner & O
Gateway Shopping Center

McCOOK
Fischer's World of Toys
106 East 2nd
J. C. Penney Co.
220 Norris

NELIGH
J. C. Penney Co.
314 Main St.

NORFOLK
Coast To Coast Stores
215 Norfolk Ave.
Hested Stores Co.

NORTH PLATTE
Allen Self Service Drugs
121 N. Dewey
Coast To Coast Stores
222 E. 4th St.
Wheelers
910 East 8th
W. J. O'Conner T.V. Hdw.
4th & Pine

OGALLALA
Wheelers
West Highway 30

OMAHA
Brandeis — Crossroads
72nd Dodge St.
Brandeis — Main Store
16th & Douglas St.
Brandeis — Southroads
1101 Fort Crook Road
Brandeis — Westgate Plaza
84th & Grover
G.E.M.
6534 L St.
Hested Store
42nd Center
Hobby Center
6111 Military Ave.
International Super Store
3030 N. 90th St.
Kiddy Kut Rate
3909 Cuming
J. C. Penney Co.
104 South 16th St.

OMAHA (Con't.)
Philips Dept. Store
24th & O St.
Skaggs Drug Center
1842 Vinton St.
Skaggs Drug Center
2901 St. Marys
Skagway
72nd & L Sts.
Village Hobby Center
8714 Countryside Plaza
Westgate Ben Franklin
3457 So. 84th
Youngtown Crossroads
Crossroads 72nd & Dodge

SCHUYLER
Ben Franklin Sotre
1112 B. Street

SCOTTSBLUFF
Ace Hardware
1813 Broadway
Baumgartner's Dept. Stores
1705 Broadway
Scottsbluff Toy Castle
1814 Broadway
J. C. Penney Co.
1616-18 Broadway

SEWARD
M & M Store
243 S. 6th St.

SUPERIOR
Coast To Coast Stores

YORK
M & M Distributing Co.
7th & Grant Ave.

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN
J. C. Penney Co.
401-05 S. Main St.

HOT SPRINGS
Coast To Coast Stores
Lower Town

HURON
Lewis Drugs Southgate
Osco Drug
259 Dakota Ave. So.
Prairie Distributors, Inc.
Highway 14 N.W.

MARTIN
Coast To Coast Stores

MITCHELL
Campbell Supply Co.
1401 N. Main
Harve's Sport & Toy Shop
213 North Main

MOBRIDGE
J. C. Penney Co.
319 Main St.

RAPID CITY
Family Thrift Center
1516 E. St. Patrick
Haggerty's
Champion Brand Name Store
Mills Drug Stores
Toy Hobby Center
522 St. Joe

SIOUX FALLS
Ace Hardware
30th & S. Minn Ave.
Campbell Supply Co.
101 N. Indiana
Lewis Drugs Downtown
311 South Phillips
Lewis Drugs
Southgate
Osco Drugs
201 S. Phillips
J. C. Penney Co.
115 S. Phillips Ave.

The Beam Art Collection.

Even people who fall asleep in museums will appreciate it.

If you're a regular Beam's Choice Bourbon drinker, maybe you'll wonder why we did it.

Well, we did it for you.

We heard that even though you like our regular bottle, some of you think it's not good enough for your fancy friends. So this Christmas, we did our level best to design a bottle that would even impress your rich friend, Herbert.

Until Christmas, you can buy him a Van Gogh, a Toulouse-Lautrec, a Cezanne or a Frans Hals full of Beam's Choice at the same price as our regular bottle. As for yourself, you'll probably choose our 364-days-a-year bottle in the slightly-less-fancy Christmas wrap. It's no work of art, but inside it's the same old masterpiece.

8 YEARS OLD. 90 & 86 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING COMPANY, CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

LIFE BOOK REVIEW

A Great Document Made by Wisdom and Luck

MIRACLE AT PHILADELPHIA
by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN (Atlantic-Little, Brown) $7.50

By choosing the title *Miracle at Philadelphia*, Mrs. Bowen has aptly underlined two aspects of the formation of the Constitution of the United States. First of all, there were many moments before the Convention met and while it was sitting when it seemed that only a miracle would produce any good results from the clash of personalities and interests among the delegates in Philadelphia in 1787. Secondly, it was a miracle that a document hammered out with such difficulty, satisfying very few of its authors completely and satisfying some of them very little, would turn out to be the most successful political invention in history. Looking back today on American history, it is a great effort of the imagination to realize that things might have gone very differently. *Perhaps* some body called the United States would have remained united and would have been as potent and as successful a body politic as the United States we know in history. Perhaps the success of the Constitution of 1787 was in part due to luck: for example, to the impact of the French Revolution, which removed many of the fears of British or French direct intervention and gave the new young government an economic bonus through being the great neutral. But when all the elements are allowed for, it still remains true that the success of the Constitution was above all due to the good sense, and perhaps more than good sense, of its makers. If there was a miracle at Philadelphia, it was a miracle wrought by a very remarkable group of men.

Mrs. Bowen might, it seems to me, have stressed more the good luck of the framers of the Constitution in that nearly all the delegates were in favor of strengthening the feeble powers of the government under the Articles of Confederation. It is usually forgotten that the enemies of the new Constitution had a good legal case. But the delegates were empowered only to tinker with the existing articles, not to create a new constitution. They boldly usurped powers they hadn't got. But they might not have been able to do this if the leaders of the opposition had not been, for the most part, absentees. If Sam Adams and Patrick Henry had appeared at Philadelphia, the opposition might have rallied round them. But, as the French say, "absentees are always in the wrong," and by not appearing at the Convention, the opponents of a thorough reorganization put themselves in the wrong.

Mrs. Bowen's achievement is not only, or mainly, the retelling of the story from a conservative and traditional point of view (she is, she tells us, an old Whig). It is making us able to feel with the delegates and feel like them. We learn about the horrible Philadelphia summer—and Philadelphia summers can be terrible; we learn about the personalities of the delegates, about their relaxations, about their relations with each other.

This was a Constitution made by men for men, not by gods sitting above the battle. It was, above all, made by men who had what the great Italian statesman Cavour called "the sense of the possible." They perhaps had it a little too much. Mrs. Bowen reminds us what an obstacle the absence of a bill of rights was: had it not been part of an implicit bargain that there *would* be such a bill, there might have been no constitutional government; had a bill of rights not actually been added there would probably now be no union.

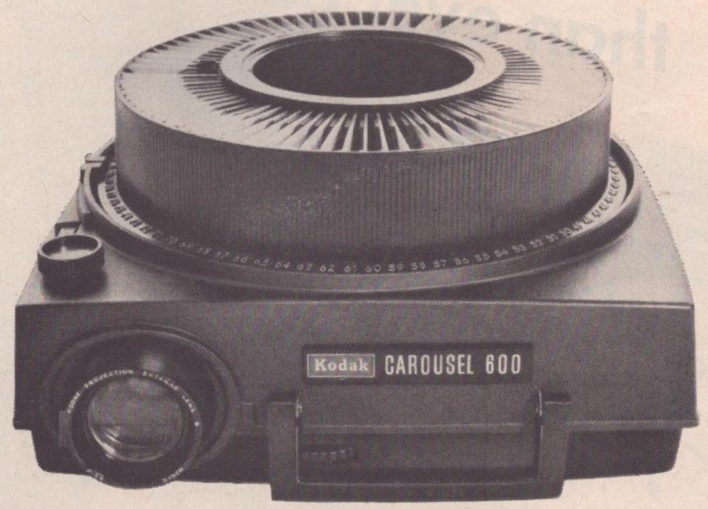
In a sense, Mrs. Bowen's hero is not Washington or Franklin or the more revered figures of the Convention, but Gouverneur Morris who was the chief draftsman. He was an elegant and deliberately ambiguous draftsman. He would have agreed with the eminent French philosopher who helped in 1945 to draft the charter of the United Nations and said that "It must be clear, but not too clear."

It seems to me that Mrs. Bowen rather writes down the great achievements of James Madison, for the Constitution is not merely a matter of draftsmanship but of basic wisdom. She does justice, on the other hand, to James Wilson, even though it is hard to realize today how much 'James the Caledonian' suffered from being a Scot, a race at that time extremely unpopular in America.

This is an oft-told tale, and Mrs. Bowen wisely does not search for any

CONTINUED

Show a zillion slides and never jam one.



The KODAK CAROUSEL is the slide projector with the *horizontal* tray—and therein lies the secret of its jam-proof operation. The horizontal tray makes the CAROUSEL Projector as dependable as gravity. It's gravity that lowers each slide gently, surely into place. Your slides are never forced into place. Never shoved or gripped in any way. And you're never embarrassed by a jammed slide in mid-show.

Choose from three models: The CAROUSEL 600 Projector gives you push-button control. The CAROUSEL 700, hi-lo light, push-button and remote control too. The CAROUSEL 800 has everything—hi-lo light, three-speed automatic slide change, remote focus, remote and push-button slide controls. From less than $80.

Price subject to change without notice.

KODAK CAROUSEL Projector

Kodak TRADEMARK

Drive the fastest shaver on wheels– The new Norelco Tripleheader

You'll finish shaving nearly 40% faster than ever before.

And closer, too! 3 very thin Microgroove floating heads, 18 rotary blades whirl away your whiskers without a nick, without a pinch. Yet give you a shave so close, Norelco dares to match shaves with a blade! There's a pop-up trimmer, too, for razor-sharp sideburns. The new Norelco Tripleheader Speedshaver® 35T has more features than any other shaver on the market. On/off switch, 110/220 volts. Coil cord too.

See the Norelco Rechargeable 40C, too. 2 weeks of close, comfortable shaves on a single charge! Or the Norelco 'Flip-Top' 20, perfect beginner's shaver at a modest price. And the Norelco Cordless 15C. Works anywhere on penlight batteries.

Norelco® the fast, close, comfortable electric shave

©1966 North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. **Other products:** Hearing Aids, Radios, Audio-Video Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Electronic Educational Kits, Medical-Dental X-Ray, Electronic Tubes, Commercial Sound, Closed Circuit TV, TV Studio, Motion Picture, Cryogenic and Telephone Equipment.

Why a family on a budget can afford a KitchenAid dishwasher.

A KitchenAid really gives you your money's worth.

For one thing, KitchenAid has a fine service record. We do everything we can to make a dependable dishwasher. We even design our own motors (not many bother to do this). Many of our customers tell us they have yet to call a service man for repair or adjustment of their KitchenAid.

Another thing. A KitchenAid lasts longer. We can't say exactly how much longer. All we know is that many of the dishwashers we made as early as 1949 are still going strong.

Maybe you can't put a price tag on satisfaction. But that's part of the deal too. With a KitchenAid, you know you can put your dirty dishes in without hand-rinsing, and they'll come out really clean and dry. And that it'll hold a whole day's dishes easily.

If you have a lot of money to throw around, maybe you could afford to get a cheap dishwasher. But if you're watching your pennies, how can you afford anything except a KitchenAid?

For more details, see your dealer. (He's in the Yellow Pages.) Or write KitchenAid Dishwashers, Dept. 6DF-11A, The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio 45373.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

KitchenAid®

Dishwashers

KitchenAid dishwashers are products of The Hobart Manufacturing Company.

Experts find

You Need Not Be Over 65 To Gain From Medicare

People over 65 can now get the extra cash they need to help them fill the many gaps in Medicare.

Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll also collect if you stay well.

There are two important things people of all ages should realize about the "Medicare" program of health protection for people over 65.

Most men and women over 65 already know that Medicare will not pay all their hospital, medical and surgical bills. They realize they need *added* protection to supplement Medicare and avoid an expensive loss. More about that later.

But few people *under* 65 realize that they, too, can gain from Medicare. A little-known part of the new Medicare law gives people a much bigger tax deduction on their health insurance premiums, starting with tax year 1967. So your health insurance can end up costing you less.

And now you can *also* get a revolutionary new kind of health insurance protection plan that *returns money to you* when you no longer need the protection because of Medicare.

When Medicare starts for you, this remarkable new low cost plan of protection will give you a big cash refund if you stayed well and didn't need the plan's benefits. Simply keep it in force until then, and you get paid a substantial cash "nest-egg" to enjoy during your retirement years—to save or spend as you wish.

Like ordinary health insurance, this new plan pays you tax-free cash benefits if you do get sick or hurt. It pays you regardless of other hospital, medical or surgical insurance you may have.

But unlike ordinary plans, this low cost plan means you no longer have to be sick or hurt to collect. Instead of paying premiums which return nothing if you have no claims, you get a big cash refund at maturity. In effect, you've built up an extra savings account.

This revolutionary new protection is offered by Bankers Life and Casualty Co. of Chicago as part of the White Cross Plan protecting over 6,000,000 Americans. And the White Cross Plan includes new low cost protections designed to help people *over* 65 fill the gaps in Medicare.

The story of Medicare's new tax savings, plus the remarkable "Money-Back" plan and special "Over-65" plans to supplement Medicare, is told in the Gold Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you free by Bankers.

****To get your free copy of the Gold Book, simply fill out and mail the postage-free airmail reply card bound in next to this page. There is no cost or obligation.*

extravagant novelties. But she makes us realize that the drafting and ratification of the Constitution were, as the Duke of Wellington said of Waterloo, "a damn close run thing." And the story is told with an effective dramatic power which does not obscure a substructure of solid learning. If the story is not quite as dramatic as that of the Declaration of Independence in 1776, it is at least as important. And, of course, that the two greatest events in American history both took place in Philadelphia will be thought by non-Philadelphians to be another form of miracle.

Sir Denis Brogan, a professor of political science at Cambridge, is the author of *The American Character*.

by D.W. Brogan

LIFE ***MOVIE REVIEW***

A Splashy, Surf-Soaked Sleeper

THE ENDLESS SUMMER

The nicest surprise to happen in the low-budget movie business in a long time is an imaginative 1½-hour documentary on the art of surfing called *The Endless Summer*. It has no relation whatever—except for sand and water—to those lucrative beach-bikini quickies that have been around for a while. This one, given a grudging tryout in a Manhattan art house a few months ago, promptly broke all house records for 23 weeks. It is still going strong there and in eight major cities—a real sleeper.

Bruce Brown, who photographed, narrated and produced the film, is himself a considerable factor in the existence of the U.S. surf boom. In the early '50s he and a few other pioneer surfers bummed the California and Hawaii beaches shooting the first big-wave footage. They spliced in a few beach high jinks, added a corny sound track and packed surf-hungry kids into auditoriums from Malibu to the Mexican border. In *The Endless Summer* Brown has retained much of the naive, boyish charm of his early film. But don't be deceived. What separates the men from the beach boys in this one—and appeals not only to the sun-bleached mopheads but to oldies who haven't seen the surf in years—is Brown's astonishing virtuosity with the telephoto lens. Unless you just enjoy turning your back entirely on life, you should not miss the breathtaking shots he has put together in this film.

There is no plot. The framework is a search around the globe, by two young Californians, for the perfect wave. This is all Brown really needs to bring out the mystique of surfing. His audiences, old and young, can share with his two experts the sense of real freedom—from clothes and cares—that makes so many youngsters addicts of the sport. For a moment you can understand the exhilaration of slipping down a glassy wall of water, the challenge of a 30-foot heaving monster, the terrifying "wipe-outs" under tons of churning water and lethal boards—and the beautiful peace of sitting offshore in the sunset waiting for the last ride of the day.

The travelogue moves to Dakar, Lagos, Capetown, Perth, New Zealand, Tahiti, and when the surf fails to come up ("You guys ree-eely missed it—you shoulda been here last week!"), Brown flashes back in memory, and we get his film's most exciting bravura passages: a California sea lion body-surfing like a bullet; or how it was those huge days at Hawaii's notorious Banzai "Pipeline"; or the time Waimea Bay nearly closed out—the experts' term for "too dangerous." Then, for long moments, Brown's long lenses record the futile efforts of a daredevil—"he's either one of the finest surfers alive or he's a nut"—to ride out a wind-swept giant that can snap a laminated board in two like a dry twig.

Brown's two globetrotters find the perfect wave, pounding endlessly onto a virgin beach near Durban, South Africa. They lock deliriously into the flawless, steady-breaking four-foot curls that local fishermen say have been rolling in just like that for centuries ("Just think of all those waves that have gone to waste!"). It may have been the high point of their trip. I'm not so sure it was the high point of the film. It was a wonderful wave all right, and our heroes rode and rode in on it—endlessly. Maybe perfect waves, like other sports perfections when taken in unalleviated, super-happy superfluity, make imperfect film footage. Never mind the perfect wave—it's those wipe-outs that are great!

by Roger Vaughan
LIFE *Assistant Editor*

A message from U.N.C.L.E.

(UNCLE SAM, that is)

David McCallum, enigmatic agent from U.N.C.L.E. on the popular television series, is doing something for the future every payday, by putting part of his pay into U.S. Savings Bonds.

Millions of young people like David McCallum are tucking away their spare dollars into this secure method of saving. Saving for things in the near future, like homes and babies; and things in the distant future like education and retirement. And saving the effortless, automatic way: a few dollars, every payday on Payroll Savings.

If you've never had the fun of watching a small sum grow into a surprisingly big sum, get into the Payroll Savings Plan now. You'll be glad you did. And so will your country.

25 YEARS OF
Star-Spangled Security
FOR AMERICANS
1941-1966

NOW PAYING 4.15% WHEN HELD TO MATURITY

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

It's a Hammond for Christmas that turns the family on all year long.

A Hammond Organ gives pleasure to the whole family. It's fun to learn, easy to play.

When a Hammond Organ moves into a home it brings with it a glowing kind of excitement that never grows old.

There's the endless fun of exploring all the music built into this handsome instrument – from violin, clarinet and harpsichord to banjo and Hawaiian guitar. And, Hammond's exclusive drawbars create literally thousands more musical sounds than any other organ—even sleighbells.

There's the delight in discovering unexpected family talent, too. For no other instrument is so much fun, and so easy to learn. In fact, you could be playing some of your favorites by Christmas—if you start learning now.

You can't find another gift that offers this kind of lasting fun and enjoyment! Why not talk it over with your Hammond Organ dealer. Ask about his special terms. Browse through his wide selection of organ models. Then pick one out—and have a merry, musical Christmas every day of the year. Prices start as low as $595.

Model M-111 A classic spinet styled in hand-rubbed Walnut. 6 pre-set tabs. Harmonic Drawbars. Selective vibrato. Stereo reverberation.

Model E-182 Italian Provincial console with rich theater sound. Sherry Walnut finish. Two 61-note manuals, 25 pedals, 27 tone control tabs. Pre-set percussion. Harp sustain. Selective vibrato. Harmonic Drawbars.

Model 2044 Chord Organ The easiest Hammond of all. Play with just two fingers—one for melody, one for full chords. Tone control tabs. Rhythm bar. American Provincial style in warm Cherry.

Model H-195 Masterfully styled Mediterranean console in rich Oak, remarkably versatile with four sets of Harmonic Drawbars. Brush, cymbal, and string bass effects. Repeat percussion. 28 tone control tabs plus 18 pre-sets.

Model K-133 Graceful French Provincial spinet in Cherry. Ideal for beginners. 28 control tabs, including banjo, Hawaiian guitar, harpsichord. Vibrato, reverberation.

Model L-111 Traditional spinet styled in hand-rubbed Mahogany. Compact model with exciting concert hall tone. Harmonic Drawbars. Pre-set tone control tabs. Vibrato and reverberation.

HAMMOND ORGAN • It's fun to have a Hammond in your home

©1966 Hammond Organ Co.

You'll think we're fresh.

You know how a really good Martini tastes when the bartender's just slid it in front of you. Extra dry, with the vermouth just a fine edge giving a great gin its big chance.

Or a freshly made Manhattan. Velvet smooth, with the taste of good whiskey coming through, nice and clear.

Well, that's the kind of fresh taste we wanted to put into a bottled Manhattan and Martini.

Luckily, we had a head start with great liquor—Calvert Extra and Calvert 100% Dry Gin.

Even so, it took us five years of heroic tries and crashing flops. We had to invent a goofy little cocktail still to do it. But we finally did it.

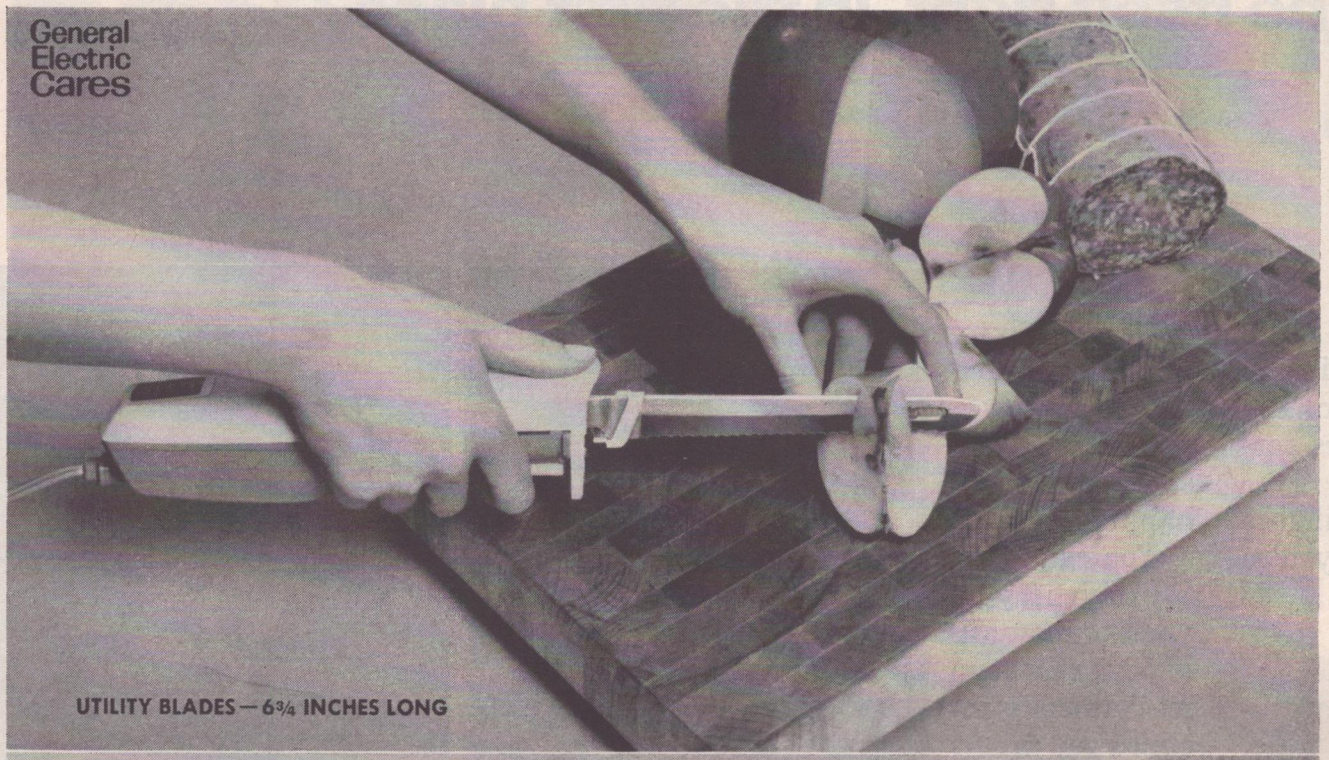
(We even found a way to make vermouth that wouldn't only taste good. But stay good in a bottled cocktail.)

And now, when you pour a Goof-proof Manhattan or Martini over ice and stir, it tastes like it was just mixed fresh on the spot.

We've made the perfect bottled cocktail. And the best part of it is, nobody can tell we made it. **Calvert Goof-proof Cocktails.**

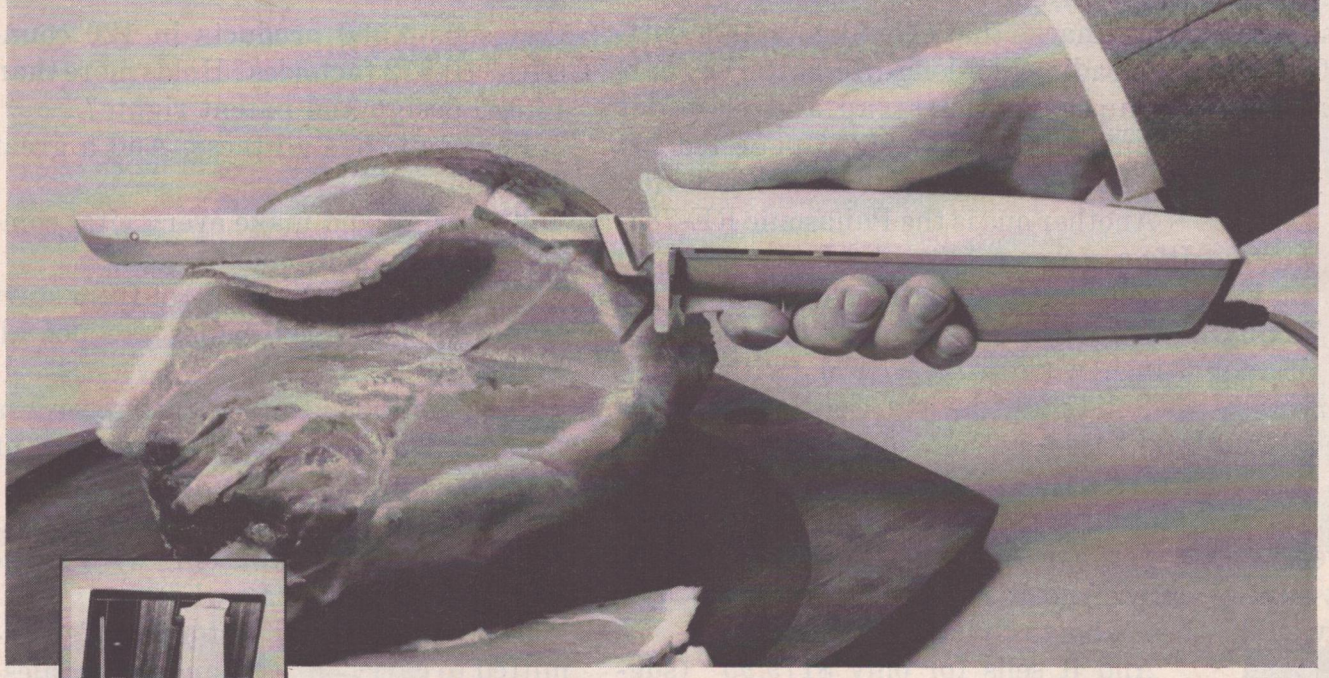
Martini 70 proof • Manhattan 60 proof • Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

GENERAL ELECTRIC HAS IT!



NEW FAMILY-SIZE TOASTER... toasts 4 slices fast, so they can't dry out! One control operates all slots. Extra-high toast lift. Space-saving, slim design. Easy to clean.

STAINLESS STEEL, completely automatic! Coffee stays hot, reheats without reperking. Capacity: 9 five-oz. cups. Mini-Brew* Basket, to make 2 or 3 cups, included.



Handy storage rack for wall, drawer or counter top

THE NEW AUTOMATIC KNIFE WITH 2 SETS OF BLADES

What a versatile knife! A set of 6¾-inch blades for dicing, boning, paring... plus a 9-inch set for carving and slicing! New handle is ⅓ smaller, 42% lighter. Easy to hold—full-powered, too! Blades are stainless steel, with tungsten carbide edges to stay sharp. Push-button blade release.

*TM General Electric Company

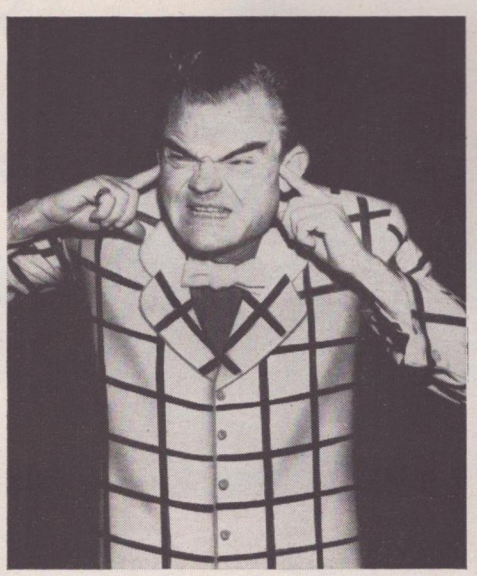
General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602

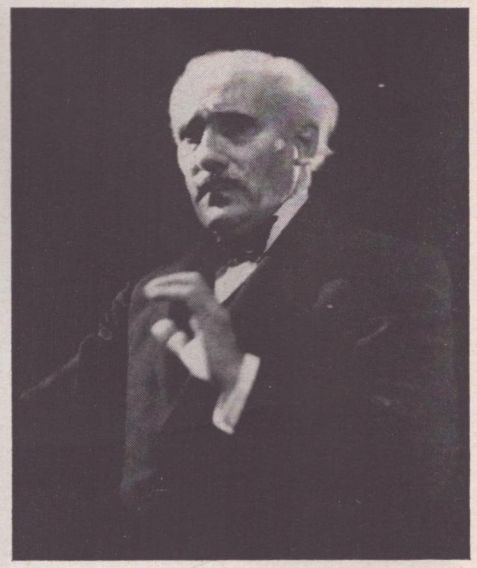
COOKS FOR TWO—OR A CROWD! 5½-qt. "Dutch Skillet" roasts, deep-fries, stews. Has G-E double non-stick coating for no-scour cleaning. Immersible, too!

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

When your dial is off a hair, Toscanini can sound like Spike Jones. Will your next radio have sense enough to tune itself right, in the first place?





Panasonic invents a new kind of radio that takes care of the tuning by itself.

Toscanini plays beautiful music. The kind of beautiful music that lives forever. Don't let your radio kill it.

If the station playing his recordings is dialed off just 1/100 of an inch, you're not getting pure Toscanini.

What can you do about it?

Any one of two things:

You can spend some time working at it. You can tune. And listen. And tune. And listen. Moving the dial 1/16,000 of an inch to the right. And moving it 1/2,000 of an inch to the left.

Or you can press your finger down once. And let the sound of Toscanini take over.

Panasonic makes radios that tune themselves. Because most people would rather do as little work as possible. And have as perfect a sound as possible.

One is the Panasonic RF-660. It goes with you wherever you go.

FM (with AFC to eliminate drift). AM. A powerful 3½-inch speaker. And 22 Solid State devices.

It's a portable radio much like many other portable radios. Only it's different.

To tune the RF-660 all you need is a finger. Press it down once on the *Radar-Matic* lever and your dial advances automatically to the next station—hold it down again and the same thing will happen again.

You can do it all day, if you want to show all of your pals how mechanically inclined you are.

The RF-660 with all those knickknacks that should go with a portable radio (like long-life batteries, earphone, carrying strap and shoulder strap) sells for $59.95* (suggested list price). Not bad for a labor-saving device.

Another one is the Panasonic RE-787. It's a stereo table radio for people who aren't do-it-yourselfers.

It has two 2½-inch tweeters. And two 7-inch woofers. AM. FM (with AFC). 42 Solid State devices. Continuous treble and bass tone control. Lighted band selector. Stereo eye system. And matched walnut or rosewood speakers.

You can tune the RE-787 automatically. And it's the first time anybody's been able to do it in a stereo system.

And it sells for only $179.95* (suggested list price).

Now you should want to know, "Who is Panasonic and can I trust them?"

A natural reaction.

Would you trust a company that has 2,500 scientists and research engineers? Panasonic has.

Would you trust a company that has 40,000 skilled technicians? Panasonic has.

Would you trust a company that sells 4,500 products in 120 countries? Has 72 factories? Holds more than 14,000 design and patent rights?

Panasonic has all these. And a great deal more.

We design and make every vital component in our equipment.

So we have quality control from start to finish. And good radios are not all we make.

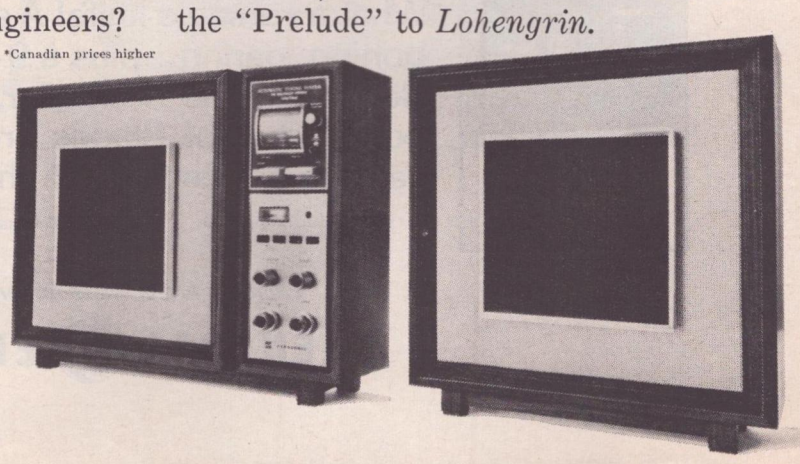
We make phonographs...tape recorders ...color TVs...literally every type of home appliance you can think of.

Now if all this does not convince you that you can buy Panasonic with confidence, we know a man who can.

Just walk into any store that's permitted to carry our line and ask a salesman what he thinks of Panasonic.

We have a feeling that after he tells you, you'll never again worry about Toscanini's sounding like he's leading the kazoo, washboard and cowbells in the "Prelude" to *Lohengrin*.

*Canadian prices higher



Ingenious, these PANASONIC

200 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 10017

8 out of 10 people on your Christmas list need this new dictionary!

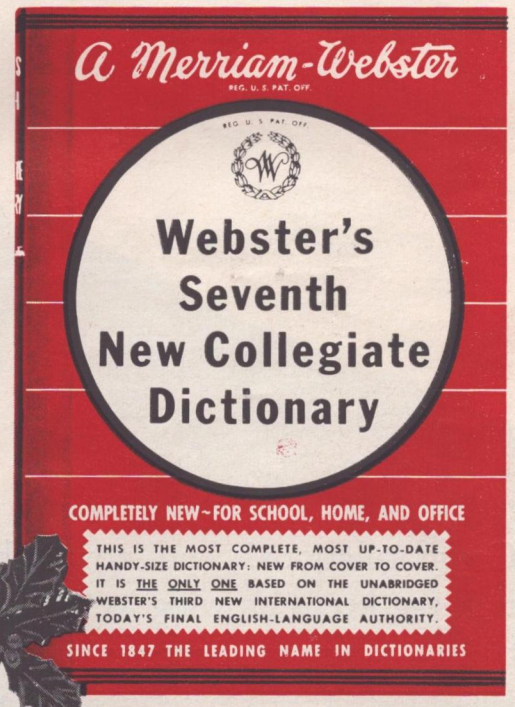
Webster's Seventh New Collegiate makes an ideal gift because it has 20,000 new words and new meanings they can't find in their old dictionaries

This new Merriam-Webster has the answers on *today's* language for students at school, for friends at the office, for families having fun with word games and puzzles . . . for almost anyone you know!

130,000 entries in Webster's Seventh include 20,000 new words and new meanings. This is the only "Webster" with the scientific names for plants and animals, and rules for spelling and punctuation. It is the only desk dictionary based on the famous unabridged Webster's Third New International.

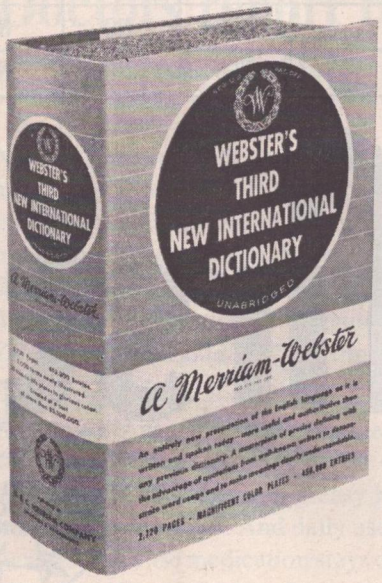
Department, book, and stationery stores have the copies you need for your gift list. Only $5.75 plain, $6.75 indexed. Deluxe bindings (in gold gift boxes) from $8.75 to $15.

©*G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101*

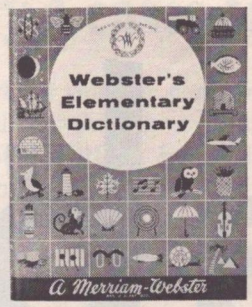


Look for the book in the bright red jacket!

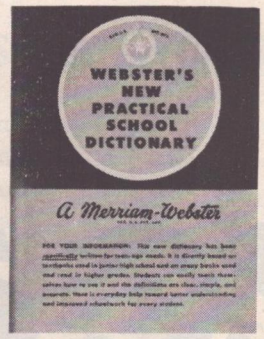
More gift ideas from the Merriam-Webster bookshelf:



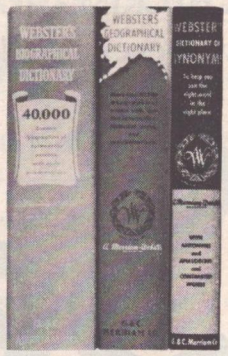
THE ULTIMATE IN DICTIONARIES for people of accomplishment: The new unabridged Webster's Third New International, the word authority of our courts, libraries, and the U.S. Government Printing Office. Includes 100,000 new words and new meanings among 450,000 entries. 200,000 usage examples illustrate shades of meaning! A lifetime of word enjoyment for $47.50. Deluxe India-paper editions slightly higher.



A MERRIAM-WEBSTER FOR CHILDREN . . . to use and enjoy at home where interest in words begins. Based on words found in books for early grades. Special sections teach dictionary use. 18,000 entries, 1,600 pictures. Large, clear type with simplified pronunciation. Starts youngsters on the look-it-up habit. $3.75.



A MERRIAM-WEBSTER FOR TEEN-AGERS . . . in junior high and high school. The exclusive features in Webster's New Practical School Dictionary encourage use at home. 45,000 entries. 800 illustrations; 50 pages of self-teaching introduction. Recommended by teachers for better schoolwork at this important age. $5.75



MERRIAM-WEBSTERS THAT COVER FAMOUS PEOPLE, INTERESTING PLACES, AND EFFECTIVE WORD USE . . .

Webster's Biographical Dictionary, $8.50.

Webster's Geographical Dictionary, $8.50.

Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms, $6.75.

Beware of substitute "Websters". Take this page with you to be sure you get a genuine MERRIAM-WEBSTER, the leading name in dictionaries since 1847.

Planning for a new addition?

Congratulations! And now's the time to make sure that your nest-egg keeps growing as fast as your family. At a Full Service bank—where your money works hardest for you.

HIGH INTEREST ON SAVINGS—at *guaranteed* interest rates!

LOW RATES ON LOANS—for *every* worthwhile purpose!

CHECKING ACCOUNTS—and every banking service your family will ever need!

Only a Full Service bank can do all this for you:

	Full Service Banks	Savings and Loan Assns.	Mutual Savings Banks
Savings Accounts	YES	YES	YES
Checking Accounts	YES	NO	NO
All kinds of loans	YES	NO	NO
Every Banking Service	YES	NO	NO

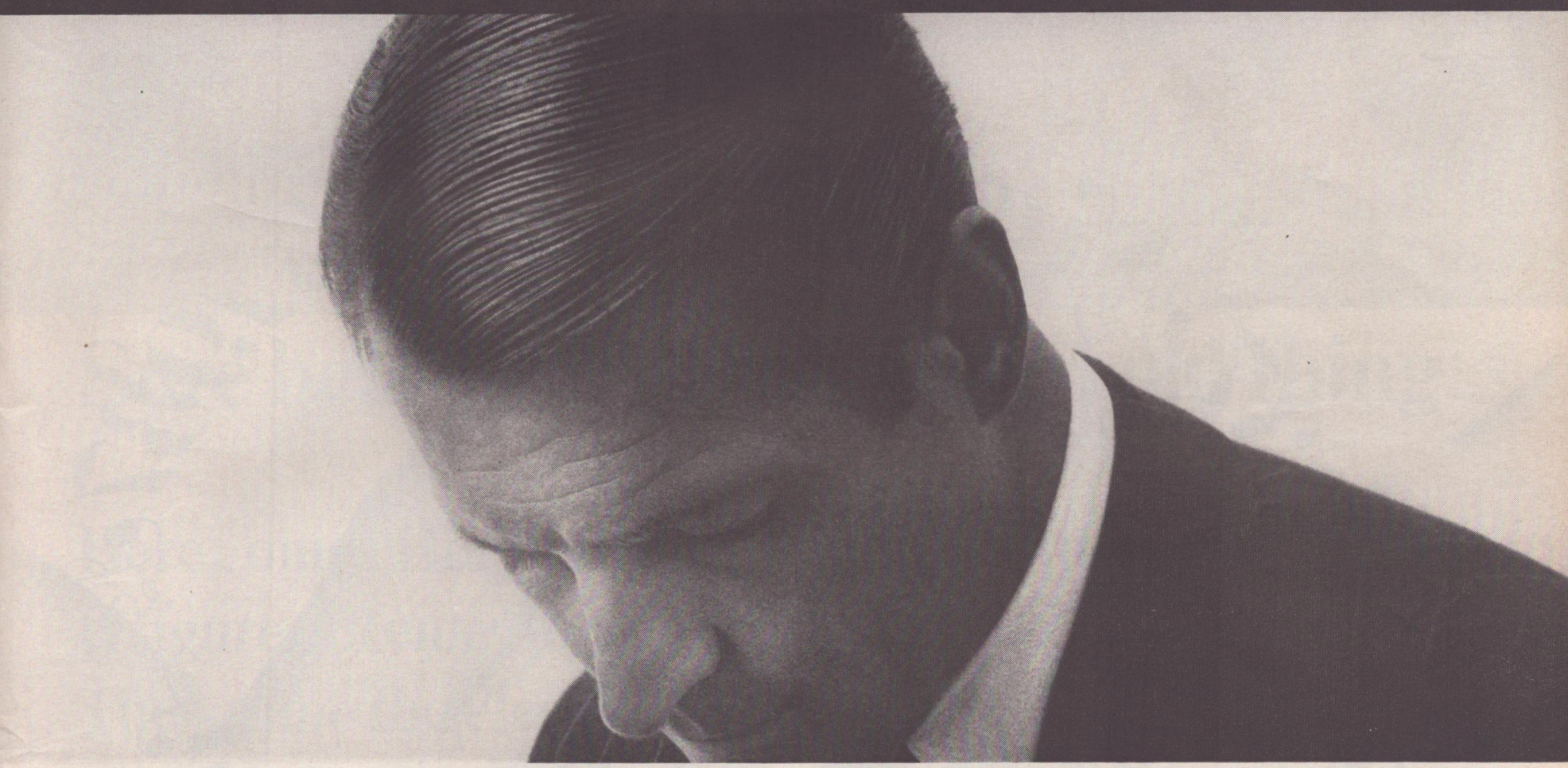
See a FULL SERVICE bank first!

FULL SERVICE BANK®

COPYRIGHT 1966/ FOUNDATION FOR COMMERCIAL BANKS/ PHILA., PA.

Dandruff is an ugly word.

You may never have to mention it again.



Doctors report regular use of new ZP[11] Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing brought actual, visible results in 3 out of every 4 cases tested. Even severe cases.

New way to cope with dandruff—daily. Dandruff is an every day problem. It needs daily attention. And now, science has found an effective, pleasant way to treat dandruff every day. New ZP[11], the first Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing, does more than just keep flaking away for a while. Regular grooming with ZP[11] controlled dandruff indefinitely, in 3 out of every 4 cases tested.

Why is ZP[11] so successful? It's the first continuous action anti-dandruff formula. Its medically tested agent is part of a fine, non-greasy hairdressing men will enjoy using daily. And daily use is the key. ZP[11] succeeds because medication stays on your scalp day after day. None is lost, as in wash-away shampoos.

Will ZP[11] positively work for you? We can't promise. But the odds are all in your favor. Eminent dermatologists have tested ZP[11] on hundreds of dandruff cases, both simple and severe. ZP[11] was the answer in 3 out of every 4 cases tested. After regular use of ZP[11], even severe cases of flaking, itching, burning, scaling and crusting were definitely under control. In most cases, doctors noted maximum benefits in from one to three weeks.

ZP[11] grooms hair handsomely, has no medicinal odor. This gentle, non-greasy cream hairdressing keeps hair easy to manage; has a fresh, clean masculine scent. And new ZP[11] does what no once-or-twice-a-week shampoo can do about dandruff!

Prove it to yourself for only 25¢

To: Revlon ZP[11], Box #10-Z
Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550

Gentlemen:

Please send me a two-week supply of ZP[11] Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing. I enclose 25¢ for cost of handling.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Offer expires in 90 days. Only one special ZP[11] sample per family. Void where prohibited by law.

ZP[11] Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing

From the Men's Division of the Revlon Research Laboratories.

Some moves can make you wish you'd never left home.

Maybe, for more years than you care to remember, you've treated some of your possessions with kid gloves.

Then when you move, some moving man gets his big mitts on something and breaks it.

No getting around it, moving men have been known to goof.

Including ours.

(But if we do break something, we'll do all we can as fast as we can to make good your loss. We're the largest moving and storage company in the world, and our reputation is at stake.)

To make sure our goofs are few and far between, we put our men through one of the toughest selection and training courses in the business. With the strictest teachers in the business: other Bekins moving men.

If a man's inclined to drop things, we drop him.

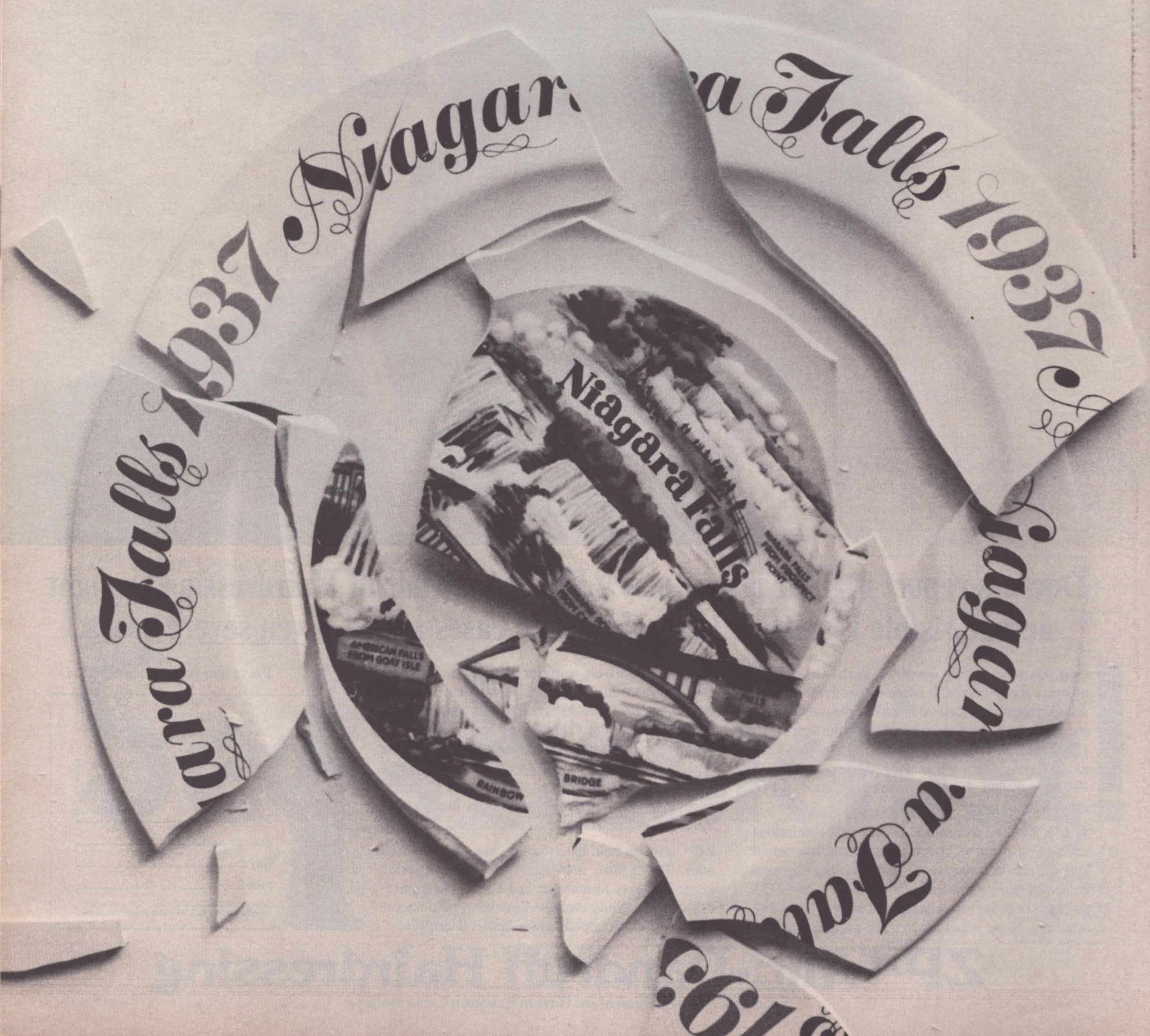
Over half the men who apply for jobs with us don't make it through the first year of training.

The men who make it are the men who move you when you call Bekins.

When they move you away from your old home, maybe you'll be all broken up about it. But chances are your things won't be.

BEKINS
MOVING & STORAGE

We're in the Yellow Pages.


Niagara Falls
Niagara Falls
Niagara Falls

Sure beats serving the same old thing.

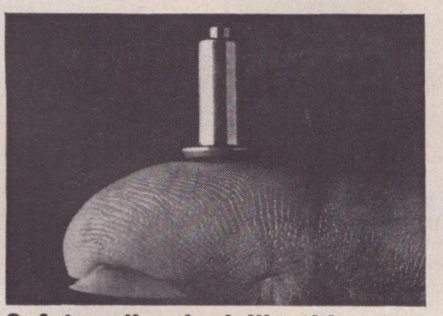
**Here comes Herb with something new again.
It figures. Remember his Madras jacket?
Then came the electric snow shovel.
Now it's Schlitz Malt Liquor. This premium drink
is bold enough to serve "on the rocks."
Smooth enough to drink "straight up."
Just one question. What'll he
do for an encore next time?**

**Look for the bull:
bold new symbol of the
bold new drink—
the premium malt liquor.**

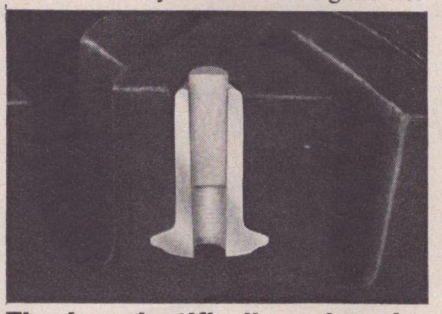
R1

New Goodyear Suburbanite Safety Spike tires give up to twice the traction on ice and make their own road in snow

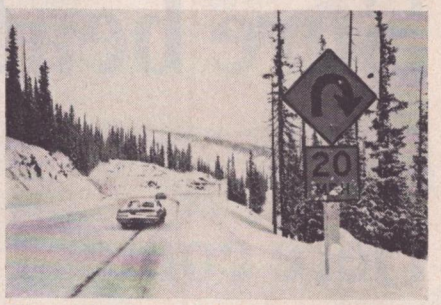
Suburbanite, Safety Spike—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



Safety spikes look like this.
Tungsten metal spikes are securely anchored into the all-new Suburbanite winter tire tread. They bite into the snow and ice to give you up to twice the traction of ordinary winter tires on glare ice.



They're scientifically anchored.
Spikes are scientifically spaced in an all-new Suburbanite tread that's tailor-made for them. And Goodyear has added nearly a thousand more traction edges to the tread to keep you going in snow.



Proved on roads like this.
Fraser, Colorado—"the icebox of the nation"—where it snows up to 20 feet a year. We put new Safety Spike tires on every wheel of every car in town to prove they could lick any winter driving problem. Anywhere.

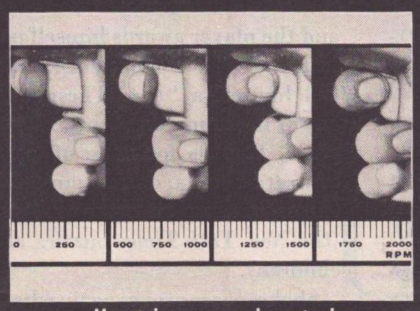
This lady knows they work.
"You get more traction and you don't slide," says Sandy Ennis, housewife, Fraser, Colo. Drive safely this winter on new Suburbanite Safety Spike tires. Sold only where legally permitted. See your nearby Goodyear man.

GOODYEAR

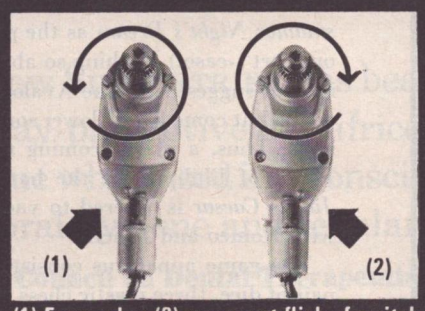
The safety-minded company

Meet the most useful power tool ever invented!

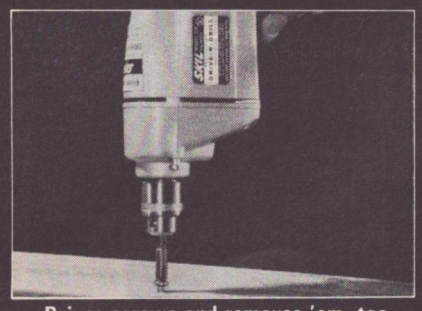
Other drills are single-speed. This one is any speed you want it to be. A solid state accelerator instead of an "on-off" switch gives you speeds from 0 to 2000 rpm to drill any material. Other drills operate in only one direction. This one goes forward and reverse. Lets you drive screws, nuts, bolts and remove 'em, too. Powers a workshop of accessories. We call it **Drive-R-Drill.** You'll call it the most useful power tool ever invented. Comes in ¼", ⅜" and ½" sizes. At better hardware, lumber and department stores everywhere. Skil Corp., Chicago, Illinois.

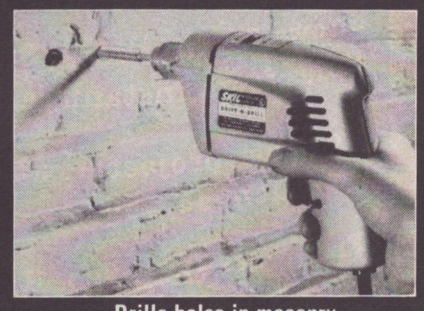


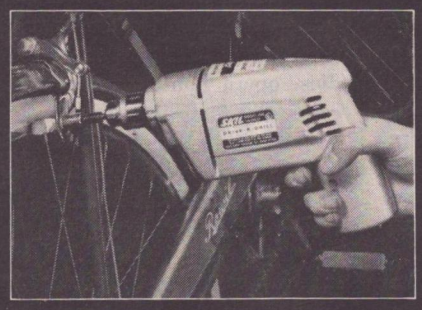
Has trigger speed control

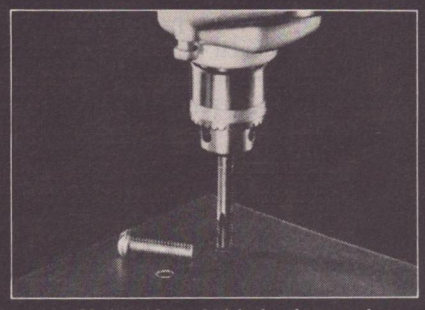


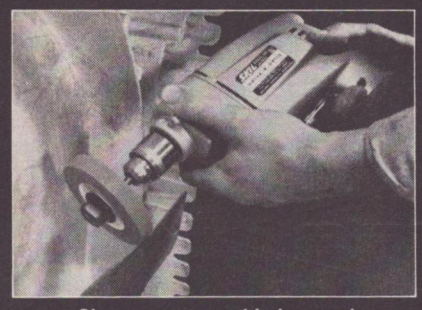
(1) Forward or (2) reverse at flick of switch

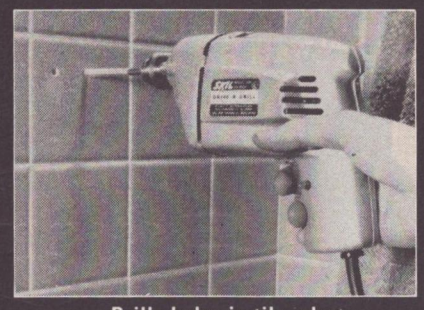

Drives screws and removes 'em, too


Drills holes in masonry


Removes nuts, bolts like power wrench

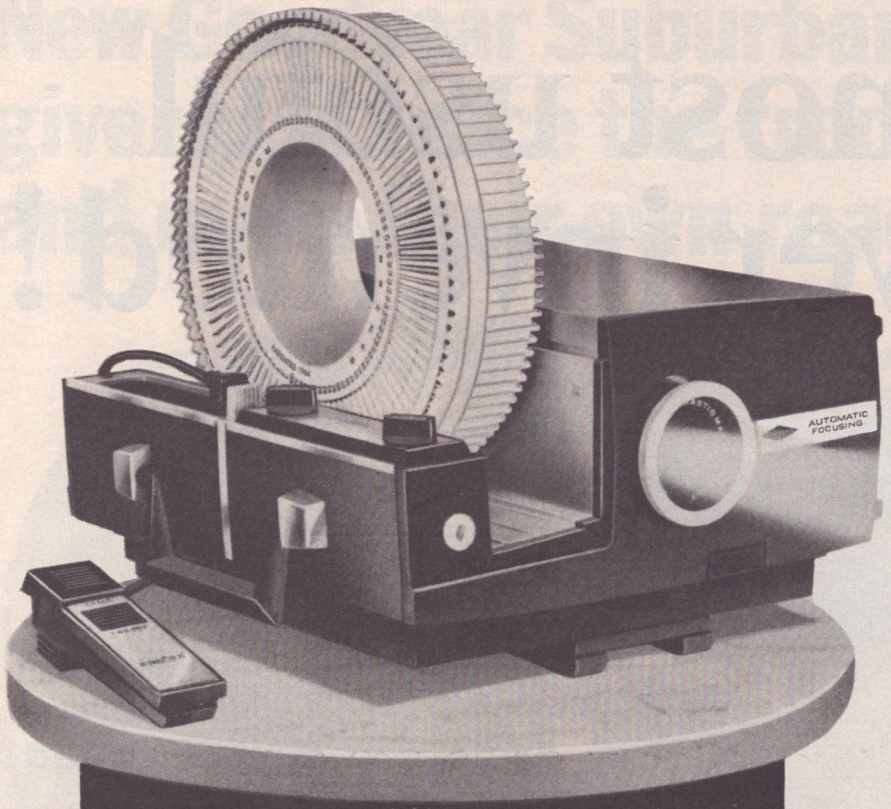

Makes threaded holes in metal


Sharpens mower blades, tools


Drills holes in tile, glass

Put power in your hands with SKIL®

©Skil Corp., 1966



No slide projector ever looked like this before . . . or did as much

It's the dramatically successful Sawyer's.

Shows 100 slides uninterrupted with circular tray. Takes regular trays, too.

Can even show up to 40 slides automatically without a tray.

Shows 35mm slides, Super Slides, and slides from instant cartridge cameras.

No other projector, at any price, does so much, so well.

From less than $60. Rotomatic® 707AQ model shown, with new solid state automatic focus and exclusive double-life 500 watt quartz iodine lamp, less than $170.

SAWYER'S®

Makers of View-Master Products, Portland, Oregon 97207

Go Join Othello in Venice

THE SHAKESPEARE GAME

It is not often that a good new game comes along. Scrabble has for the word-lover some of the allure of the crossword puzzle. The last great nonword game was Monopoly, an inspired invention of the '30s that was perfectly attuned to the times. It so intensified a player's cupidity that it turned mother against son, brother against brother, as they tried to corner Atlantic City real estate.

Now comes a game, Shakespeare, which is not that great but may be in tune with the culture-conscious, affluent and violence-haunted '60s. To mix erudition and mayhem, the Avalon Hill Company has gone to that great source of both, William Shakespeare. The Bard's plays, full of often-quoted quotations, are also burdened with passion, desire, bloodshed and death—with everything, in fact, as someone remarked in another context, that makes life worth living. Torn asunder and then cunningly reassembled in a design of ordered confusion, the plays make an oddly appealing game that mocks the noble sentiments, spoofs the solemn, teases the mind and provides considerable merriment.

Shakespeare and his works have always been something of a game for scholars hunting out hidden meanings in archaic phrases. (What pleasurable hours were spent identifying the flower called "love in idleness" in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as the pansy, or heart's-ease.) Nothing so abstruse is even suggested in the Avalon Hill game, but comedy of a lower sort prevails. Thus, a player coming to the Plains of Philippi for the battle in *Julius Caesar* is ordered to vacation with Romeo and Juliet.

The game apparatus consists of a pair of dice, three plastic chess pieces for each player, a board with marked spaces and a pack of 112 guidance cards, each bearing a quotation, a comment and instructions to advance or retreat. The game, which can take anywhere from 20 minutes to more than an hour, can be played as solitaire or by two, three or four players. The winner is the first player to get all three of his pieces to the Globe Theater after moving around the board, attended by such good fortune or ill luck as dice, marked spaces and cards furnish. A booklet has casts and synopses of all the plays and the 112 quotations to match the numbered cards with their sources.

The board has four starting places: Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and Romeo and Juliet. The movement is counterclockwise and full of happy traps: a player may land in the Athenian woods of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and be ordered to Elsinore for the start of *Hamlet*, or land with Falstaff at the Garter Inn and be directed to join Othello in Venice.

A child who is able to read and count up to 12, without any knowledge of Shakespeare, can play the Basic Game, moving by blind chance but picking up a little Shakespearean lore en route from the synoptical extracts printed on the spaces.

Slightly above this level is the so-called Advanced Game, whose players do not require much knowledge of Shakespeare but, under more complicated playing rules, may show skill and judgment in moving their pieces, somewhat as in Parcheesi.

Expertise really enters with the Tournament Game, which calls for a good memory. The player who lands on a space containing the name of a play can move ahead one space for each character—up to three—that he can name from that play. In this game when a player picks a card, he may ignore the instructions if he can identify the quotation. After a couple of dozen Tournament Games even nonbuffs start to become pretty familiar with characters from all the plays, and with the quotations too. But is that bad? Besides, these rules can be made even more competitive and cutthroat by requiring players to name the act, scene and line of each quote.

The Solitaire game has trickier rules and the player awards himself points. Scores of 100 or more entitle him to call himself a "true Thespian." In any of its forms, Shakespeare is a good game. It calls for none of the concentration of a double-crostic or a *Times* of London crossword puzzle (the *New York Times* puzzles are for children).

Shakespeare proves again what vast beneficences he has bestowed on mankind—all those jobs, for example, in the colleges, theaters, television studios, opera houses, publishing concerns and factories. Now we have a Parcheesi-like leapfrog of the gentlest, sweetest and lustiest characters in all literature—and of all the rogues as well—to entertain us.

John Ferris, critic, essayist and game-lover, is one of those persons who do crossword puzzles in sequence—in ink.

by John Ferris

Anti-cavity

Brand new formula helps reduce cavities. Same happy stripes keep the kids brushing.

Now you can take the fun toothpaste seriously.

"New Super STRIPE has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care."

The Council on Dental Therapeutics • American Dental Association

Make Super Stripe a part of your anti-cavity program • Regular dental checkups • Watch between-meal treats • Brush after meals

We're looking for one man in a thousand. Are you the one?

Not everyone is willing to give as much as we require. Very few are eager for a spot where thinking and working never stop even when work hours are over.

But there are some — maybe one in a thousand — to whom the rewards of being an Equitable representative are more than worth the extra effort called for.

There's Gene Mundy of Dallas. Louis Mouquin of Summit, New Jersey. Robert O'Leary of Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

And if there's an insurance man — or woman — in your town who works especially hard for his clients, don't be surprised to learn he's an Equitable representative.

We have nearly 8,000 Equitable men and women who are like that, all over the country. But Equitable is growing so fast that we need more. Today, over 13,000,000 people are covered by Living Insurance from Equitable. And the policyowner roster increases every day.

What do you get for all you have to give as an Equitable representative? The independence of being your own boss. The stature that comes from being associated with a progressive leader in the insurance world. The use of modern computers to help with the "homework." The expert advice of staff specialists — and through professional training, the chance to become a leader yourself, in every phase of Living Insurance.

Even if you never thought of an insurance career before, maybe now you should. Insurance is changing, especially at Equitable. Get the whole story by writing to Coy G. Eklund, Senior Vice President at our Home Office. Or talk to a local Man from Equitable.

LIVING INSURANCE...FROM EQUITABLE®

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES Home Office: 1285 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 An Equal Opportunity Employer, M/F © Equitable 1966

What a wonderful feeling to live with flameless electric home heating

(why not change over now?)

Now, clean invisible electricity frees you forever from the old-fashioned flame furnace at a cost you can easily afford. And what a wonderful feeling.

You have no sensation of heat. You can't smell it. You can't see it. You can't hear it. Its gentle warmth is just there. It saves you money on redecorating and maintenance. And you live with a sense of well-being that makes you feel like a million all winter long.

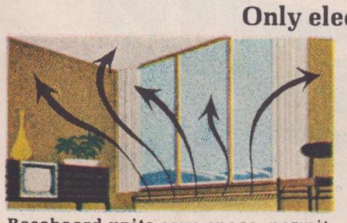
More than 2,500,000 families like yours have already discovered that flameless electric home heating is reasonable to own and operate.

Before you build, buy or modernize your home, talk with the people at your local electric utility company. Let them show you the way to the joy of total electric living.

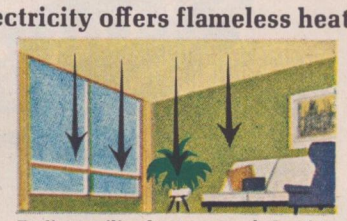
YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Edison Electric Institute
750 Third Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Only electricity offers flameless heating and so many different types of equipment to choose from!

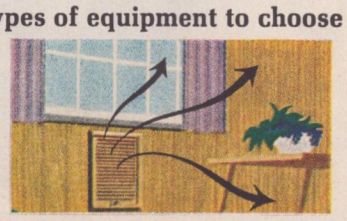


Baseboard units save space, permit room-by-room temperature control, blend in with room decor.



Radiant ceiling heat: concealed within ceiling. Each room's temperature can be individually controlled.

Heat pump heats in winter, cools in summer. One setting maintains any desired year-round temperature.



Wall panel, with heating units behind grille, provides radiant heat with natural or fan-forced convection.

Central system: heating can easily be combined with cooling for year-round comfort.

Give the gang our best.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

Sirs:

Your fine article on Homer Gammons ("Wise Old Hand at a New Calling," Nov. 4) is a breakthrough that we guidance counselors have needed for a long time. Our profession (I hope we may call it that) has been much misunderstood. We are not teachers, and they sometimes feel threatened by us; we are not administrators in the truest sense of the word, and many administrators do not understand us. Our basic purpose is to work with normal students with normal problems.

KATHLEEN TRAINES

Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Sirs:

With due respect to Mr. Homer Gammons' accomplishments, I nevertheless cringe at his summary of the function of guidance: " . . . helping kids realize their potential."

As a teacher, I find this statement generating two appalling implications: the teacher can no longer be seen as a dynamic source of both knowledge and experience, or, there is an almost intrinsic inadequacy in today's parents.

If neither of these is correct, there is a possibility that the American school system has allowed the growth of an expensive and expedient barnacle.

BERNARD LEPINE

Gardner, Mass.

Sirs:

Dr. Buford Stefflre is quoted as saying "there should be a definite distinction between a psychotherapist and a counselor. The counselor who thinks he is a psychologist is a dangerous person. . . ."

If his point is that guidance counselors need to be aware of their professional limitations, I agree. If, however, he would have them neglect to concern themselves with the deeper motivations which generate—often unconsciously—people's most significant actions, thoughts and feelings, then I would oppose. Their training, currently woefully inadequate, should include the development of skills enabling them to perform psychological first aid, at least.

GERALD ALBERT

Brookville, N.Y.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP

Sirs:

The article on President Johnson's visit to Vietnam ("A Visit of Heart, a Mission of Purpose," Nov. 4) struck a patriotic chime in my heart.

President Johnson showed not only the qualities of a leader but the long forgotten interest of a Commander-in-Chief.

THOMAS J. MCCONNEY JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Sure, it is dangerous for the President to be in a war zone, but if just a handshake from him will do some good for these boys, they should have it.

DARLA ZEDAKER

New Bedford, Pa.

Sirs:

In Asia, people judge others by their sincerity, not their outward appearance. It doesn't appear to me as though the President's "act" went over too big.

BOB WILKY

Boston, Mass.

NOVELIST UPDIKE

Sirs:

Jane Howard's article on John Updike ("Can a Nice Novelist Finish First?" Nov. 4) was delightful.

I would like to say, however, something about John Aldridge's remark that in *Of the Farm* "Mr. Updike has nothing to say." Since when does a writer have to have something to say every time he writes? A writer can write for the simple and pure sake of entertainment—and John Updike does it beautifully.

G. GUTIÉRREZ DE LA SOLANA

Riverdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

Jane Howard says John Updike's characters " . . . don't even divorce each other—though they think about it."

In *Of the Farm*, Updike's hero is not only divorced, but he is remarried. In *Rabbit, Run*, the hero quits his wife and takes up with a prostitute. Some people might consider this a stronger step than divorce. And plenty of other things happen to Updike's characters.

But if you cheated on Updike the writer, I can hope that the huge exposure you gave him as a solid-New-England-family-man-good-citizen will send people out to buy his books and read them. He can spend the royalty moneys on a haircut.

CAMPBELL GEESLIN

White Plains, N.Y.

MARILYN MONROE

Sirs:

Thank you for again reminding us there was once a superstar, a goddess, but most of all a woman known as Marilyn. Congratulations to Richard Meryman on an excellent and touching article ("Behind the Myth the Face of Norma Jean," Nov. 4).

CONRAD LUTZ

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

The article gives us fascinating new insights into the myth behind this tragic woman. The years since her death have anything but dimmed the remembrance of her legendary beauty and comic wit.

GLENN R. ELLISON

Tallahassee, Fla.

FOOD PRICES

Sirs:

I've just read your article on "The Housewife Rebellion" (Nov. 4).

Hooray for Denver housewives.

I have lived here 11 years and know that Denver women get things done.

MRS. DONALD R. COX

Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

Even a woman with only half a brain in her head should be able to figure out that especially in this day of tremendous competition, prices don't *start* at the retailer.

MRS. C. RICHARD CARLSON

Hamden, Conn.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

I am amazed that your magazine would write such a splendid, creditable editorial on a Southerner ("A Cause Not Lost with Harry Byrd," Nov. 4).

ARTHUR ABNER ANTHONY JR.

Spencer, Va.

Sirs:

Harry Byrd's "gracious manner" did not extend to his black-skinned constituents. As with all Southern politicians, his fetish for states' rights was due to his fear of Negro power. If federalism is to remain, states must begin to take social responsibility for their citizens. Tyrannical rule that ignores the needs of the poor of both races, as Byrd did, would be absolute disaster.

KATHERINE KINSER

Des Plaines, Ill.

IDEAS IN HOUSES

Sirs:

Regarding the Cafritz house in Georgetown ("Thin Home in an Old Row," Nov. 4), why can't people who want modern, new houses build modern, new houses and stop reducing fine, old period houses to models of incongruity?

G. T. NORDSTROM

Minneapolis, Minn.

REVIEW

Sirs:

In his review on Julian Bream ("Viva the No-Voltage Guitar!" Nov. 4), Carter Harman states, "the guitar can be one of the noisiest instruments around and is *all* around, electrically whanging and banging."

An electric guitar played properly by someone who knows *how* to play it has as subtle and beautiful a sound as any instrument in the world.

The quality of too many guitars, mass-produced to fill the fantastic demand of teen-agers, is so bad it's a wonder they can be played at all.

Perhaps it's in frustration that the young set whangs and bangs on them.

PETE DOLLARD

Palm Beach, Fla.

IAN FLEMING

Sirs:

Regarding Jeanne Manning's letter (Nov. 4) on Ian Fleming's children's book, *Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang*, it is interesting to note that a racing car named "Chitty Bang Bang" existed in the early 1920s.

It was regularly raced at Brooklands, near London, and was an enormous 200-hp Benz owned by a Count Zborowski.

I had the dubious pleasure of driving it one circuit of the track. It could not fly but had a good turn of speed for those days.

J. M. DENNY

West Vancouver, B.C., Canada

IN LIFE NEXT WEEK

An American Family—Part 2

LEVI SMITH'S THREE SONS

How a Vermont patriarch steered them to manhood, each in his own way

BOLD PLAN TO MAKE HOSPITALS FIT FOR HUMAN PATIENTS

A Georgetown medical team's attack on obsolescence, inefficiency and built-in sources of contamination

BROADWAY'S GAMBLE ON MELINA MERCOURI

The fire-breathing Greek star vs. the theater's coolest choreographer

1—TO WRITE LIFE about your subscription—change of address, billing, adjustment, complaint, renewal—address: LIFE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE, 540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Charles A. Adams, Vice Pres.

2—*When writing us about your subscription, clip or paste your present LIFE address label here. This will help us identify you quickly and accurately.*

3—TO CHANGE ADDRESS: When you are moving please give us five weeks' notice. Attach your present LIFE address label in the space at left, print your new address and ZIP code number here and mail both to LIFE Subscription Service at address given at left.

Name_____

New address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

L-3495

4—TO ENTER A NEW SUBSCRIPTION: Check box at right and use form above for your address. Subscription rate: 1 year, $7.75, in Canada, $8.75. ☐

To write about editorial or advertising contents, address: LIFE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

THE FEMININE EYE / **Shana Alexander**

I'd know him anywhere

Having spent most of last month intensely watching Lyndon Johnson in a number of exotic if not outlandish situations—a muddy jungle, a golden throne, a Korean rice paddy, a kangaroo cookout—I should find it easier to visualize him now, especially in so familiar a setting as a hospital bed. But President-watching doesn't seem to work that way. The Presidency is an abstraction, but Mr. Johnson is a flesh-and-blood man.

Before the Asia tour I had never even seen him. The personal question that most preoccupied me during his entire whizzing gallop around the rim of the Pacific was: how much of what I am seeing will I be able to keep?

One way I tried to keep it was by scooping up every map, flag, press kit, speech, guidebook, travel folder and souvenir offered us by the seven proud countries we visited. More than 30 pounds of this stuff still lies strewn about my living room, a thick mulch of official paper covering coffee table, couch and piano top, and ornamented with the purple silk and yellow velvet armbands, the short snorters of special press badges, the delicate bit of gold filigree that got you into the Bangkok palace grounds, the heavy bronze souvenir medallion from the White House, the sandalwood menus, the kangaroo mittens, the Eskimo slippers, the carabao briefcase, and the lifetime pass on the Korean railroad. I am still reluctant to sort it all out and put it away, as if that simple act of housekeeping might somehow diminish the enormous dimensions of the trip. But though I superstitiously preserve this mulch, I have learned that the mind is able to "keep" an astonishing number of vivid impressions without recourse to notebooks or souvenirs.

Two hundred thousand New Zealanders had turned out to cheer the President. That bright, sunny morning in Wellington's Civic Square park the crowds were so immense that I could see in no direction but straight up, where wildly cheering people festooned every roof and window ledge. Suddenly the crowd right in front of me opened up and there he was, prancing around the grassy oval like a prize show horse and flipping his fingers in the high, dainty, overhead waving one had seen so often on TV. Suddenly, amazingly, he dropped to his knees in front of a formal bed of bright red tulips and seized one slender stem in his big paw. It looked for an awful instant as if he intended to pick it, but he just buried his nose in the petals and sniffed deeply.

The next time I saw him he was inside a very dark sheep-shearing shed. Cameramen were massed all over the railings and rafters, and you knew by the sudden noise and excitement when he had come in, even though you couldn't see a thing. Then a photographer standing on the fence right in front of me moved his foot and there was the famous face again, brightly floodlit, framed in the black triangle of the cameraman's legs, peering narrowly down into a pen of live sheep.

Because of the constant crowds, one always saw the President either in these sudden, startling close-ups, or else in extreme long shots; there was no middle distance. Not all of the scenes were as corny as the tulips and the sheep. A few were scary, like the moment in Sydney when the crowds turned suddenly hostile, and our motorcade sped through a gantlet of black confetti and black balloons. A few were funny—the grunting, tattooed Maori chief who disconcerted the Secret Service by brandishing a spear and sticking out his tongue at the President in a traditional tribal greeting; the garden club lady frantically waving at Lady Bird with a calla lily; the mother who slid her baby at the President across the top of his bubbletop limousine as if it were a poker chip. L.B.J. slid it right back.

And some were deeply moving. One day Johnson visited a remote hamlet in the sweltering Malaysian jungle. A tropical downpour was just ending, and as his helicopter clattered down, children and scrawny chickens scattered in the mud and a native band beating on tom-toms came marching out of the jungle. After some brief ceremonies in appalling heat, L.B.J. stopped to shake hands with a group of village children. Seeing him standing there in the red mud amid the flocks of chickens and 5-year-olds, I was very proud that the U.S. President had come to this place.

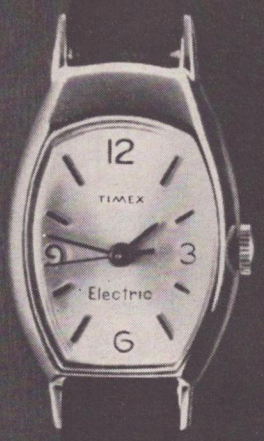
That moment was well along in the trip, and I felt I was seeing the President pretty clearly by then. In the beginning, I hadn't been able to see him at all. It wasn't a matter of optics, but a quirk of psychological "seeing": over the 17 days he literally emerged, like a photographic plate developing in the mind's eye.

I saw him for the first time ever in a receiving line in Honolulu. But though my notebook comments, "Grandfatherly, almost grandmotherly," I can no longer dredge up the slightest personal recollection of that encounter.

The next day, I spent 10 minutes with Mr. Johnson aboard Air Force One. But the embarrassing truth is that I have little direct memory of that encounter either. The astounding fact of being, except for two secretaries, alone with and about 18 inches away from the President of the United States evidently blotted out everything else from my senses. I remember mostly the big brown face, the blinding Thai silk dressing gown, the powerfully direct manner and language: "Asia is where the action is. The Philippines is right in the center. I could throw a rock from Manila to Seoul."

Seven countries later, the President and Mrs. Johnson walked stiffly and slowly down the flower-garlanded ramp at Kimpo Airport, Seoul. The cannon boomed and the jets in formation overhead trailed plumes of pink, lavender, green, blue and yellow smoke, wrapping a giant rainbow around the whole bright scene. Now I am familiar enough with the sight of him, I thought, to see that he is finally growing tired.

The last time I saw him it was well past midnight in Alaska. We had all been crushed motionless for some time in the jampacked hotel lobby when suddenly the Boy Scout band struck up an earsplitting "Hello, Lyndon!" and everybody began to yell. I didn't actually see him then, but over the tops of a hundred heads a hat moved and a hand was flipping rapidly. That's him, I thought. I'd know him anywhere.



World's first electric wrist watch for ladies

TIMEX®

Companion to the world's most popular electric wrist watch for men

The ladies' electric costs $45.00. The men's $39.95. A tiny energy cell provides a whole year of steady electric power for these electric Timex watches. Then? For less than $2.00 you replace the cell and you're set for another year of steady electric accuracy.

AMID HEIGHTENING CONTROVERSY ABOUT THE WARREN REPORT, GOVERNOR CONNALLY EXAMINES FOR 'LIFE' THE ASSASSINATION FILM

The Commission said President Kennedy and Connally were hit by the same bullet. Connally still vigorously claims he was hit by a second bullet. That Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone is . . .

A MATTER OF REASONABLE DOUBT

In the kitchen of his ranch house near San Antonio, Governor John Connally of Texas (*right*) pores over crucial evidence in the tragic crime to which he was witness —and victim—three years ago.

He is studying enlargements of the famous movie taken by Abraham Zapruder, a bystander, on that fatal day in Dallas when President Kennedy was assassinated and Connally himself severely wounded. Connally's testimony and the evidence of the Zapruder film are basic to the question now being more and more loudly raised: is there a reasonable doubt that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin?

The significant area of doubt narrows down to one point: Were Connally and the President—as the Warren Commission held—wounded by the same bullet? If so, there was probably only one assassin. Or—as Connally and many others maintain—were the two men hit almost simultaneously by separate bullets? If so, there must have been two assassins.

The question haunted the Warren Commission in its investigations into the death of President Kennedy. In the ten months of its existence the Commission heard 552 witnesses, staged re-enactments and ballistics tests, sifted through 10 million words of testimony and presented its conclusions in the 888 closely reasoned pages of the Report. Those findings are now being challenged by critics whose arguments have created widespread skepticism about some of the Report's key conclusions.

The critics have little fresh evidence, nor do they claim to. They base their dissent on the Commission's own 26 volumes of evidence which, the critics claim, do not bear out the Commission's own conclusions and sometimes flatly contradict them. They are particularly aroused over the Commission's evaluation of John Connally's testimony.

Testifying before the Commission, Connally insisted—as he does today (*p. 48*)—that he heard what he instantly identified as a rifle shot. As he was turning to look at the President, he felt a second shot hit him. When the Commission ran off the Zapruder film for him, the governor identified certain frames as ones during which he believed he had been hit. The moment he selected was at most 1.3 seconds after the earliest moment when Kennedy, according to the Commission, could have been hit. Experts have proved that the murder weapon could not be fired any faster than once every 2.3 seconds. If the Commission is right about the timing of the first bullet that hit Kennedy, and if Connally is right about his own wound, Oswald could not have had time—in 1.3 seconds—to fire at both Kennedy and Connally. There would have had to be a second assassin.

The governor's testimony shook the Commission. Three of the seven members expressed doubt that the single-bullet theory had been proved. A separate FBI report on the assassination also maintained that Kennedy and Connally had been struck by different bullets. But in the end skeptical commissioners went along with the majority and signed the Report, which —for reasons summarized on page 48B— states that Connally must have been mistaken; that he and the President were probably hit by the same bullet and that in any case this question was "not necessary to any essential findings of the Commission." This last statement shocked critics.

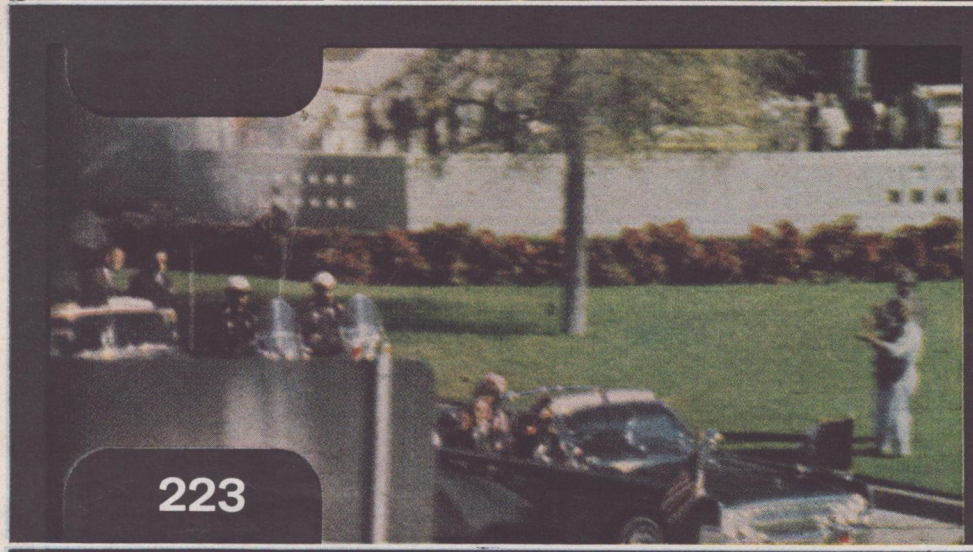
Early this month, at LIFE's request, Governor Connally looked at the disputed frames from the Zapruder film once again. This time he got more than just the screen showing that the Commission had given him. He was also given enlargements of every frame, which he could examine in detail under a magnifying glass. Ever since he testified before the Warren Commission the governor had kept silent, preferring to let the Report speak for itself. But as he examined the individual frames he was able to see and recall a number of significant details that he had missed in the Commission showing and had never brought up in his testimony. These confirmed in his mind what he had previously told the Commission—that he had been hit by a second bullet. What he saw and said is presented on the following pages.

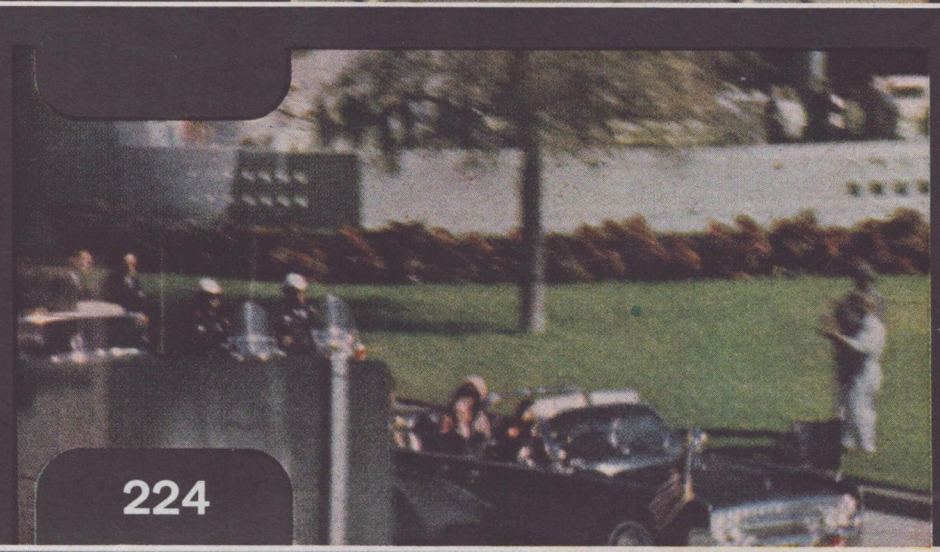
THE WARREN COMMISSION. From left: Rep. Gerald Ford of Michigan; Rep. Hale Boggs of Louisiana; Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia; Chief Justice Warren, Commission Chairman; Sen. John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky; John J. McCloy, former High Commissioner for Germany; Allen W. Dulles, the former CIA chief; J. Lee Rankin, chief counsel for the Commission.

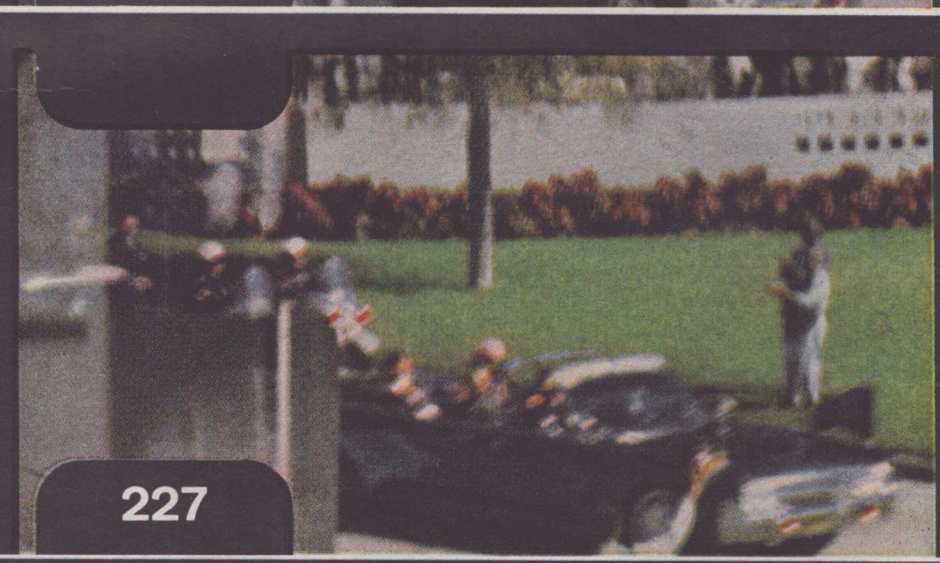
EVIDENCE. At light table, Governor John Connally of Texas peers through a magnifying glass at enlargements of frames from Abraham Zapruder's assassination movie.

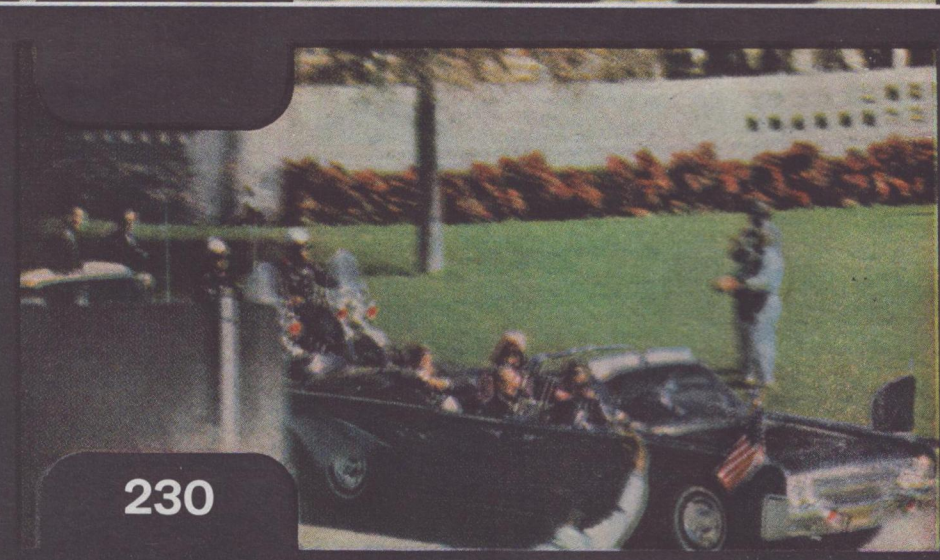
LIFE
Vol. 61, No. 22 Nov. 25, 1966

The Commission said Kennedy and Connally were hit behind the sign: between HERE

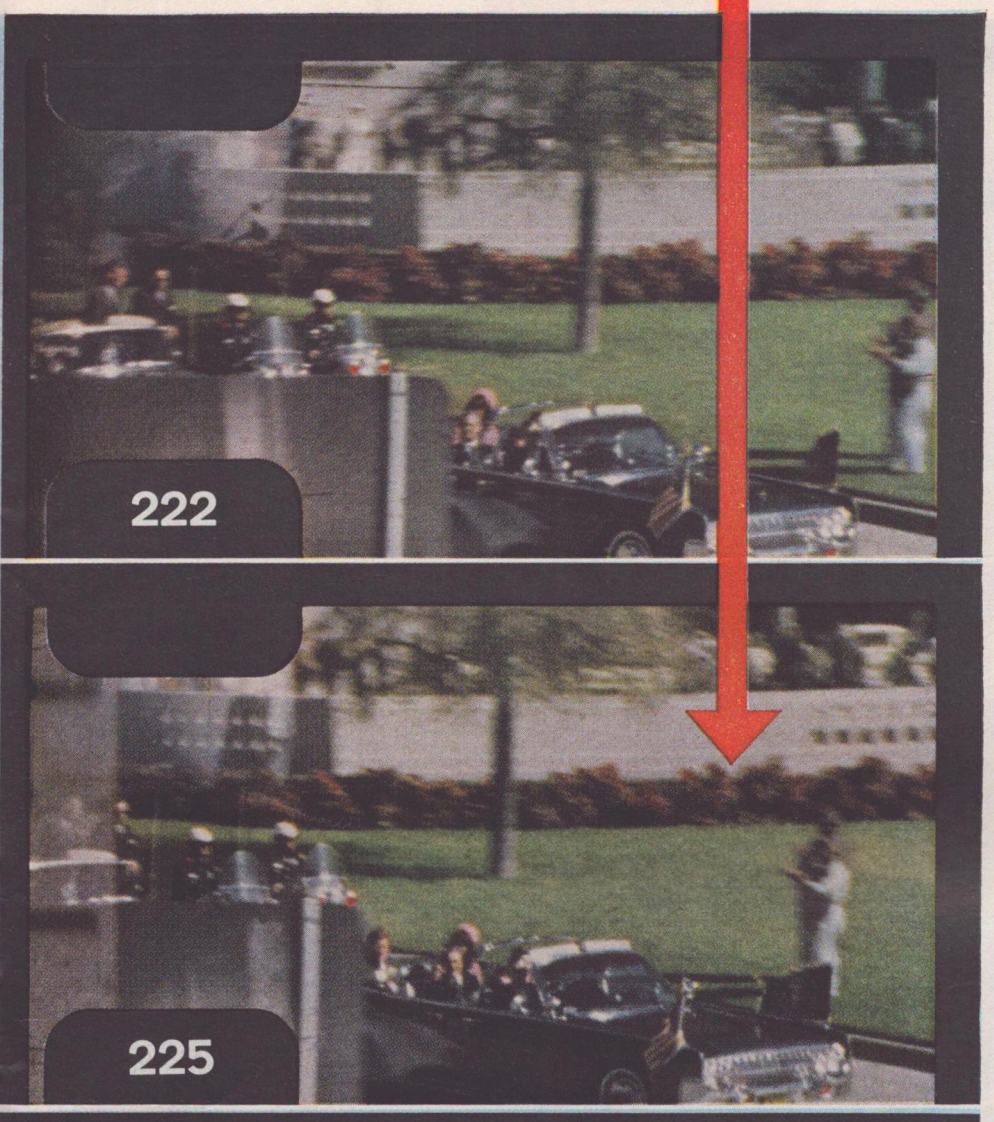


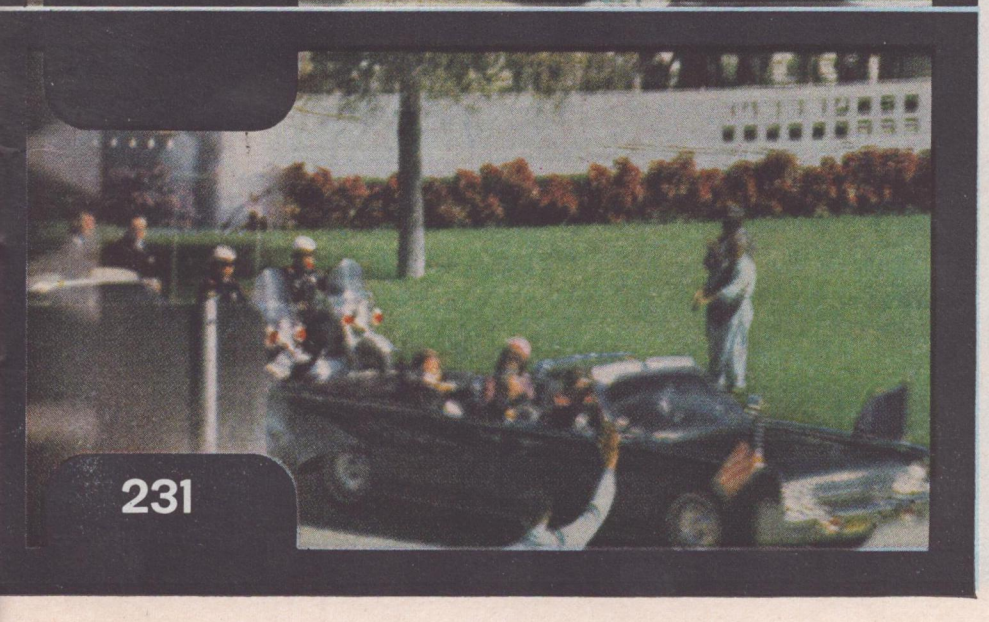






and HERE





Of all the witnesses to the tragedy, the only unimpeachable one is the 8-mm movie camera of Abraham Zapruder, which recorded the assassination in sequence. Film passed through the camera at 18.3 frames a second, a little more than a 20th of a second (.055 sec.) for each frame. By studying individual frames one can see what happened at every instant and measure precisely the intervals between events.

On these pages and the next, the significant passages of the film are reproduced, frame by frame. The numbers printed on them, counted in sequence from the beginning of the film, are those used by the Commission to identify the frames. At the left side of each frame the sprocket holes and the light-struck areas around them can be seen.

The disagreement between Governor Connally and the Commission arises over how to read the Zapruder pictures. Of the three bullet strikes—the President's neck wound, the governor's wounds and the President's head wound—only the mortal blow to the President's head is easy to mark on the film. This occurred in the 313th frame and is not shown here because it does not bear on the controversy. The two earlier hits are harder to pin down. President Kennedy, according to the Commission, was out of Zapruder's sight behind a road sign when the first bullet hit him in the neck, and the film seems to confirm it. He was out of sight for 18 frames—one second. No one can say for sure in which of them he was hit.

Governor Connally, according to the Commission, was hit at the same time as the President—and therefore also out of view. Connally testified to the Commission that it happened otherwise: "I heard this noise which I immediately took to be a rifle shot. I instinctively turned to my right . . . but I did not catch the President in the corner of my eye. . . . Failing to see him, I was turning to look back over my left shoulder . . . but I never got that far in my turn. I got about in the position I am now facing you, looking a little bit to the left of center, and then I felt like someone had hit me in the back."

Mrs. Connally was even more specific in her testimony. "I heard . . . a frightening noise, and it came from the right. . . . I turned over my right shoulder . . . and saw the President as he had both hands at his neck. . . . He made no utterance, no cry. Then, very soon, there was the second shot that hit John."

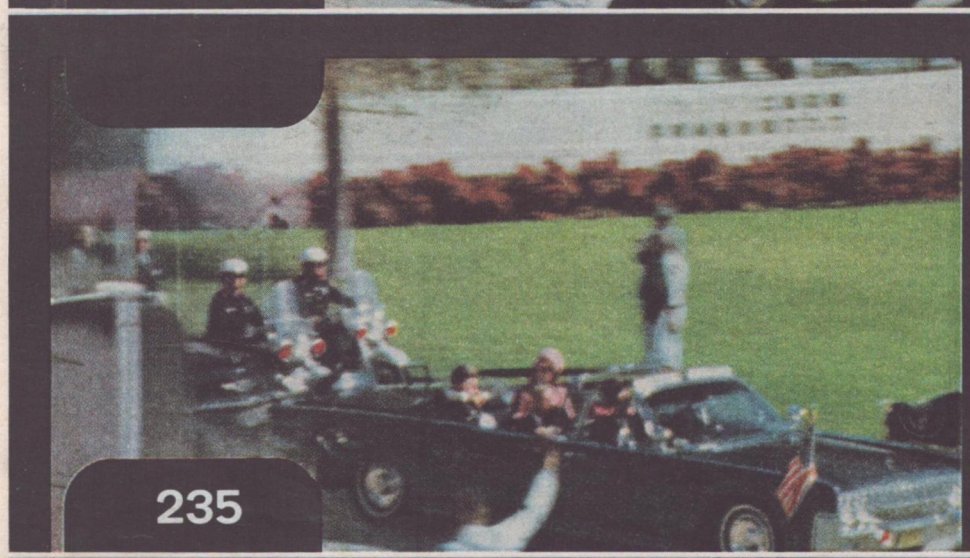
The Zapruder film seems to bear out what the governor says and raises a reasonable doubt about the Commission's version. In the sequence on this page, two preliminary frames establish the scene. In frame 193 the presidential limousine approaches the highway sign. Kennedy, with Mrs. Kennedy beside him, has his right hand raised as he waves to the crowd; his left hand rests against his coat lapel. Both he and Governor Connally look off to their right. The President's hand is still raised in salute in frame 206, the last view of him before he vanishes behind the sign. He could have been hit, the Commission says, as early as frame 210.

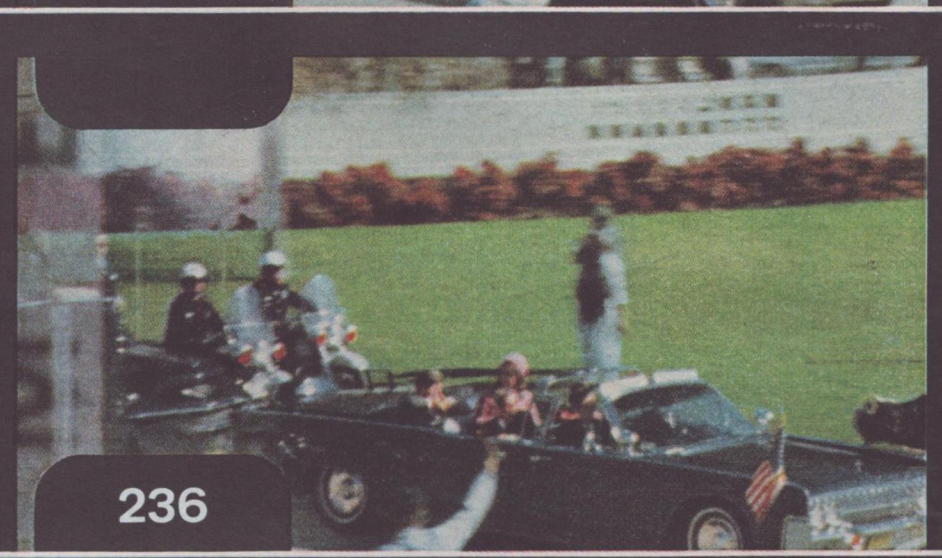
The crucial sequence begins in frame 222 as Governor Connally emerges from behind the sign looking to his right. A sixth of a second later, in frame 225, the President emerges and it is clear that he has been hit. His face is distorted, although Connally's seems unperturbed. The President's left hand is still on his lapel but his right is rising toward his neck. By frame 230, just .27 second after coming into view, his shoulders are hunched and both hands are at his throat, a position in which he remains frozen until the end of the sequence (frame 244, *next page*).

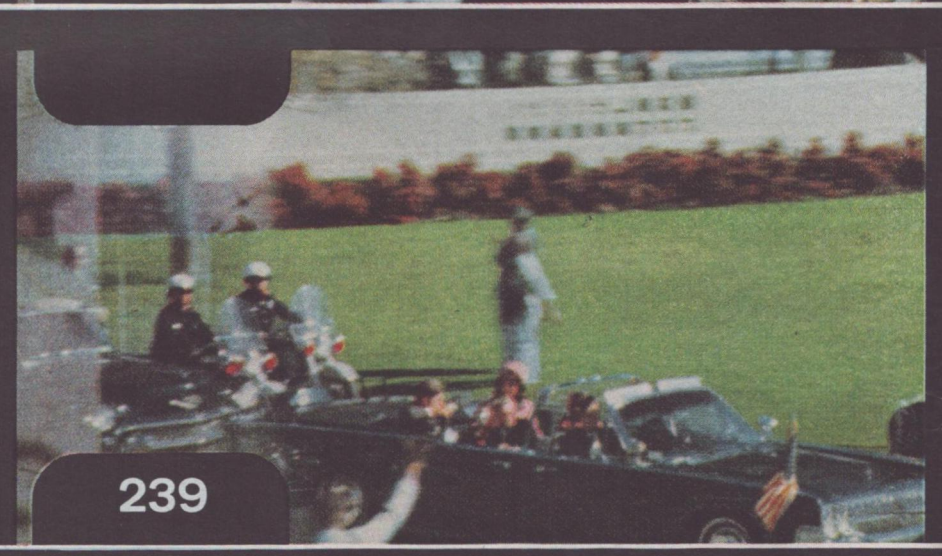
Beginning at frame 225, Governor Connally quickly turns his head leftward until, in 228, he faces straight ahead, remaining in this position through the last frame on this page. "You can see my leftward movement clearly," Connally told LIFE as he studied these frames. "I had turned to the right when the limousine was behind the sign. Now I'm turning back again. I know that I made that turn to the left before I was hit. You can see the grimace in the President's face. You cannot see it in mine. There is no question about it. I haven't been hit yet."

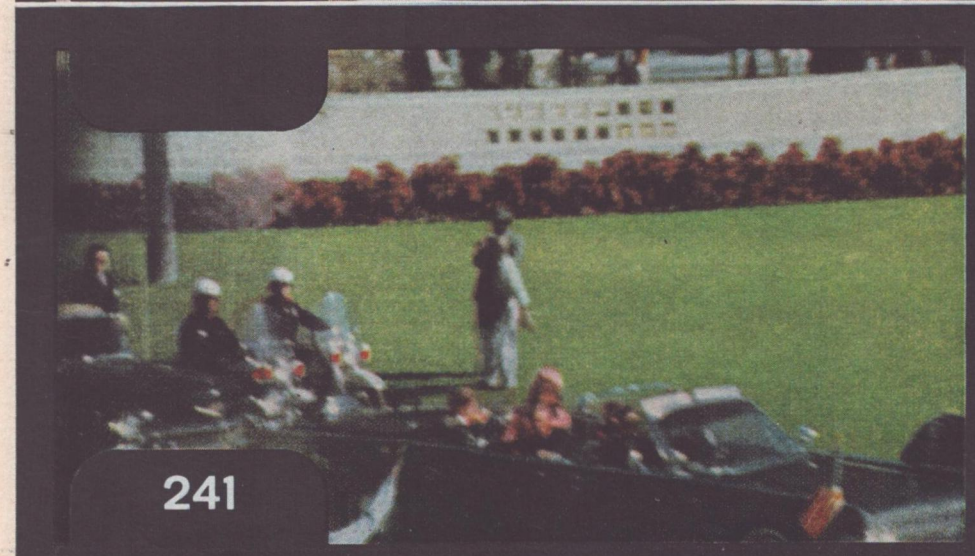
Connally: 'I haven't been hit yet'...

...Connally chooses a point nine frames later and says he



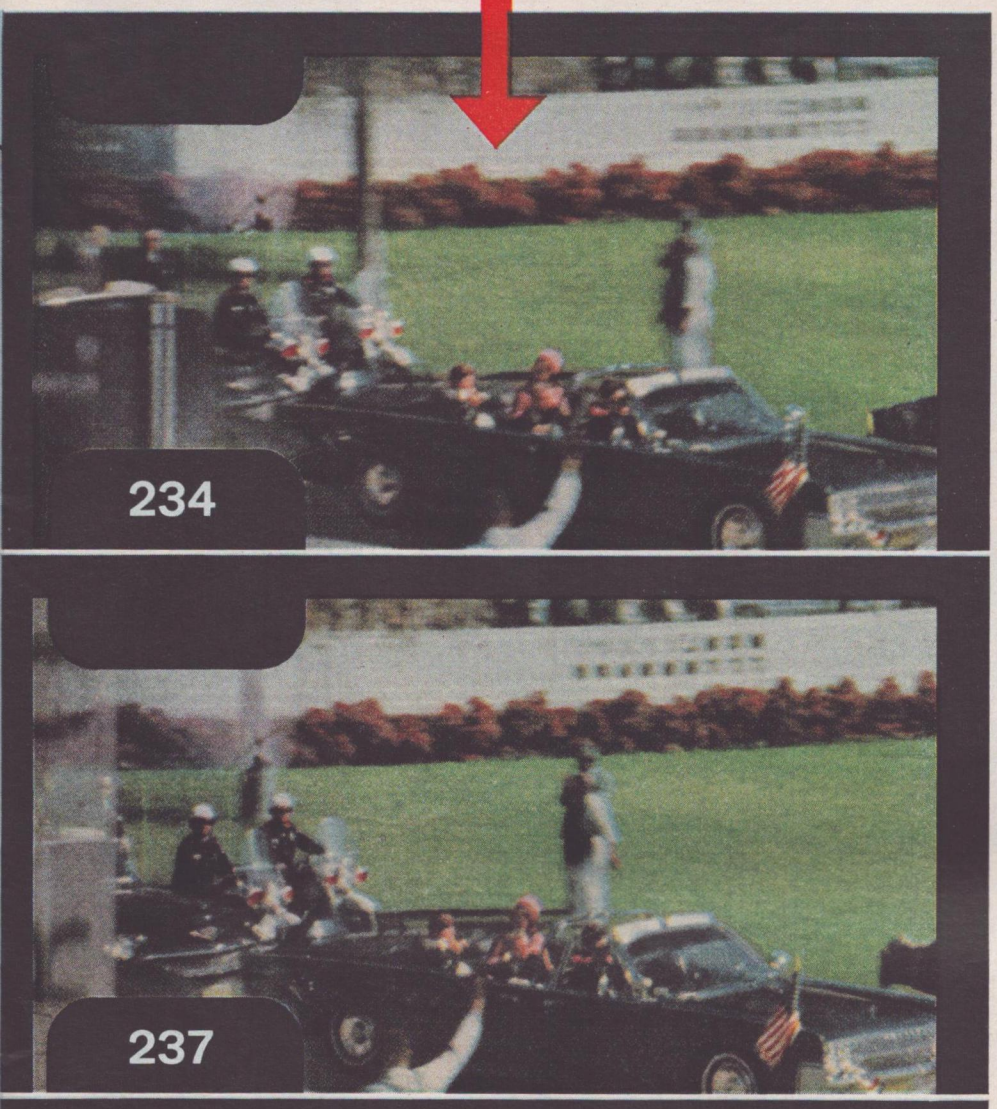






was hit HERE

'It felt like a doubled fist in the back'



Governor Connally believes, as nearly as he can judge it, that the bullet struck him in the 234th frame. This is at least nine frames and one half second later than the Commission says he was hit. He might, Connally admits, possibly have been hit a frame or two earlier but no more. "Having looked at frames 233 to 235," he said to LIFE, "I can begin to see myself slump in 234. The slump is very pronounced in 235. I am hunched. It looks as if my coat is pulled away from my shirt. My mouth is elongated. I don't think there is any question that my reaction to the shot begins in this time sequence."

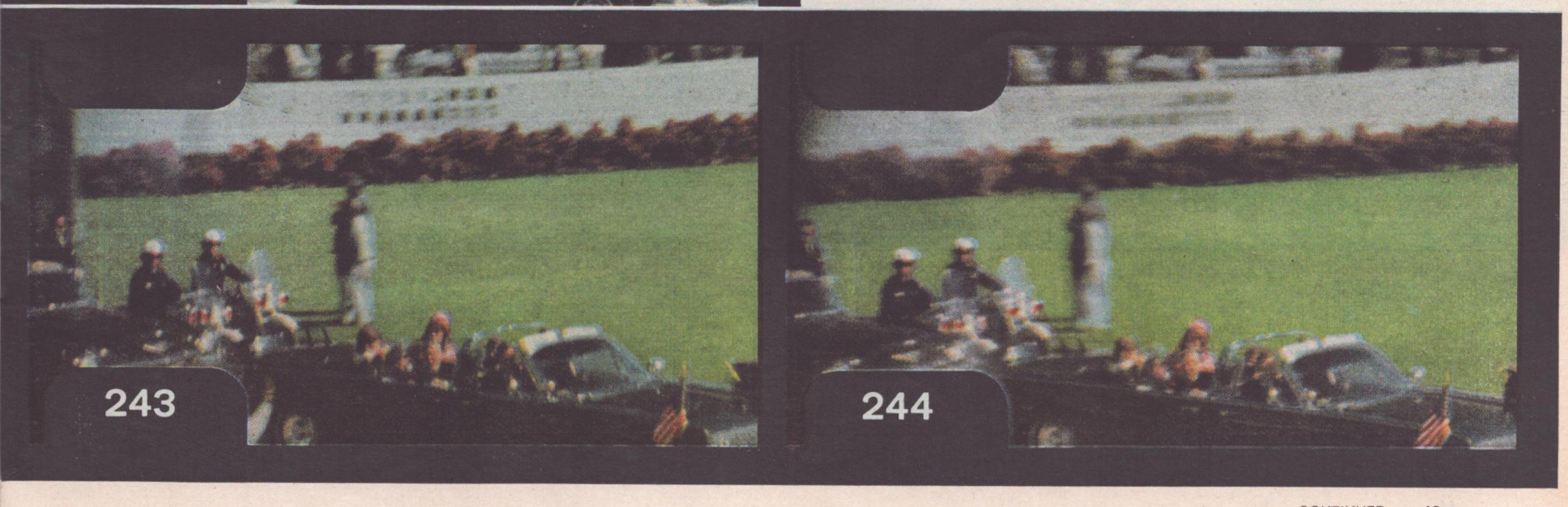
Nor is there any question in Connally's mind where the shot came from. It was from behind him, from the direction of the Texas School Book Depository building. The medical facts bear him out. The bullet, as traced by the doctors who treated Connally at Parkland Hospital, tunneled into the governor's back close to the armpit, making a small, neat hole typical of an entrance wound. It shattered a rib, ripped open a lung and exited through a large, gaping hole in the governor's chest just below his right nipple. The bullet next crashed into his right wrist, probably the back of it, to judge by shreds of cloth from his coat that were found in the wound. It smashed the wrist bone into at least seven or eight pieces, shed several metal fragments and exited from the front of his wrist to finish its course in the governor's left leg, a few inches above the knee.

Connally vividly remembers the jolt of the shot. It felt, he told the Commission, "as if someone doubled his fist and came up behind you . . . and with about a 12-inch blow hit you in the back, right below the shoulder blade." He did not notice that his wrist and leg had been injured until much later, when he was in the hospital.

After frame 235 and for the remaining nine frames of this excerpt from the Zapruder film, the other characters of the drama seem to be almost in a state of suspended animation—Kennedy still clutching his throat, Jackie gazing at her husband with an expression of uncomprehending surprise, the Secret Service men and the police staring stolidly ahead as if nothing had happened. But Connally in this last half second is now reacting dramatically to his wound. In 236 his mouth flies open and he starts to twist around toward his right. In 238 his right shoulder suddenly buckles as he sways toward the limousine door.

Throughout his ordeal, the governor claims today, he knew exactly what was happening to him. "I knew it," he told the Commission, "when I looked down and I was covered with blood; and the thought immediately passed through my mind that there were either two or three people involved." He remembers hearing Agent Kellerman in the front seat flip on the intercom and say: "Let's get out of here fast!" He was still conscious a moment later when he heard the shot that killed the President.

For a closer view of key moments in the assassination evidence, turn the page to enlargements of details in the Zapruder film.



CONTINUED

ENLARGED DETAILS REVIEW CRITICAL MOMENTS

Clear of sign, Connally is unhurt, he says

The pictures on these pages are magnifications of key frames of the Zapruder film shown in the previous sequence. Here in frame 223 Connally is out from behind the highway sign (left) which still conceals the President. It is probable, says the Commission, that the President has been shot and so has Connally. The governor recalls that at this point he was turning to his left, trying to see the President.

Kennedy, emerging from behind sign, is wounded

In frame 225, a ninth of a second after frame 223, the President also emerges, his hands rising toward his throat. Connally shows no dramatic change. One commissioner asked Dr. Robert Shaw, who operated on Connally, whether so long a delayed reaction was possible. "Yes," said the doctor, "but in the case of a wound which strikes a bony substance such as a rib, usually the reaction is quite prompt."

Kennedy clutches his throat. Connally says he still felt nothing

Still calm five frames and .27 second later, Connally sits in front of the stricken President with the fingers of his right hand—the one supposedly shattered at the wrist one third second or more before—gripping the brim of his hat.

Dr. Charles Gregory, who operated on Connally's wrist, thinks it conceivable that Connally could have kept hold of his hat after being hit. But in reviewing the film Dr. Gregory told LIFE: "If he had been hit by the same bullet that hit the President, I would expect to see him thrust forward much sooner."

CONTINUED

Connally reacts to the bullet that hit him

In this enlarged detail of frame 236, Connally is now reacting to the bullet. This is one ninth of a second later than frame 234, which Connally marks as the moment he was hit. It is two thirds of a second since Kennedy began responding to his neck wound, and this raises an important question: is it likely that Connally would have had a delayed reaction to the hit while Kennedy's reaction was almost instantaneous?

In frame 236 Connally's mouth has flown open; his right shoulder sags. But he still appears to be holding on to his hat with his right hand, which is now to his right and level with the top of the car door.

In frame 242, one third of a sec-

His shoulder buckles, he starts to slump

ond later, Connally is caving in. His right shoulder has slumped dramatically. The change can be seen best by noting the red patch behind him which was identified as a bunch of red roses lying on the seat next to Mrs. Kennedy. In 236 the roses are only barely visible behind Connally's right shoulder. In 242 much more of the roses can be seen, showing that Connally's shoulder has been jerked downward and perhaps also forward by the impact of the bullet. His head has snapped around to the right and his mouth seems to be framing a cry, perhaps the exclamation that his wife heard him utter soon after he was hit: "My God! They are going to kill us all!"

CONTINUED

CONNALLY COLLAPSED. In frame 312, 4.3 seconds after he says he was hit, the governor collapses. In next frame the President received his fatal head shot.

Mrs. Connally: 'I heard a second shot and saw him hit'

Governor John Connally and his wife, Nellie, studied the Zapruder film and the enlargements in the kitchen of their Picosa ranch house outside of Floresville near San Antonio. Connally sat hunched over the light table on which the pictures were laid out. Mrs. Connally sat to his left, just as she had in the presidential limousine on Nov. 22, 1963. As he reached the crucial sequence in which he says he was struck, the governor put down the magnifying glass and sat back, elbows on his knees, head tilted forward, his eyes staring at the floor. Until then, he had been commenting on each photograph. Now he paused to sum up the key moments:

"Between the time I heard the first shot and felt the impact of the other bullet that obviously hit me, I sensed something was wrong, and said, 'Oh no, no, no.' After I felt the impact I glanced down and saw that my whole chest was covered with blood."

The governor and Mrs. Connally are absolutely convinced that their memories of that day are total and precise. "I'll bet," he challenges friends, "that you can recall every detail of the circumstances under which you heard of the assassination—or Pearl Harbor Day or the death of F.D.R.

"And that's why I know every split second of what happened in that car until I lost consciousness. When I heard that first shot and was starting to turn to my right to see what had happened, Nellie saw the President's hands reaching for his throat. I started to look around over my left shoulder, and somewhere in that revolution I was hit. My recollection of that time gap, the distinct separation between the shot that hit the President and the impact of the one that hit me, is as clear today as it was then." To Connally, a corroborative detail is that he remembers *hearing* the first shot before he felt a bullet hit him. Bullets, he reminded the Commission, travel faster than sound, and therefore the shot he heard could not have been the shot he felt.

Mrs. Connally's recollection is as vivid as her husband's. "As far as the first two shots go," she says, "my memory is divided into four distinct events. First I heard the shot, or a strange loud noise—I'm not that expert on rifles—back behind us. Then next I turned to my right and saw the President gripping at his throat. Then I turned back toward John, and I heard the second shot that hit John. . . . I must have been looking right at him when it hit because I saw him recoil to the right . . . so you see I had time to look at the President *after* he was already hit, then turn and see John hit by a second shot. Then, of course, he slumped, and I reached to pull him toward me."

Governor Connally bears a scar on his back, one on his chest, one on either side of his right wrist, and one on top of his left thigh. "The doctors tell me there's still a little metal left in me, but they did a beautiful job. I never have any pain whatsoever. But I can't turn my right hand past a certain point. . . . I can't even turn it palm up. It's not even a handicap, just an occasional inconvenience, but it's a reminder."

The governor and his wife made only one appearance before the Warren Commission. He was questioned less than an hour, and she for approximately five minutes. "As a matter of fact," says Mrs. Connally, "it was almost two months before any of the investigators showed any interest in examining John's clothing. When he went into surgery they gave me his tie, trousers and socks in a paper bag. We finally located John's shirt and suit coat, which we were concerned about because of the wallet and personal papers in his breast pocket, in Congressman Henry Gonzales' clothes closet in Washington. I told the Secret Service and I guess the FBI that I had the clothes, but nobody seemed interested. After about seven weeks I took John's shirt . . . it was all smeared with his flesh and blood, and dipped it in cold water several times to try and preserve it. Someone finally came to pick up his clothes. I think the Commission said his shirt was useless as evidence because it had been 'laundered.' But I never laundered it, I just soaked it in cold water."

Connally says he has never read any of the Warren Report, not even his own testimony before the Commission. "I lived that day. My being wounded was only an incidental part of it. The horror was losing our President. Unless there's some purpose to be served, I just don't want to fan the flames."

He agreed to look at and comment on the Zapruder pictures, presented to him in a far more detailed form than they had been by the Warren Commission, because "history is bigger than any individual's feelings. I don't want to discuss any other facets of the controversy except my wounds as related to the first shot that hit the President.

"They talk about the 'one-bullet or two-bullet theory,' " he continued, "but as far as I'm concerned, there is no 'theory.' There is my absolute knowledge, and Nellie's too, that one bullet caused the President's first wound, and that an entirely separate shot struck me."

"No one will ever convince me otherwise," added Mrs. Connally.

"It's a certainty," said the governor, "I'll never change my mind."

DESCRIBING THE MOMENT. Seated next to his wife, just as he was in the car, Governor Connally shows what his position was when she pulled him into her lap.

Rebuttal by the protagonist of the one-bullet verdict

The Warren Commission, in interrogating Governor Connally, respected both his veracity as a man and his importance as a witness—"He was perhaps *the* most important witness," says Arlen Specter, the Commission lawyer who interrogated the governor. Yet in the end the Commission disagreed with him, and did so on a basic principle of criminal investigation. That principle, in Specter's words, is: "Beware of isolated bits of evidence. To understand the whole picture, you must know evidence beyond what was experienced by any single witness. We re-examined facts in the light of Connally's account. But when we compared his sensory perceptions with other evidence we were forced to find his conclusions incorrect."

Before the Warren Commission began its work, the generally accepted theory held that separate bullets struck the President and Connally. The FBI subscribed to this theory in a three-part report published in 1963. Specter himself believed in it at first. It was also believed that there was only one assassin—Lee Harvey Oswald.

When it became clear that it would require at least 2.3 seconds between shots for Oswald to have fired twice, Specter and his investigators began trying to see if Kennedy could have been hit 2.3 seconds before Connally. This would mean placing Kennedy's neck wound at least as far back as frame 192 in Zapruder's film, well before the President vanished behind the highway sign. But efforts to establish an early hit got nowhere. First there was the Zapruder film itself, which shows the President still waving cheerfully as late as frame 206 (*p. 40*), just as he disappears behind the sign. The clincher was the Commission's discovery that at frame 192, and for some time before and after, the assassin's line of vision from the Texas School Book Depository building was obscured by a tree.

This was discovered during a slow-motion, on-the-scene re-enactment of the crime. It was staged by the FBI, using a Secret Service follow-up limousine in place of the presidential Lincoln and FBI sit-ins for the presidential party. Early one morning in the spring of 1964, Elm Street in Dallas was sealed to traffic and the car was pushed slowly down the road. It was halted at every point where its position matched a frame in the Zapruder film. Up in the sixth-floor window of the School Book Depository building, another FBI man sighted through the scope on Oswald's rifle, to which he had attached a movie camera. Every time the car stopped, the FBI cameraman snapped a picture. The result was a sequence of still pictures that matched every Zapruder frame, but taken from Oswald's presumed point of view.

When the Commission saw the FBI re-enactment film, it was at once obvious that the tree, looming large in Oswald's telescopic sight, was crucial for fixing the earliest point at which the President would have been hit. The FBI frame in which Kennedy went under the tree corresponded with Zapruder frame 166. The FBI frame in which the President rode out clear of the tree and became a target for Oswald corresponded to Zapruder frame 210. It seemed most unlikely to the Commission that the President could have been hit as early as Zapruder 166—because Kennedy was still waving at the crowd more than two seconds later in frame 206. Nor did a hit seem likely around Zapruder 186, when for a fleeting instant Kennedy flashed across the assassin's line of vision through a parting in the foliage. And it seemed even less likely—though still possible—for Oswald to have fired blindly through the tree when he had a long stretch of clear road ahead of him.

Studying the FBI film, the Commission concluded that the earliest moment the President was hit was in Zapruder 210. By then, Kennedy was already well behind the highway sign in Zapruder's film and only 1.3 seconds away from the moment Connally claimed he was hit—too close in time for the assassin to have fired twice.

Having virtually ruled out an early hit on President Kennedy, the Commission was forced next to consider what is potentially the most damaging single argument against Connally's account of the crime: what happened to the bullet that hit the President?

According to the official autopsy report on the President, Kennedy was wounded by a bullet that pierced the base of his neck in back and exited from his throat below the Adam's apple. Since it struck no bone in the President's neck, it could hardly have been deflected and flown out of the car. It did not bury itself anywhere in the car. "One of our most impressive pieces of evidence," says Specter, "is the FBI report on an examination of the limousine. It concludes that no part of the car's interior was struck by a whole bullet."

The only remaining place the bullet could have logically gone was into Connally. The FBI film shows that he sat directly beyond Kennedy in the assassin's line of fire. As Specter sums up the Commission's case, "Given the trajectory from the Book Depository window, the autopsy, about which I have no doubts, and the FBI report on the limousine: where, if it didn't hit Connally, did that bullet go? This is the single most compelling reason why I concluded that one bullet hit both men."

As Specter describes it, the Commission arrived at its single-bullet theory by the elimination of possible alternatives. This is a risky procedure in any court of law since no one can be sure he knows all the alternatives. But there is some evidence to back up the theory. The path traced by the bullet through Connally's chest, according to careful measurements made for the Commission, is directly in line with its path through President Kennedy's neck, which suggests that the same bullet wounded both men. Nevertheless, the measurements are not finally conclusive, since any slight difference in the assumed posture of either the President or Connally would upset the calculations.

Specter interprets the Zapruder pictures differently from Connally. To follow his reasoning, look back to the sequence reproduced in the previous pages.

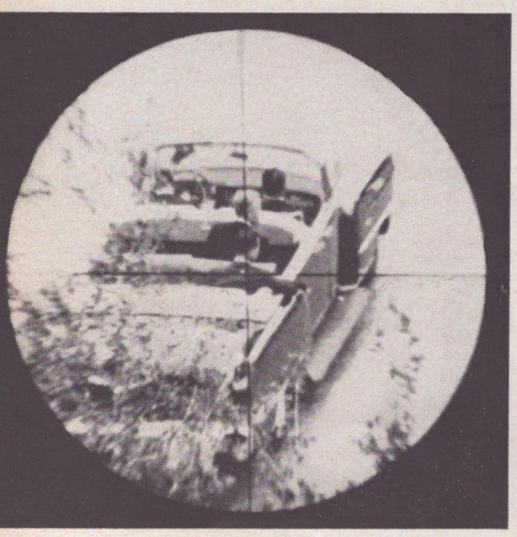
Specter, like Connally, was fascinated by frame 230 (*p. 45*), but for different reasons. "First of all," he says, "it looks to me as if his face is wincing, indicating a probability he's been hit. Now look at that wrist. You don't see it from frame 223 to 228 [*pp. 40–41*]. Kennedy's hands are up, grasping for the throat, but Connally's are down, at least until frame 229. But his wrist is very clear in 230. I would like to make two points. First, we're pretty sure from the medical evidence that when Connally was hit, his right wrist was down in his lap. The alignment of holes strongly indicates it. How else could a bullet travel a straight path through his back and chest emerging just below his right nipple, pass through his right wrist and end up in his left thigh?

"Secondly, in frame 230 the wrist is too high to be hit and throughout the rest of the sequence—all the way until Connally collapses—that wrist stays raised. I am convinced that that wrist has been hit before it comes into view in frame 229. When it was hit, his hand was probably forced forward and down. But you never see that happen; and I say you don't because by 230 the wrist has already been hit, and that hand coming up is a natural reflex action."

But doubts still remain. Specter sees Connally wincing in frame 230: LIFE's photo interpreters think he looks unharmed, as does Connally himself. Nor is there any medical evidence, despite Specter's claim, that Connally's right hand was in his lap when he was hit. In fact, the illustration published by the Commission to show Connally's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

COMMISSION'S DEFENDER. Arlen Specter, 36, handled Commission's investigation of the shooting. He is now district attorney of Philadelphia.



FBI RE-ENACTMENT. View through Oswald's rifle scope as seen in FBI's reconstruction shows the crosshairs on Kennedy's stand-in as he emerges from behind tree. This is the earliest moment, the Commission says, that the President could have been hit.

Come rain... Come Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup

Nothing like it to warm away the chill and brighten up the day... fast. A bowl of Chicken with Rice Soup is the next best thing to sunshine — bright chicken broth, easy-spooning chicken and fluffy rice. Just reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

You always eat better with Campbell's

THIS MAN IS NOT SMILING

The headline you've just read is informationless. It tells you nothing you haven't already learned from looking at the picture.

If someone tells you your own name, he again transmits no information: you already know it. He doesn't resolve any uncertainty for you.

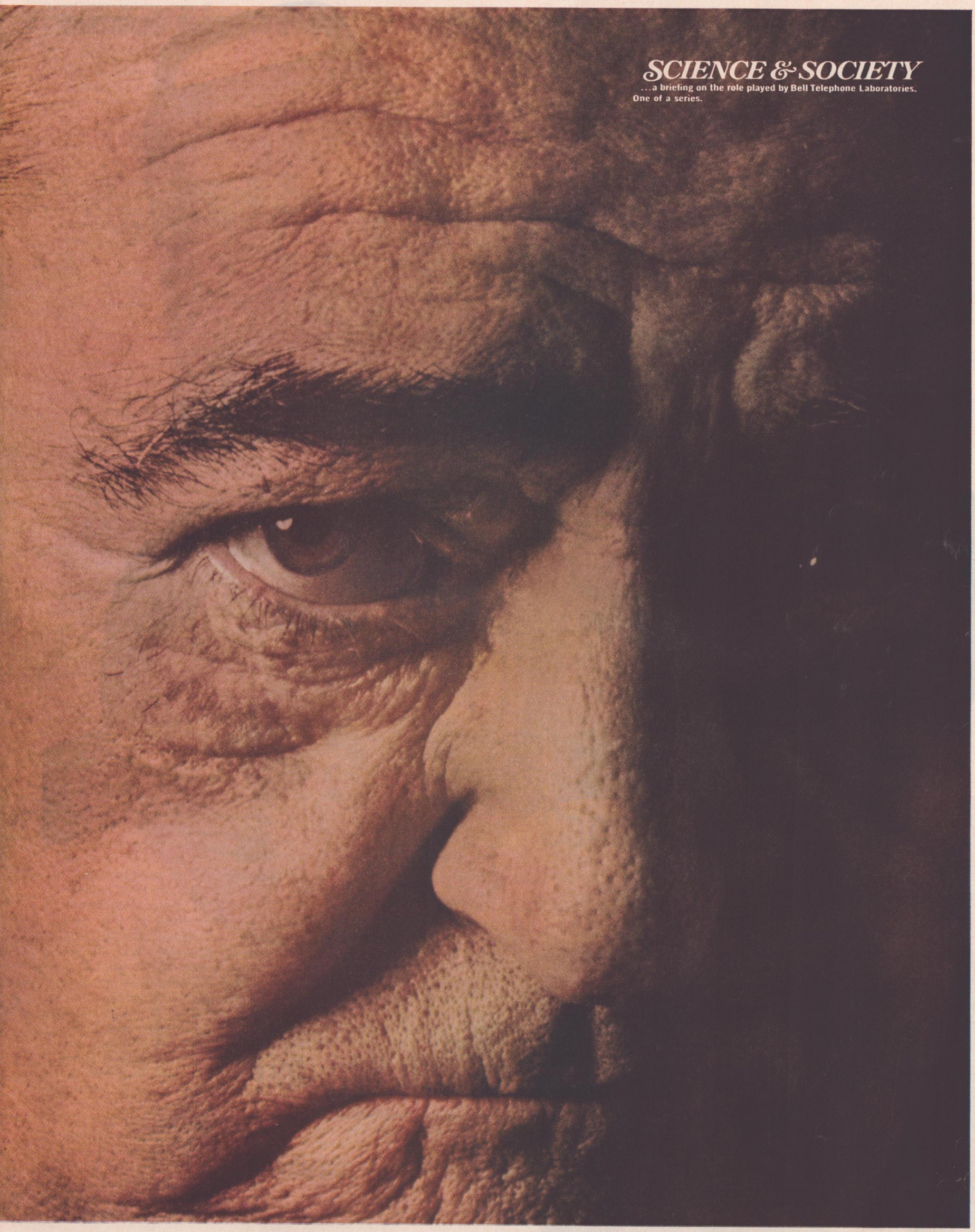
This idea—that whatever resolves uncertainty is information—was used by Dr. Claude E. Shannon during his years at Bell Telephone Laboratories to define and measure information for the first time in a way that was usable to scientists. Starting from such basic concepts, Shannon built a theory which has many applications to problems in communication and in other fields. In 1948, he published his classic paper, "A Mathematical Theory of Communication."

Before this there was no universal way of measuring the complexities of messages or the capabilities of circuits to transmit them. Shannon gave us a mathematical way of making such measurements in terms of simple yes-or-no choices—conveniently represented by binary digits, which Dr. John W. Tukey of Bell Labs and Princeton University named "bits."

As a result, we now have a benchmark. We know how much information a business machine, for example, can theoretically produce. We have a means for comparing this with the information of a telephone call or a television program. We have tools to help us design for high quality and high efficiency at the lowest possible cost.

Shannon's quantitative measurement of information is not only invaluable to the Bell System but to scientists and engineers the world over. It is exciting much interest among psychologists and workers in other fields in which information handling is so vital.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies


SCIENCE & SOCIETY
...a briefing on the role played by Bell Telephone Laboratories.
One of a series.

© 1966 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Flavor your fun with Winston

If you're not smoking Winston, you're missing out on the best taste in filter cigarettes.

Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should

(like your cigarette should)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48B

position when he was hit has his right hand not in his lap but raised level with his chest. (Although that illustration is wrong also, since the hand is turned palm inward, and from the medical evidence it is clear that Connally's wrist was struck on the back and not on the palm side.) Nor can much importance be given to lining up Connally's three wounds—Specter's "alignment of holes" theory. Hitting a rib would probably have deflected the bullet from a straight course; Connally's wrist could have been almost anywhere and still have been struck by it.

Specter's—and the Commission's—case for the single-bullet theory relies heavily on the medical evidence, especially the official autopsy report on the President, which states that the President's neck wound was caused by a bullet coming at him from behind. Yet nothing in the case is more confused than the medical evidence.

The doctors who treated Kennedy at Parkland Hospital in Dallas thought that the wound in front of Kennedy's throat looked like an entrance wound. This would mean that Kennedy had been fired at from in front—which would automatically rule out the single-bullet theory and establish a second assassin. The theory that this first shot came from the front has been supported by most of the witnesses to the assassination, who testified that the first shot came from the direction of a grassy knoll which lay ahead of the motorcade.

The Parkland doctors, to be sure, drew their conclusion under a severe handicap: they did not know about the wound in the back. In the frantic effort to save the President's life by a tracheotomy, they never turned him over on his stretcher and the back wound was overlooked.

The doctors at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Washington who performed the autopsy seven hours later were no better informed. They quickly found the back wound, but they completely missed the throat wound which had been obliterated by the tracheotomy incision performed at Parkland. Unable to probe the back wound deeper than a finger's length and finding no sign of any bullet in the X-rays, the autopsy doctors figured that the wound was shallow and the bullet had somehow worked its way out.

It was only later on that they learned of the throat wound, and by then it was too late to re-examine the President. The autopsy was over; the body had been removed. The autopsy had to be thought out all over again without a body to re-examine. The official autopsy report stated that the bullet had gone clear through the President's neck from behind.

That report has been repeatedly challenged. X-rays and photographs of the President's body taken during the autopsy disappeared immediately afterward. When Dr. Humes, chief examiner, testified before the Warren Commission four months after the assassination, what he showed was an illustration of Kennedy's neck wound drawn from memory. Critics have declared that this was not consistent with the location of holes found in the President's clothing.

In its most crucial conclusions, the autopsy report is not an on-the-spot record but a remembrance and reinterpretation of things irrevocably past. As such, while not necessarily in error, it is at least open to doubt and therefore vulnerable support for the Warren Commission's single-bullet theory.

The single-bullet theory is, of course, only one of the objections raised against the Warren Report. Others are taken up with varying degrees of objectivity in critical books. Although these books have done much to make the Report a matter of concern across the nation and the world, they have—for the most part—been shoddily thought out and unconvincingly presented. In *The Oswald Affair*, Léo Sauvage, U.S. correspondent for the French newspaper *Le Figaro*, tries to prove that there were two assassins. Neither of them, he says, was Oswald, and Oswald himself was framed. He puts forth a far-fetched theory about a racist conspiracy. Sauvage's tone is shrill and his facts are questionable.

Whitewash, by Harold Weisberg, a writer who printed his book at his own expense, is a broadside against almost every statement the Report makes. It has solid nuggets of criticism, but they are lost in a sea of irrelevancies. *The Second Oswald*, by Professor Richard Popkin, philosophy department chairman of the University of California at San Diego, gives credence to reports by various people who said they encountered a man who called himself Oswald and looked like him at a time when Oswald himself was known to be elsewhere. Popkin proposes that a second Oswald participated in the conspiracy and in the assassination. His book is strictly for detective story fans.

The most successful book—so far as sales are concerned—has been Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment*, which last week stood at the top of the nonfiction best-seller list. Lane, a New York lawyer, appointed himself from the moment of the assassination as Oswald's defender, and his book shows his bias. The best criticism of it comes from Yale Law Professor Alexander Bickel, who (in *Commentary* magazine) calls it "a grab-bag of virtually all the conceivable theories that offer an alternative to the findings of the Commission. The book is wildly speculative . . . peripheral and indiscriminate."

The most nearly objective book so far is *Inquest* by Edward Jay Epstein. It started out as a master's thesis in political science. Epstein, then a graduate student at Cornell, conceived it simply as a study of a government investigating body at work. In interviewing Warren Commission members and staff, he found bureaucratic bungling, hasty research to meet a deadline and a tendency to tailor evidence to fit a preconceived notion of Oswald's sole guilt. Epstein's own speculations on the assassination are open to question. But his report on the workings of the Commission is enough by itself to throw doubt on the Commission's conclusions.

The critics of the Commission are on sounder ground in their objections to its procedures than in their dissents from its conclusions. But in the central issue, of whether the President and Connally were hit by the same bullet or separate bullets, the questions of doubt that have arisen since the Report were anticipated within the Commission itself by the semantic problem of how to evaluate the single-bullet thesis. According to Epstein, three of the members—Senator Richard Russell, Senator John Sherman Cooper and Representative Hale Boggs—believed that there might have been separate bullets. The drafters of the Report originally wanted to describe the evidence supporting the single-bullet theory as "compelling." Senator Russell proposed it be called merely "credible." A compromise was reached: in the final report the evidence is described as "persuasive."

The evidence, particularly that given by Governor Connally and his interpretation of the Zapruder film, does not prove that Oswald had a co-conspirator. Nor does it disprove it. It does show that reasonable—and disturbing—doubt remains.

One conclusion is inescapable: the national interest deserves clear resolution of the doubts. A new investigating body should be set up, perhaps at the initiative of Congress. In a scrupulously objective and unhurried atmosphere, without the pressure to give reassurance to a shocked country, it should re-examine the evidence and consider other evidence the Warren Commission failed to evaluate.

Conclusion: the case should be reopened

ZAPRUDER ON CAMERA. This picture was taken by Phillip Willis, a spectator, at approximate time Kennedy was hit. It shows Zapruder (circled) in background. At this point Kennedy (also circled) was screened from Zapruder by the highway sign.

The Presidency | by HUGH SIDEY

Ave—Durable Servant of Four Presidents

Averell Harriman, who turned 75 last week, is proving to be one of the most remarkable monuments to democracy that this nation has produced, far more durable and unchanging than most other national landmarks. While he has been serving his government, the United States Capitol, veritable symbol of the Republic, has been pushed forward 32½ feet and given a new face. The whole interior of the White House, an even more venerable heritage, has been ripped out, rebuilt and refurnished. Lafayette Square, where early Presidents used to walk, has been replanned and replanted. The Washington Monument has been automated and caulked, the Jefferson Memorial floodlighted, Sherman and his horse scraped down. But nothing about Ave Harriman has changed much except the Presidents who give him his assignments.

His craggy facade remains intact, with the original materials. His mind is sharp, his tongue tart. On his birthday at a surprise party for him and his wife Marie, he danced until 2 a.m., despite the fact that he had returned just a few days before from a 26,570-mile mission of peace around the world, establishing a new field record by, in the same day, breakfasting in India, lunching in Pakistan, having tea in Iran and dinner in Rome. At his party he stood sturdily shoulder to shoulder for snapshots with the figures of Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill, which had been borrowed from Washington's National Historical Wax Museum for the commemorative evening. And, after being heaped with praise, he rose before 80 guests and wryly told those honoring him, "If I'd had half the people who are with me here with me when I was running, I might have been re-elected governor of New York."

Averell Harriman is more than a national monument. He is a living symbol of the relative constancy of American foreign policy over the last three decades. Through bluebloods and haberdashers, Brahmins and cowboys, he has been able to serve, without great personal deviation, the American cause abroad—which indicates that, despite the catcalls of foreign policy critics, the country runs a pretty steady course.

For days before the party, the capital had been awash with political blood, drawn over the previous week's election. There were bitter denunciations of Lyndon Johnson's clumsy political activities and the ineptness of his crew in the White House. Hubert Humphrey had lost his native Minnesota to the Republicans along with just about every other reservation he strayed over—and he ruefully admitted it. His men were pointing out that Bobby Kennedy hadn't done so well either, while Bobby's boys with some mystical mathematics were shouting that his batting average was at least .600.

The rival factions all assembled on the camping grounds of the government in exile—Hickory Hill, Kennedy's home in McLean, Va. "Ave in '72—sorry Bobby" was the sign over the door. Jack Valenti, who still sleeps a little better at night because L.B.J. is President, came dressed in tennis clothes, representing Harriman's Hobe Sound idyls. Bill Moyers, Johnson's press secretary, arrived in a helmeted spacesuit (his wife tethered to him) posing as Harriman's future, after 75 more years in government, as an astronaut. He was surprised to see Averell at the party, Moyers remarked, because "according to the White House schedule, he is supposed to be on top of Mt. Everest negotiating peace with a Sherpa porter." Hubert Humphrey stood glowing with a large "Harriman for President" button pinned to his breast, and declared, "As long as I'm going to go down, I'm going to go down with Harriman." When H.H.H. made some reference to the election's statistical war of who lost what, Bobby Kennedy, dressed in one of Harriman's coats that hit him at the ankles, cracked across the room, "They must be counting the places we flew over." And Kennedy, in making his toast, declared, "Paraphrasing another Kennedy, there is more experience and talent assembled in this room than at any time since last night, when Marie and Averell dined alone." Even the great harpoonist Art Buchwald, dressed in a Yale letter sweater, carrying crew cap and coxswain's megaphone, gave a mellow fictional biography of Harriman from the files of the USIA. It told how Harriman had been born in a log cabin, the son of a sharecropper, and how his mother enrolled him in Project Head Start to prepare him for Groton and Yale.

Averell Harriman in real life fell short of his great desires—to be Secretary of State and to be President. His birthday party was something like that. Other guests were the centers of attention—everybody wanted to see, in this first post-election get-together, how the rivals would behave. But Ave reacted just as he had all through his rewarding career. He hardly seemed to notice what didn't happen.

Back from his 26,570-mile trip, Averell Harriman reports to the President at the Johnson ranch and is introduced to the press. This was a few days before the President's operation.

buying a carpet is kind of like buying a puppy.

At first glance they all look good.

You can take only one home.

It has to please everybody because it's going to be a member of the family for a long long time.

If you're in the market for a carpet, come see us. We'll tell you about Acrilan. How it's a thoroughbred. Born mothproof. Mildew-proof. Non-allergenic.

How it not only looks good, but is good with kids. Bounces back after a hard romp. Is easy to live with.

At Sears we have carpets with Acrilan® acrylic in the pile in lots of styles. And lots of colors. And every style comes in a wide range of prices so you can get the kind of carpet you want for the kind of money you want to spend.

But choosing Acrilan is the easy decision. The rough ones are still ahead. Like size. And color. If you want a smooth one. Or a sheared one. A plain one. Or a fancy one.

Don't worry. Whether you just come in to your nearest Sears store or phone for an appointment to shop at home, one of our carpet consultants will be on hand to help make the decision easier.

Sears

ACRILAN®
acrylic fiber by
CHEMSTRAND

When a man decides to shoot visiting relatives, he can't afford to miss.

Neither can you!
Switch to G-E Flashcubes...
all 4 bulbs are guaranteed to flash.

It's not enough just to hope you'll get all 4 pictures. You want to know for sure. That's why General Electric Flashcubes are the ones to use for those great family shots you can't afford to miss. They're so reliable, so sure to flash every shot, that they're backed by a 4-for-1 guarantee (if one of the bulbs in a G-E Flashcube should fail to flash, return it with a front package panel to G.E. and get a new cube free).

So if you want to be sure you get all 4 of the pictures you take with a flashcube, switch to guaranteed G-E Flashcubes. At your dealer's now.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Masters tells Author Jane Howard that her hair is drab tan and wrongly cut, her glasses shouldn't be black and her lipstick is too dark a red, but she should sit tight and await his remedial attention.

A Man for All 'Disasters'

by JANE HOWARD

"All women are disasters," he says in his velvety, furry voice, "until I get to them."

Of all the flamboyant hairdressers at large in America today, none is more irrepressible, more downright infuriating, or more talented than this 27-year-old, whose name is George Masters. Of course he can only get around to saving just so many women from disaster. Once, in an emergency, he gave consultations to 1,400 women in 10 days at the Saks Fifth Avenue Salon in New York, but even he cannot for long keep up that pace. Besides, a single session in his new $200,000 Beverly Hills salon can take hours, with a cost to the customer as high as $600 for hair styling, hair coloring and, his favorite of all chores, face make-up. It is hard to imagine George Masters flourishing far from a community like Beverly Hills, where the per-capita income is the highest in the nation and where so many women have so much time to look in mirrors. It may be that once upon a time even the Beverly

CONTINUED

'Average housewives aren't for me'

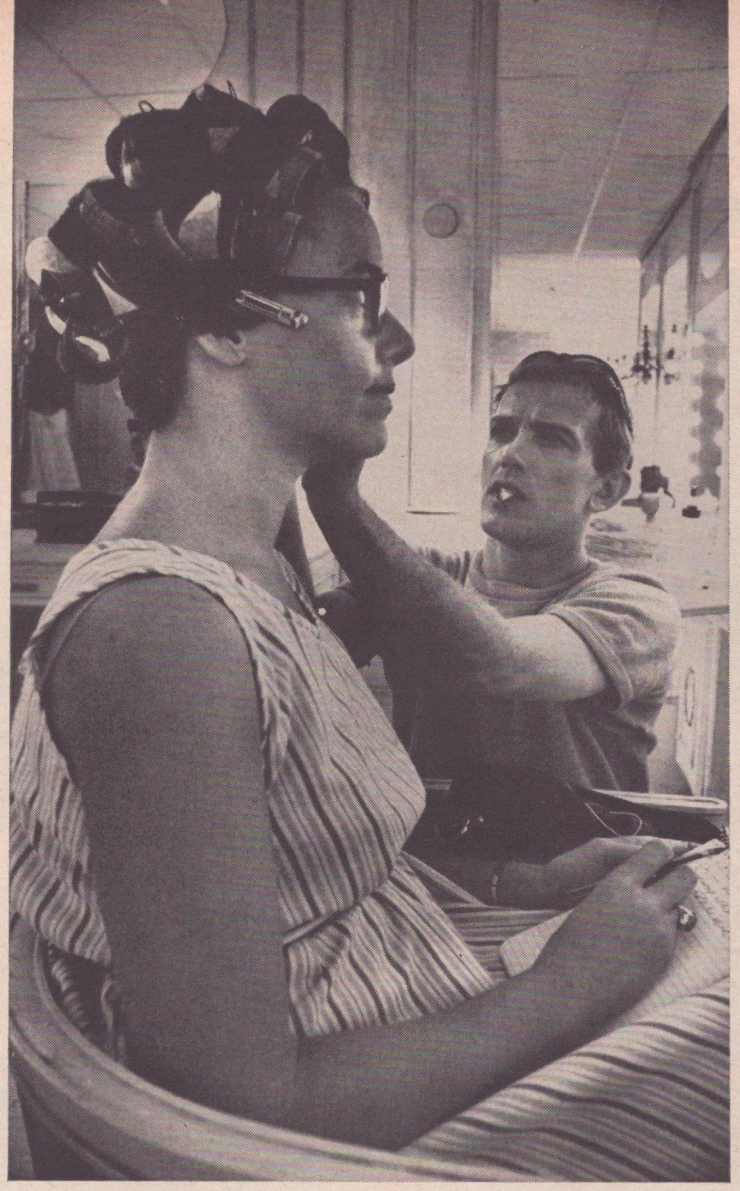
HAIRDRESSER
CONTINUED

Hills women were disasters, but no more: they are elegant.

Now I, on the other hand, really *am* a disaster, and as willing as most women to try to conceal the fact by what in Girl Scouts we used to call Good Grooming. I lean more, however, toward the sort of on-the-fly treatment a girl can get at the aptly-named Efficiency Beauty Center in the basement of Rockefeller Center. There a passable shampoo and set takes one hour and costs $3.75. The thought of patronizing such a wizard as George Masters, whose minimum fee is $25, would never have crossed my mind had it not been for all the headlines last spring about his "redoing" Lynda Bird Johnson. I identify with Lynda Bird the way I do with all older single sisters of young brides, because my younger sister married early just like Luci. When something nice happens to such an upstaged older sister, like getting transformed into a smashing beauty, I become interested.

Masters has seen Lynda Bird nine times, which certainly establishes her as a faithful client, but by no means his only famous one. On a wall of his salon there hangs a portrait of Marilyn Monroe inscribed "To Killer George—I Like What You Do To Me." Marion Davies took him along to the 1960 Inaugural festivities in Washington. Sometimes, make-up kit in hand, he goes on up to see Mae West, Arlene Dahl, Mrs. William S. Paley, Mrs. Vincente Minnelli, Doris Day, Jennifer Jones, Mrs. Alfred S. Bloomingdale and his all-time favorite, Rita Hayworth. Not average housewives, though. "They don't get my message," Masters says. "It's a waste of their time and mine for them to come to me. It's better if they can find out about me indirectly."

He has very definite views about himself and his work. "I'm not the type to say I'm artsy or tasteful," he says. "I'm not educated —I split from school after the ninth grade, isn't that wild?—but I do think I know what looks good on people." He refuses to scrutinize his customers till they have put on robes and had their hair washed. "If I see their own clothes and their own hair styles I get too influenced," he says. "I can tell all I need to know by seeing their shoes, how they hold a cigaret, how they react if I keep them waiting." Waiting for him is indeed a test no less vexing than waiting for airplanes at the Dum-Dum Airport in Calcutta. If he says 3 o'clock it might just possibly mean 3:15, but more likely 5 or 6 or even 3 the next afternoon.



To give Jane's hair more body, Masters has prescribed a light permanent, and now he puts it up in rollers in four minutes flat. "You say I'm rolling it so tight it hurts?" he says. "Good—we'll get the tape recorder to catch your screams of pain."

When we first met I was lucky. As soon as I got off the stainless-steel-and-wormwood (and chandeliered) elevator and into his 15th-floor salon, I was whisked past a vase of ostrich plumes and a pile of FORTUNE magazines into a robe like the ones we used to wear on Initiation Day back at the Alpha Omicron Pi house. Soon my hair was squeaky clean and sopping wet, and suddenly there was George himself, oddly unimposing in a sweatshirt turned inside out, blue jeans, sunglasses shoved back up on his forehead, a dashing scar on his right cheek and a mongrel named Bones at his heels.

Bones, he said, was one of his *six* dogs ("Kids can play in the Freeway for all I care, but I'm crazy about animals, you follow?"). The scar was from a horse's kick. He quit riding because he got so many fractures and "you wouldn't want me to have *broken* limp wrists, would you?"

But down to business, the business being me. With my jawline, George began, it was all wrong to part the hair on the left. He gave it a radical right-hand slant and proceeded to cut it. "I'm *layering* it," he said, "to give it more *bounce*. You have one of those terrible New York blunt cuts. No woman in the world is pretty enough to wear her hair that severe."

George had no use at all, it turned out, for my city. "There's no hairdresser in New York whose work I can stand," he said. "New York is so phony, beautywise, much worse than here. Women are much uglier in New York. They try like hell, but they all look like horses, you know what I mean? All they do is go from nasty building to nasty building buying things."

George's comments are based on experience. He worked at various shops in New York and Palm Beach for three years and before that (starting at 15) in Grosse Pointe. He was with Saks in Beverly Hills until he quit to open his own salon last summer.

When he left there was mixed woe and elation. "He used to drive us all crazy," says Ruth Atkinson, his former boss at the Beverly Hills Saks. "He'd tie the sleeves of all the robes together, and Scotch tape the money in the cash register so we couldn't make change. Sometimes he wouldn't show up at all, and we'd have to call the same dear ladies week after week to tell them no George. Things are quieter now, but duller. He's a genius. He—Really—Makes—Women—Look—Pretty."

That might sound like the obvious aim of any hairdresser, but the fact is that many of them these days seem bent on making women look like buildings or boys. George says a lot of them don't care how the hair looks in relation to the rest of the body, much less the soul. "They design hair styles face-on," he says, "as if that was the only angle you ever looked at anybody from. Not so. What I work for is what I call the 'total look.' I never do hair just for hair. If you look good all over, that's what matters. It's hard to explain, but even a bald woman can look good.

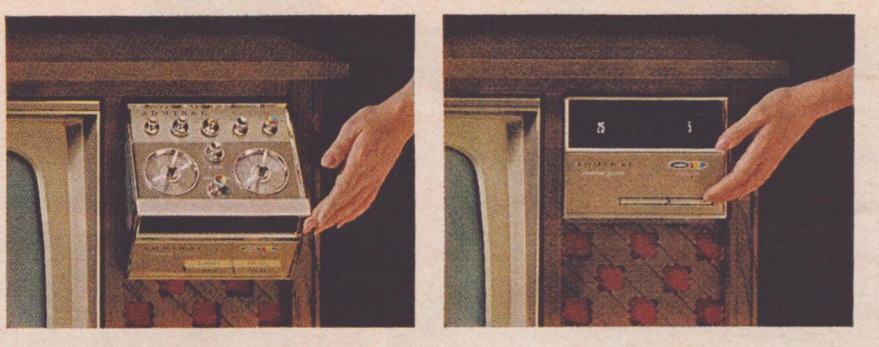
"Style," he continued, "doesn't turn me on at all. Never has. I hate fads and all that garbage. Faces don't change—they just get worse as they get older, so you have to think softer. My big aim is not to keep up with fashions but to please men, because the men in the long run pay the bills."

"Then why," I asked, "are you cutting off so much of *my* hair? Don't men think long hair is sexy?"

"But *nothing* is sexy," George purred, "if it doesn't come from inside, you know what I mean? Lots of women who wear their hair all the way down to their waist are really insecure. *You're* not insecure, are you?"

"Oh, no," I gulped insecurely, as his scissors resumed their ascent. Now George informed me that he also meant to peroxide my hair—a prospect I thought could only make me look like one of those Times Square ladies in gold lamé, swinging their hips at convention delegates with Only One Thing in mind. George read my thoughts. "You? Look like a hooker? Impossible," he said, hurting the other end of the spectrum of my feelings. "You can afford to look a *little* bit

CONTINUED



Exclusive Admiral Tilt-Out Control Center
has new automatic Power Tuning!

New Admiral 25" Rectangular Color LK6553, "The Coronado," Spanish Provincial styling.

New Admiral 25"* Rectangular Color TV in slim new cabinets

Touch one tuning bar: the set turns on or off. Touch the other bar: channels change. All automatically.

That's how easy it is to tune new Admiral Color TV with new Power Tuning. And *inside* the exclusive Admiral Tilt-Out Control Center (pat. pend.), all fine tuning knobs are in one handy place. *Tilt out* to fine-tune standing up. *Tilt in* for the beauty look, no knobs show!

Admiral builds in reliability! Precision engineering, new 26,000-volt chassis and strict quality control make Admiral the most dependable Color TV ever. Every fifth Admiral factory worker is an inspector . . . *to keep trouble out!*

So look at other Color TV. Then see your Admiral Dealer. Compare new Admiral Color TV for picture quality, ease of tuning, reliability, fine cabinetry. *Nobody builds quality Color TV quite like Admiral!*

New Admiral Color Sonar remote control

lets you turn Admiral Color TV on and off, adjust volume, change channels . . . even gives infinite control of color intensity and tint . . . all from your easy chair! And more accurately than at the set itself.

Admiral® Color

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

*25" overall diagonal, 296 sq. in. viewable area. Admiral, Chicago. Admiral Canada, Ontario.

New Admiral 25" Rectangular Color LK6541, "The Newport," in Danish Modern styling.

New Admiral Color Stereo Theater SMKS6515, 25" Rectangular Color TV, solid-state stereo, FM/AM FM stereo multiplex radio, and Admiral Color Sonar remote control.

'What really turns me on is work'

HAIRDRESSER
CONTINUED

cheap. Women should. To be too chic is just as bad as being too cheap. Evelyn, get the rinse."

Evelyn (one of what soon will be a staff of 55) did so, applying to my doomed tan hair some light blue stuff that smelled of ammonia and had the texture of chocolate mousse. Then she rolled the whole mess up in strips of aluminum foil to "highlight" some strands.

Obviously he couldn't make me over all in one sitting, not with all my conservative fetishes and notions. "But don't worry," he said, "a lot of people can't be changed over the first time. It often takes several sessions before they're relaxed. If it weren't for all the dialogue I have to go through I could do women's hair in 10 minutes flat. The hardest people of all, the ones who *really* take a lot of dialogue, are the Leos. Are you Leo?" No, I told him, Taurus. "Great," he said, "Taurus is ruled by Venus. Me, I'm Aries, which means I'm awfully pushy, but that's all right. Being pushy is better than being a rag."

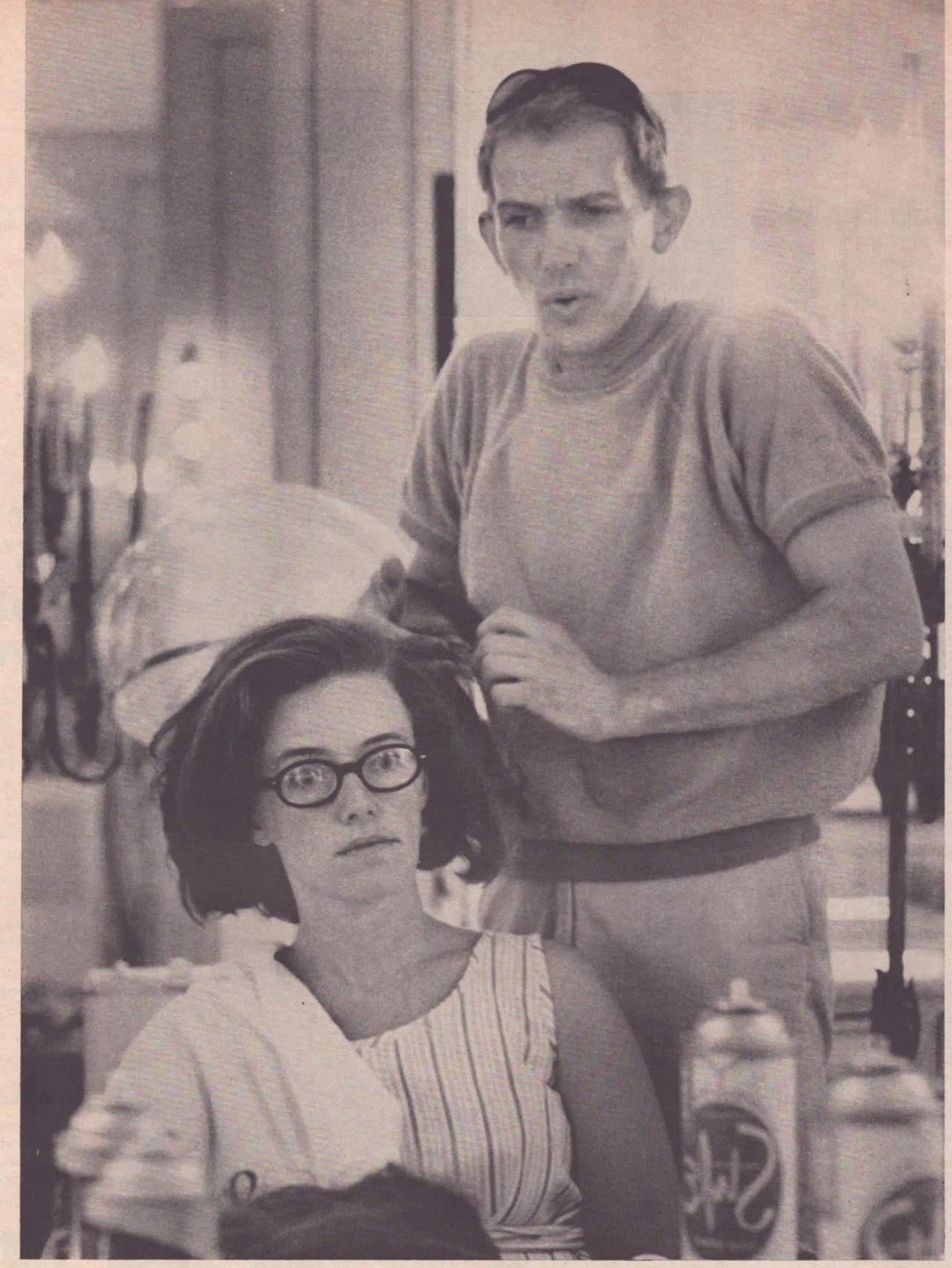
In point of fact George has all kinds of pushy ideas up the sleeve of his sweatshirt: a dozen or so branch salons in California and elsewhere, a column for the Chicago *Tribune* syndicate; a trip to Vietnam (if the government will send him) to fix the hair and make-up of presumably cheerless nurses and WACs; a book; another magazine somewhat like *The Masters' Touch* (whose first and only issue sold out 350,000 copies); a record like the one he brought out two years ago, also called *The Masters' Touch;* a plan whereby ordinary ladies can send him their pictures and get his advice by return mail; maybe dress designing, maybe producing or acting in a movie, surely a television spectacular—"not one of those garbagy things, but a wacky one, with me going all over the world doing different women's hair. A farce, kind of, done in pantomime. Wouldn't that be wild?"

George is reticent about his past but does concede he grew up in Grand Rapids, Mich. and had an Italian grandmother. "It's kind of spooky," he says, "but I have no idea what my parents are doing or what they think of me. I don't even care. It's terrible, but I've blocked all that out. I went to a psychiatrist once, but he was too easy to snow." The therapy George prefers is work. "Work," he says, "really turns me on. I like it so much I ought to be in the salt mines of Siberia."

His rivals probably wish that's where he was. Even the most outspoken of them concede his eminence. Gene Shacove, the West Coast equivalent of Vidal Sassoon, thinks very well of his own establishment and techniques, but admits, "If I had a girl friend I wanted to look great and I weren't a hairdresser myself, I'd send her to Masters." Neil Sloane, perhaps the least melodramatic of Beverly Hills' big-time hairdressers, says George's haircuts are mediocre and his sets don't last, but that "He has a couple of lines he's really good at, and nobody can do a better job with make-up."

George does not have as much to show for his success as he ought to because he is bad at managing money. It is said that his checks bounce and that a notice appeared on the door of his ranch house saying, "Pay the rent or get out." Generously but maybe unwisely, he sets a lot of heads free, including that of Lynda Bird who, of all people, probably wouldn't have too much trouble scraping up his price. He has spent a great many

CONTINUED



Jane watches apprehensively as George teases her hair and decides to wrap it in foil in the process of highlighting certain strands. Soon the foil is in place (*below*).

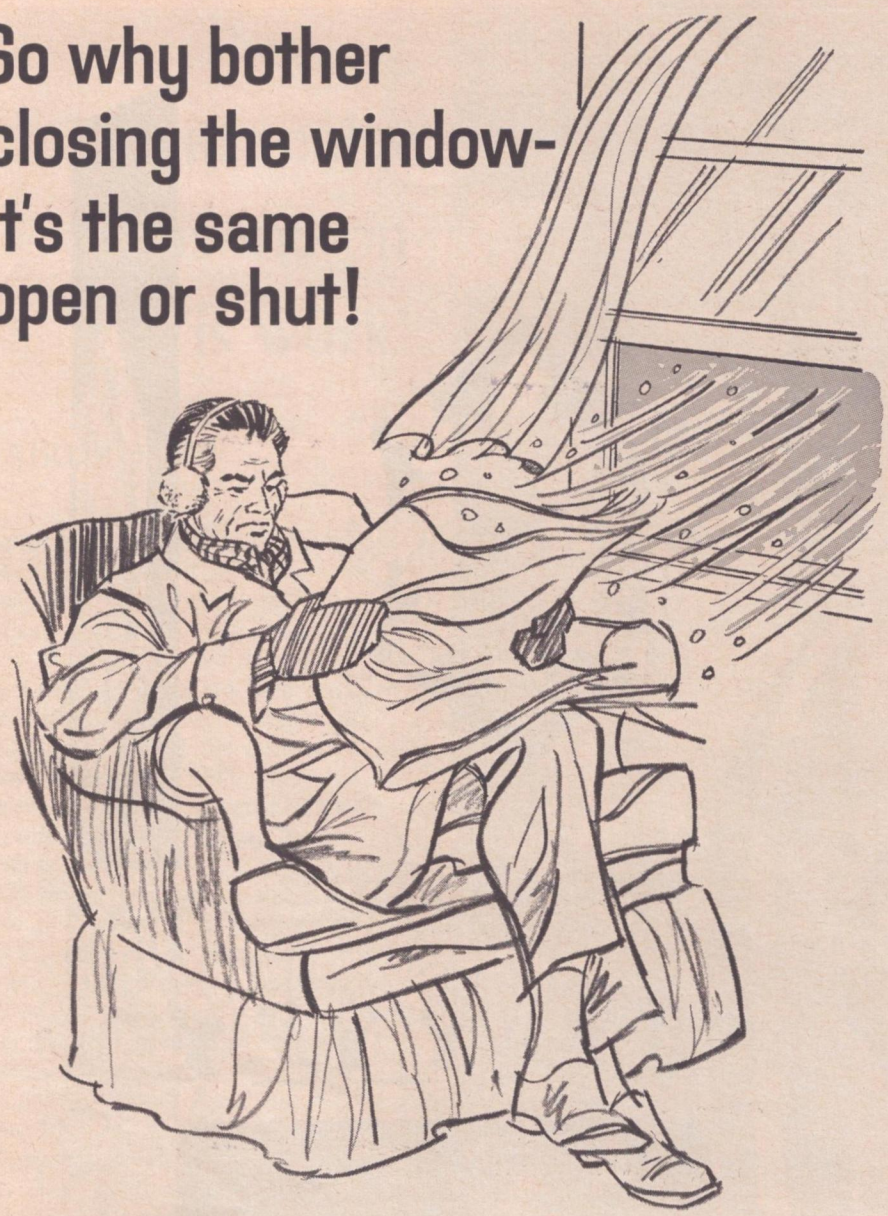
Happy 1959!

Old Charter is seven years behind the times. The good Kentucky Bourbon that went into your Old Charter decanter was put away to age just about this time of the year seven years ago. So allow us to wish you a happy 1959 in 1966. Impressive gift in any shape or size...holiday wrap at no extra cost.

Tick-tock...tick-tock... the Bourbon that didn't watch the clock.

Straight Bourbon Whisky • 86 Proof • © Old Charter Dist. Co., Louisville, Ky.

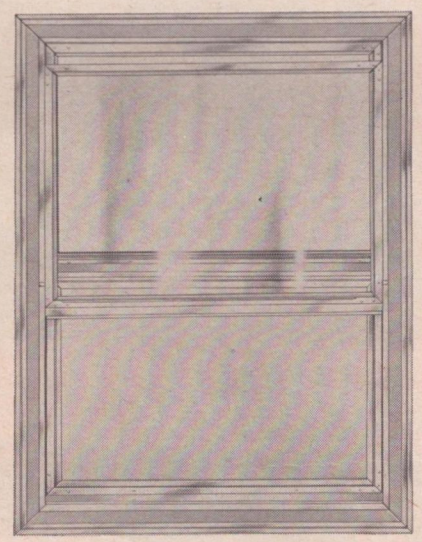
So why bother closing the window- it's the same open or shut!



Obviously, this man doesn't have QUAKER Storm Windows — or Doors on his home. With QUAKER, the cold weather's sealed out and the heat you pay for is sealed in — where it belongs. And while spring may be just around the corner, we haven't reached it yet. So take advantage of the benefits of QUAKER Storm Windows and Doors by visiting your franchised Quaker dealer — and benefit additionally by savings on QUAKER Doors and Windows **now!**

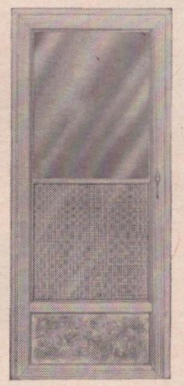
AND WHAT BENEFITS!

QUAKER offers you durability . . . beauty . . . economy . . . comfort . . . savings . . . safety . . . value . . . and many other benefits.



Doors are important too!

To keep outside weather sealed out nothing really helps more than a good storm door. The Quaker self-storing "Thomas" Storm Door gives you this maximum weather protection yet can save you many dollars in your original purchase price. No frills or gadgets that cost extra money with the "Thomas" — just solid weather resistance features you need. See your local Quaker franchised dealer today.



COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE

QUAKER WINDOW PRODUCTS COMPANY
Freeburg, Missouri

dollars and a great many hours, including many whole nights, working on his new salon. "I thought the brass fixtures were tacky," he says, "so I changed them to a pewter finish. I didn't like the color the paint on the cabinets turned out so I changed it to Old World Olive. And I'm not keeping those white robes. Here, put on one of these groovy new striped green ones. And over there, leading to the pedicure room, see, there'll be white milk glass gates. Won't that be wild?" George finds the adjective "wild" handy for describing everything from Mae West to the Hoover Dam. Others find it useful to describe George. There is indeed something feral and furtive about the way he runs down secret back stairs if he decides not to keep a date or protests in the morning that "I look so *puffy*."

When he is working on your face, though, you forgive him everything, even if he is not one to flatter you. "Marilyn Monroe had that same cowlick," he will say, but he adds, "You're so sort of *bland* looking that we have to build up your eyes so people will notice them first. You shouldn't wear that 1940 red lipstick. Wear light pink." The shadows around the nose are lightened so the eyes will look farther apart, the eyebrows are trimmed with a razor so they will look higher up, blemishes are obscured, wrinkles and lines are covered with light foundation and made to disappear.

From time to time George himself disappears, to chat with other customers. "When I have 10 women in the shop," he says, "I can tell what each one is thinking. I have to try to keep them from getting jealous. I never gossip. I don't tell them my scenes and they don't tell me theirs. No, you *can't* wear your glasses while I do your face—if you have to wear them at all you should get light brown ones, not those black kind. It would be great if you could take them off, because these false eyelashes will bump into them."

Holding the hand mirror a couple of inches from my myopic eyes, I began to feel dangerously narcissistic. I looked less and less like boring old me and more like I should cast my footprints in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. No occasion less gala than a coronation or my own wedding, I felt, would merit all this extravagant alchemy.

But neither event was scheduled, and I just spent the evening with some old friends who had the grace not to try to conceal their absolute astonishment. The false eyelashes got heavy as time passed, but I kept them on and even slept without removing them or anything else George had applied. Like the girl who got kissed by Jimmy Stewart in that movie, I didn't even wash my face until the middle of the next afternoon.

"It's *wild!*" George marvels. "You look just right—you have that natural look: not too chic, not too cheap." Jane, whose face he's worked on over an hour, agrees.

UNUSUAL GIFT? AN INSPIRATION! PRACTICAL? YOU BET!

The Weekend Freedom Machine by John Deere

HOLIDAY SPECIAL!

Treat yourself this Christmas to the fun of a John Deere Lawn and Garden Tractor. Pay as little as 15 percent down... no interest before April 1... no payments on balance until May 1, 1967. Terms up to 30 months . . . includes equipment. Choose from 6-, 8-, 10-h.p. models to fit your needs. (Offer good during December only.)

THRILL YOUR CHILDREN, TOO, WITH THESE AND MANY OTHER JOHN DEERE TOYS

Riding Tractor. Authentic pedal-driven tractor. Heavy rubber-tired ball-bearing wheels, strong roller-chain drive.

Row Crop Tractor. Steers like big one.

Corn Planter. Markers raise and lower.

Hay Baler. Ejects bales.

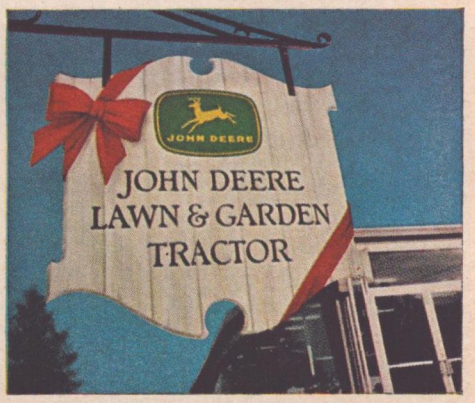
Lawn and Garden Tractor with Dump Cart.

Farm Set. Tractor plus three implements. Realistic top-quality metal toys scaled from actual blueprints of John Deere equipment.

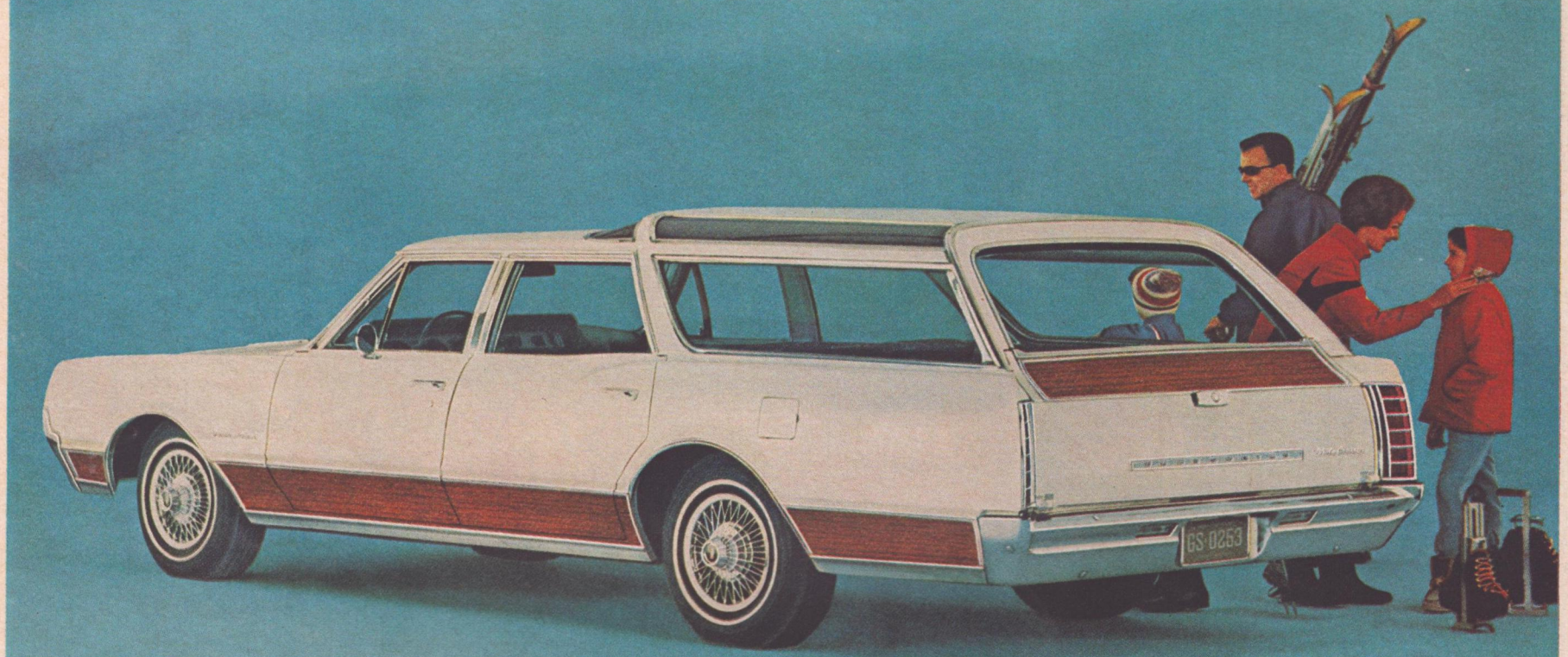
Bulldozer. Blade raises and lowers.

What a wonderful way to spread the holiday spirit throughout the year! Starting now, you can free every weekend for uninterrupted recreation with a John Deere Lawn and Garden Tractor... the Weekend Freedom Machine. Clear snow, mow your lawn, vacuum leaves, spread fertilizer, haul cordwood, etc., quickly, easily, during odd hours weekdays. Then, with free conscience as well as time, golf, tennis, picnic, fish, camp, hunt, travel, entertain...you name it, every weekend is yours.

Let your John Deere dealer show you the outstanding features of comfort, stability, safety, maneuverability. For his name (and a free booklet), write: John Deere, Box LG, Moline, Illinois.



The Rocket Action cars are out front again!



Make way for the '67 Oldsmobile Vista-Cruiser

Your family never had it so good. Or roomy. Or comfortable. Or beautiful.

Witness this big, sleek new Custom Vista-Cruiser Station Wagon. Packed from Guard-Beam Frame to sporty Vista-Roof with Olds quality features. Like that striking walnut-grained vinyl trim. 250-hp, regular-fuel Jetfire Rocket V-8 Engine. Or that cavernous 100-cubic-foot-plus cargo area. Inside, people comforts aplenty: Deep-foam seats. Deep-loom carpets. Even a forward-facing third seat so you see where you're going, not where you've been. Now that you're heading in the right direction, see your Olds Dealer and price the '67 Vista-Cruiser. You never had it so reasonable, either.

OBEY LAWS DRIVE SAFELY

Olds thinks of your safety, too, with the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column that can compress on severe impact up to 8¼ inches; with four-way hazard warning flasher; outside rearview mirror; dual master cylinder brake system, plus many other safety features—all standard.

Engineered for excitement . . . Toronado-style!

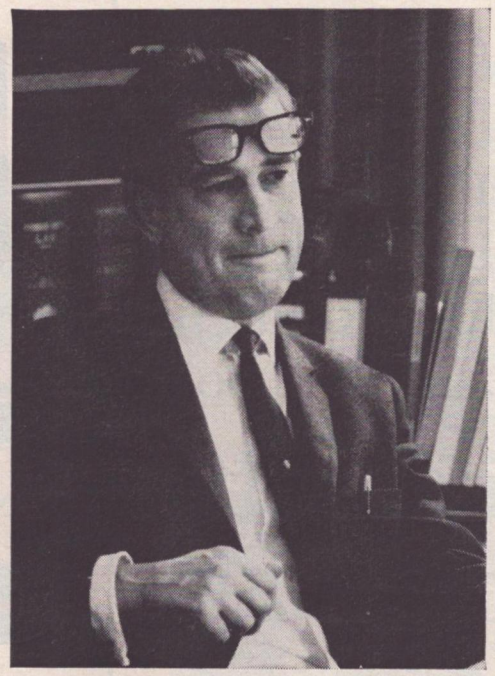
'67 OLDSMOBILE

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

EDUCATION / Sweden's schools carried on without teachers

PUPILS INTO THE BREACH

Teaching a seventh-grade class in religion was serious business to 13-year-old Göte Rosenquist, whose students at a Stockholm school were attentive as he called on one of them to recite. Equally serious was the mien of Bertil Lidgard (*right*), head of the striking teachers' union, while the dispute continued.



With the no-nonsense air of a born pedagogue, the Swedish teenager pointed his classmates along the road to learning. Where was the regular teacher? On strike.

To youngsters in the U.S., a nationwide teacher strike would be celebrated with dancing in the streets, but not in sober-minded Sweden. When 20,000 teachers and 17,000 associated white-collar workers walked off their jobs to demand higher salaries, shutting down all but the lower grades in schools throughout the country, parents were dismayed. Then into the breach stepped the students themselves, taking over teaching and literally running the schools until the teachers agreed four long weeks later to return to their jobs.

Throughout the country the National Students Union set up and supervised self-study programs, conducted refresher courses and in some schools pushed right ahead with the year's planned curriculum. At the same time its members took advantage of the situation to increase the extracurricular activities they like best—dances at schools, concerts by guest artists, bus trips. "I have been amazed," said National Board of Education Director Hans Löwbeer. "But," he added as the strike came to an end, "I was aware that disaster could have struck at any moment."

CONTINUED

"MAME," SMASH MUSICAL HIT, STARS ANGELA LANSBURY, THE NEW TOAST OF BROADWAY.

"Put the spirit of Mame in your party," says Angela Lansbury. Serve Heublein Cocktails. They're full strength with all the liquor in the real liquor bottle. 14 kinds. Just pour on-the-rocks...and take bows.

Heublein Cocktails: better than most people make.

FRONT BACK

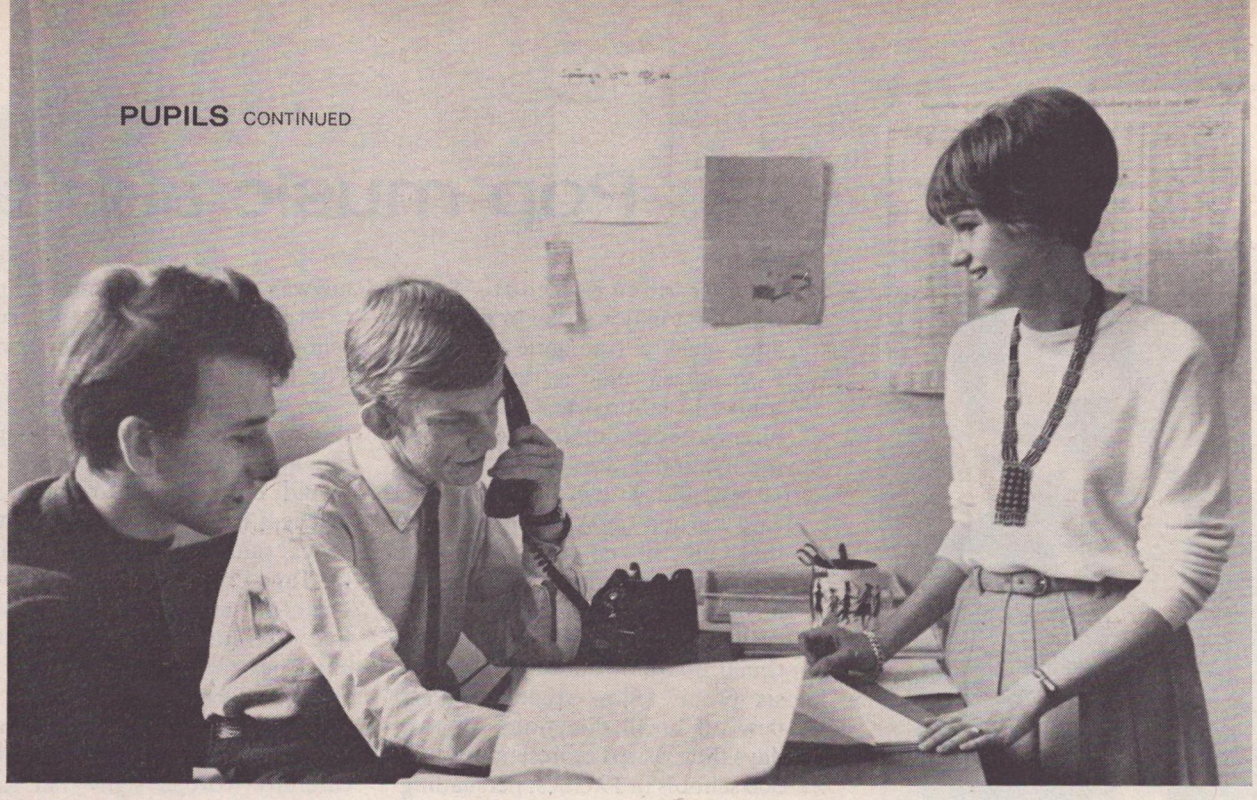
These Heublein Cocktails come gift-wrapped for holiday giving.

WHISKEY SOUR, 52.5 PROOF
EXTRA DRY GIN MARTINI, 67.5 PROOF
DAIQUIRI, 52.5 PROOF
MANHATTAN, 55 PROOF
MARGARITA, 50 PROOF

Nine other parties you can pour

11-TO-1 GIN MARTINI, 76 PROOF
11-TO-1 VODKA MARTINI, 76 PROOF
SCOTCH MIST, 65 PROOF
VODKA MARTINI, 60 PROOF
VODKA SOUR, 52.5 PROOF
OLD FASHIONED, 62 PROOF
SIDE CAR, 52.5 PROOF
STINGER, 50 PROOF
GIMLET, 52.5 PROOF

SERVED ON LEADING AIRLINES AND RAILROADS.
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.



To solve an administrative problem brought up by two of his "faculty" members at a school he was running in Stockholm, student principal Rune Karlsson, 19, telephoned for advice.

At an emergency night session, National Students Union members discussed a directive from the National Board of Education on procedures for maintaining discipline in schools.

At a high school near Stockholm, Claes Thorson, student council president, got a laugh as he urged the student body to make the best of a bad situation by educating themselves.

Pop music and discipline

Organizer of the "crisis schools," National Students Union President Jan Eric Furubo worked long hours to make the students attend classes. He hopes someday to enter politics.

The teacher walkout—Sweden's first major strike in two decades—had a traumatic effect on a socialized state so long accustomed to labor peace. But within hours after it started, the head of the National Students Union, a 19-year-old student named Jan Eric Furubo (*left*), resolved to see that the pre-empted classroom hours did not hang heavily on anyone's hands. Chartering planes with funds allotted by the National Board of Education, he and six of his fellow student leaders flew off in all directions. In two days they visited representatives of 500 schools in 19 cities, persuading students to organize into makeshift faculties complete with principals and department heads.

It was only natural that the students would have their own ideas about how to run a school—ideas acceptable enough under the circumstances. The most noticeable change in classroom atmosphere registered in decibels: the drone of study quickly gave way to the recorded sounds of popular music. Since so many youngsters do their homework to such accompaniment anyway, few parents could object.

At first, attendance at the struck schools was higher than normal. The novelty soon wore off, however, when it became obvious that the strike would be a prolonged one and that government officials would do nothing to force the teachers back. "We cannot intervene," said Sweden's Prime Minister Tage Erlander, whose wife was one of the teachers on strike. With fine discretion in a country that cherishes the rights of labor, the students went to some pains to show they were not strikebreakers—by picketing with neutral, carefully worded signs that said, "Bring back our teachers."

As days dragged on, absenteeism began to rise. More and more students sought temporary jobs or decided to study at home. To counter the trend, Furubo and his group organized "fire brigades"—committees of students whose assignment was to rush off to trouble spots and pep-talk students at the first sign of sagging interest.

By and large, most of the students stayed on their best behavior. What worried them, the seniors especially, were the all-important final exams only a few weeks away, which largely determine who gets to continue up Sweden's highly competitive educational ladder. Nonetheless, problems of discipline did arise. One girl spent her weekend preparing a lecture on religion, complete with tape recordings and stenciled handouts. When her class found the lecture and recordings heavy going, they made paper airplanes out of the leaflets.

Profiting from such setbacks, the inexperienced young educators did their best to make their courses interesting. When all else failed, they did not hesitate to put novel disciplinary procedures into effect. One acting principal peremptorily sent an entire class home after a small rebellion—"They would have been a disruptive influence if we had let them stay," he said. In another class, to the delight of the pupils, a 13-year-old teacher made a miscreant sit in a corner wearing a dunce cap and stare at a picture of the absent teacher.

BILL WISE

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Simulated TV pictures.

Now color TV doesn't have to be big to be good.

Take a look.

We've put every bit of our color console know-how into Porta-Color.

Unlike the big boys, Porta-Color can be carried around, from room to room, with one hand.

And it's half the price. $269.95.*

Of course, if you like big screen color that also happens to be a beautiful piece of furniture, tune in our color consoles with "Meter Guide" tuning.

It's a General Electric exclusive. It takes all the guesswork out of getting a good color picture.

In portable size or console size, G.E. gives you juicy color.

Still not sold?

Take another look.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!™

Now you can shampoo in the natural-looking haircoloring!

New! Miss Clairol® SHAMPOO FORMULA HAIRCOLORING

Great news for all you busy gals who want the natural look of Miss Clairol color and want it fast, easy, more convenient! Now you can just shampoo it in!

Just shampoo it in and get hair color that catches and reflects light like natural color at its loveliest... fresh, young color that looks soft and even... even in brightest sunlight... that leaves the hair lively, lovely with the silky touch you love.

Just shampoo it in and marvel at the way new Shampoo Formula blends and covers gray... so beautifully! Comes in the same choice of natural-looking shades that have made Miss Clairol Creme Formula the most famous, the most widely used of all haircolorings. Try it, you'll love it!

Miss Clairol Creme Formula available as always! More women use Miss Clairol than any other haircoloring.

If Product or Performance Defective ★ Good Housekeeping Guarantees ★ Replacement or Refund to Consumer

© CLAIROL INC. 1966

A series on an uncommon American family that

Encircled by three generations of his family, Levi Smith stands to carve the Thanksgiving turkey. In a time when so much family life in America has splintered, when so much isolates the individual from his past, this day and this ceremony bring parents, children and grandchildren back to share the celebration and one another. With this moment, in the spacious old Smith house in Burlington, Vt., LIFE begins a four-part series on the family of Levi Smith. This first chapter focuses on the patriarchal figure of Levi, now in his 82nd year, and his wife Julia. Following chapters will be devoted to their three sons and 15 grandchildren, and to the life that they have all woven together.

The Smiths are a large and close-bound family. Two of the sons, who carry on their father's profession, live in houses that adjoin Levi's, and the third, until this autumn, lived only a few minutes away. The daughters-in-law visit back and forth daily, and the grandchildren are always in and out of one another's houses. The family's roots go four generations deep in Vermont and even deeper into American history. Yet they have had to struggle with the strains of modern life, the searches for identity and independence, the restless questioning of old values that all families experience. No family so large and complex could hold together so closely in this day without the conviction that it is important to do so. The Smiths have achieved it through the wisdom and endurance of Levi Smith, who has made the house he inherited from his father seem to the several generations "a place of permanence, the safest house in the world."

The Family of Levi Smith

Written and Photographed by BARBARA and GREY VILLET

draws strength from its traditions in a time of change

On Thanksgiving, the Smiths gather in the old house on South Willard Street built by Levi's father

Trees planted by Levi Smith 43 years ago at Road's End

The 81 years that separate Levi Smith from his youngest grandchild, Betsy, stand behind him in ranks like the trees he planted long ago at Road's End, his mountain retreat near Burlington.

He is a slight and wiry man, and even in age there is a spare strength to his tall frame. His face lights easily with laughter at his own wry humor, turns severe in serious discussion with his sons and softens as he holds a new grandchild in his arms. Born 15 years before the turn of the century, he is a Brahmin of the old order—a banker of national prominence, former president of the Vermont senate and acting lieutenant governor of the state. He is also a poet, essayist and naturalist. The variety of his interests has made him not only a power in his city's economic and political life but an influence on its schools, library, museum, university. In Burlington it is sometimes remarked, "Smith is a name and a half."

Road's End has been the place of privacy to which Levi Smith has always turned from a busy public career. It was bought 43 years ago when his wife Julia was in frail health after the births of their three sons, Frederick, Robert and Levi Junior, in 1915, 1917, 1918. Julia Smith, reflective and articulate (as are the other Smiths who speak for themselves throughout this series), recalls those early

Part I

A Man of Permanence

Betsy Smith, one, and her grandfather Levi, 81

years of their marriage: "Levi thought we should be thrifty and save for the future. But my continual illness and the hard work of the war years after the gaiety of college made things seem a bit grim. There are times like that in every marriage, times you think you'd like to walk out if only for a minute. But strangely it is the hardships that draw you together—reveal you to each other. I took the money Levi had saved writing editorials on the side and spent it for him on Road's End."

Today the sons of Levi and Julia are married men at mid-career and their own children range in age from one-year-old Betsy to 26-year-old Susan, the mother of three. To the generations of Smiths, Road's End seems as enduring as the seedlings Levi Smith planted that first year, now a stately colonnade of trees casting shadows half a lifetime long.

> A man [says Levi] needs a place of meaning to himself and his family. My place is Road's End. Before my sons were born, I felt I had to get out on the mountain, take risks, get really tired. Alone on the mountain I was myself. I wanted my sons to have like adventures at Road's End.

Binding Past and Future

"They said if I went to Wall Street, I'd have to prune too much [says Levi]. Life had always seemed to me much more than a matter of success—and though my world-beater friends didn't think I was taking life seriously enough and were always trying to build little fires under me, get me out into the big world, it seemed to me a gentleman ought to look down more than one line of vision, ought to have the kind of perspective that comes from an acquaintance with many fields. When I became a banker, I told myself, "For God's sake don't lose your perspective or you'll start taking life seriously, end up playing golf for exercise, and then everybody will know you're a banker!" Well, that was long ago and my world-beater friends, though very stimulating while on earth, have all burned themselves out and died, and I'm still here not taking life seriously, keeping my own slow pace, watching the generations come on, learning that perhaps the most important thing for the seniors to learn is to hand over responsibility to the juniors when the time comes."

Above: Levi Smith, board chairman of Burlington Savings Bank, at his desk

Below: With sons Fred (left) president, Levi (right), a vice president

Levi and Frederick Smith at investment meeting

At Road's End, a Canada lily that Levi planted

The bank, a challenge taken up by a father and sons

Inside the mahogany horseshoe of tellers' cages at the Burlington Savings Bank, unchanged since 1900 when his father was president, Levi Smith stands with his banker sons. The bank was not Levi's original destination—he was drawn to writing. But his father, a stern Victorian who had amassed a small fortune, was a challenge Levi had to meet. After Harvard Law School and a time in practice, he became the bank's attorney. "I was slow in my ways, not a lightning calculator like he was," Levi recalls. "I had to earn his respect. He came to see me as an extension of himself." For 15 years Levi Smith carried a double career in politics and banking, but at Depression's onset he was forced to choose between running for governor or returning to the bank. He stayed with the bank and succeeded his father as president in 1935. By then Levi Smith's reputation had reached high circles of finance and he was invited to join large city banks. He chose to remain a country banker with time for timeless things—like the Canada lily shining in the age-streaked windows at Road's End.

Advice from a senior diplomat, freely given to the younger generation

Levi and Julia Smith are the elder statesman and senior diplomat of their large family. They have held the generations together and often saved the family peace. After wartime service their sons Frederick and Robert returned to Burlington to begin their careers and raise their families. Levi Junior came back to Burlington later, after years of self-searching abroad. "It was home," he says now. "I wanted my children to have a sense of permanence, of belonging." The grandchildren's welcome intrusions disrupt the calm of Levi's elegant home, and Julia's heirloom silver is always moving freely from house to house, lent for special occasions. Julia's advice is forthrightly given. When granddaughter Sybil came to describe a new bathing suit, Julia Smith listened and then said: "I didn't raise your father to let you wear things like that. You'll just have to get a little vest to cover up those dreadful empty spaces."

Sally and Sandy Smith, 10 and 5, at their grandmother's birthday

Married 52 years: Levi and Julia Smith

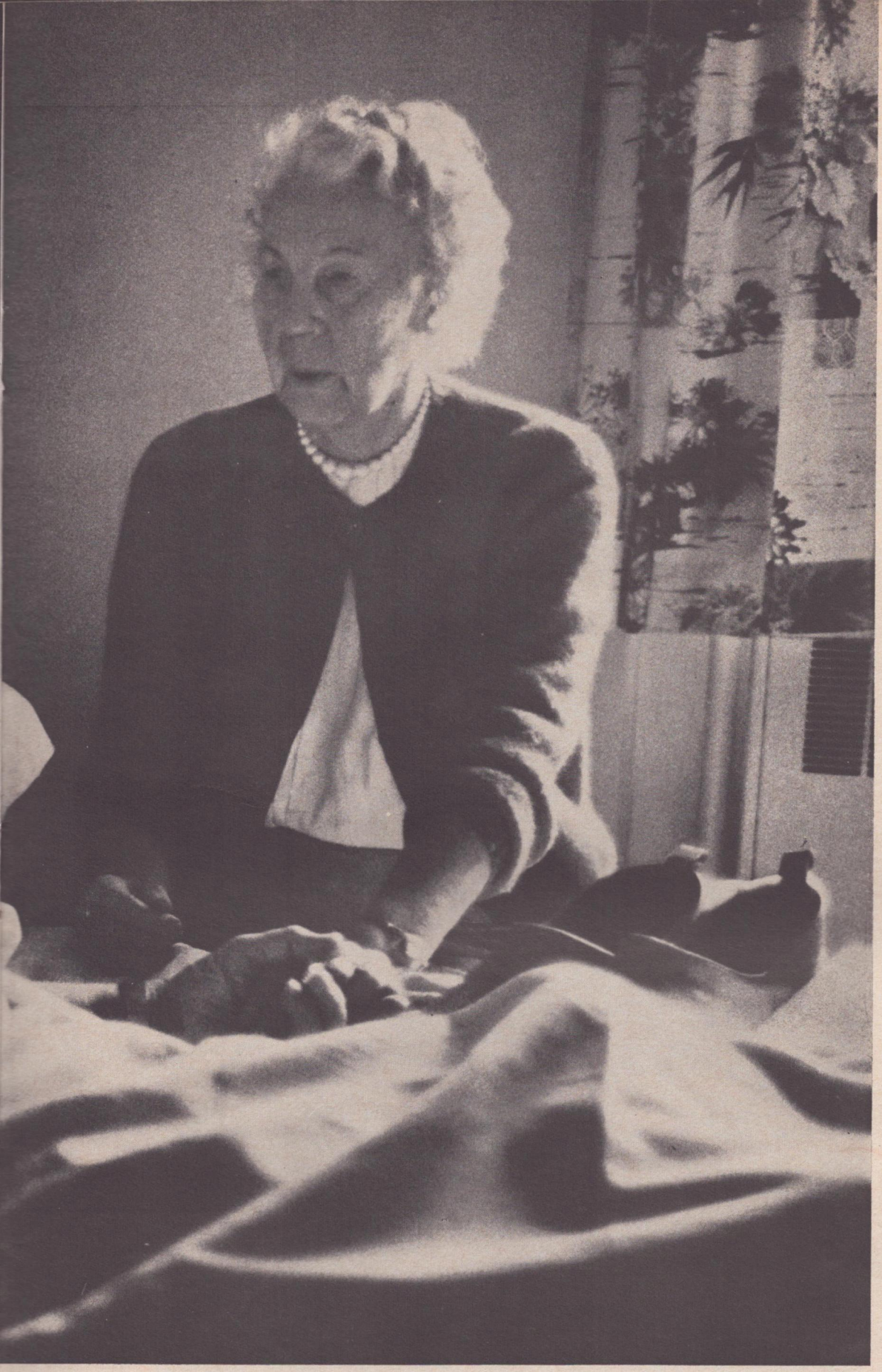
Julia's silver, her own and her mother's

"Levi is so able [says Julia] that as years went on I had to look around for things he couldn't do and do them. My real job was to help him understand the boys. I always felt a little like a goal-keeper—they'd come and go, touch home and be off again. But that was my job, to be there to give them sustenance when they needed it. There is so much coming and going in living, I think a woman must stand still, just be there when she's needed. If you make it your interest to watch them develop and give yourself to that development, you don't just drop it when they grow up. You can't "lose" them. You have your interests and are close to your husband and they have theirs and when they go off on their own you aren't lost. You simply stay interested in them and their families and take pride in their accomplishments—from a nice friendly distance. You must regard your sons not just as sons but as grown men, heads of families whose first duty is to stand by their wives and support them more than their mother or father. If you do this and expect to like your daughters-in-law because your sons do, then you are liable to be rewarded with a wealth of grandchildren in the bargain. It must be dreary for those of our generation who have no grandchildren to watch coming along, because when you reach our age in life, it's a good idea not to look back too often."

Sybil Smith getting her grandmother's disapproving advice

Hospitalized after an accident, Levi Smith listens to Julia read a letter, her hand (below) in his

"When you are young [says Julia] you hear the words "to love" and think that's what marriage is—two independent people who love each other. But you find as you go on that two independent people who love each other are liable to go separate ways. Then you learn that the most important words in marriage are "to cherish." Without cherishing, without the little constancies and kindnesses that make the bonds grow stronger, love cannot grow deeper. In these months of illness, it's been cherishing that has mattered: taking care of the one you love, and because of it, love grows deeper in spite of frailty."

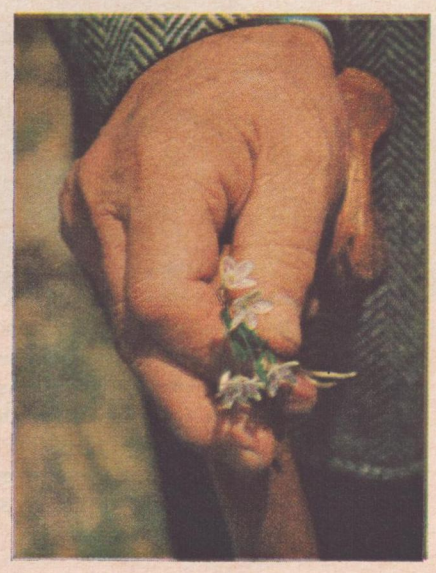


The shock of Levi's illness—and the hope of spring

Waves of shock ran through the family when Levi Smith suffered three broken ribs in an automobile accident. As his condition worsened—his lungs congesting and his heart unsteady—the family tried to keep the pattern of life unbroken, visiting Julia in the evenings at home, taking her to the hospital daily, assigning a grandchild to spend the night with her. Even the long ordeal of recurrent illness brought out the continuity that weaves through the family fabric: Levi was treated by the grandson of a physician who had attended him in his youth and by his own son Robert, a doctor. A wing of the hospital in which he lay was named for his father and mother. There Julia carried the events of their ordinary life—news of a grandson's grades at Andover, a paper turkey 5-year-old Sandy Smith made in kindergarten, a letter from an old friend, which she read aloud along with favorite poems and books. Levi said of himself: "When a man has great-grandchildren, he has a right to be past 80 and not feel bad about it. Time was when it seemed impossible 'to be spared,' a phrase I like about as much as that other one, 'well preserved.' But I have been, you know, 'spared'—and I really am well preserved." Insisting that Julia keep his slippers at hand for the day he would be allowed to get up, he talked with her of spring, of returning to Road's End. He did, in time to gather the first small wildflowers in the woods and to check on the old outdoor picnic table which he had built long ago when their sons were boys. Looking at it he said, "The snows of many winters have broken its back."

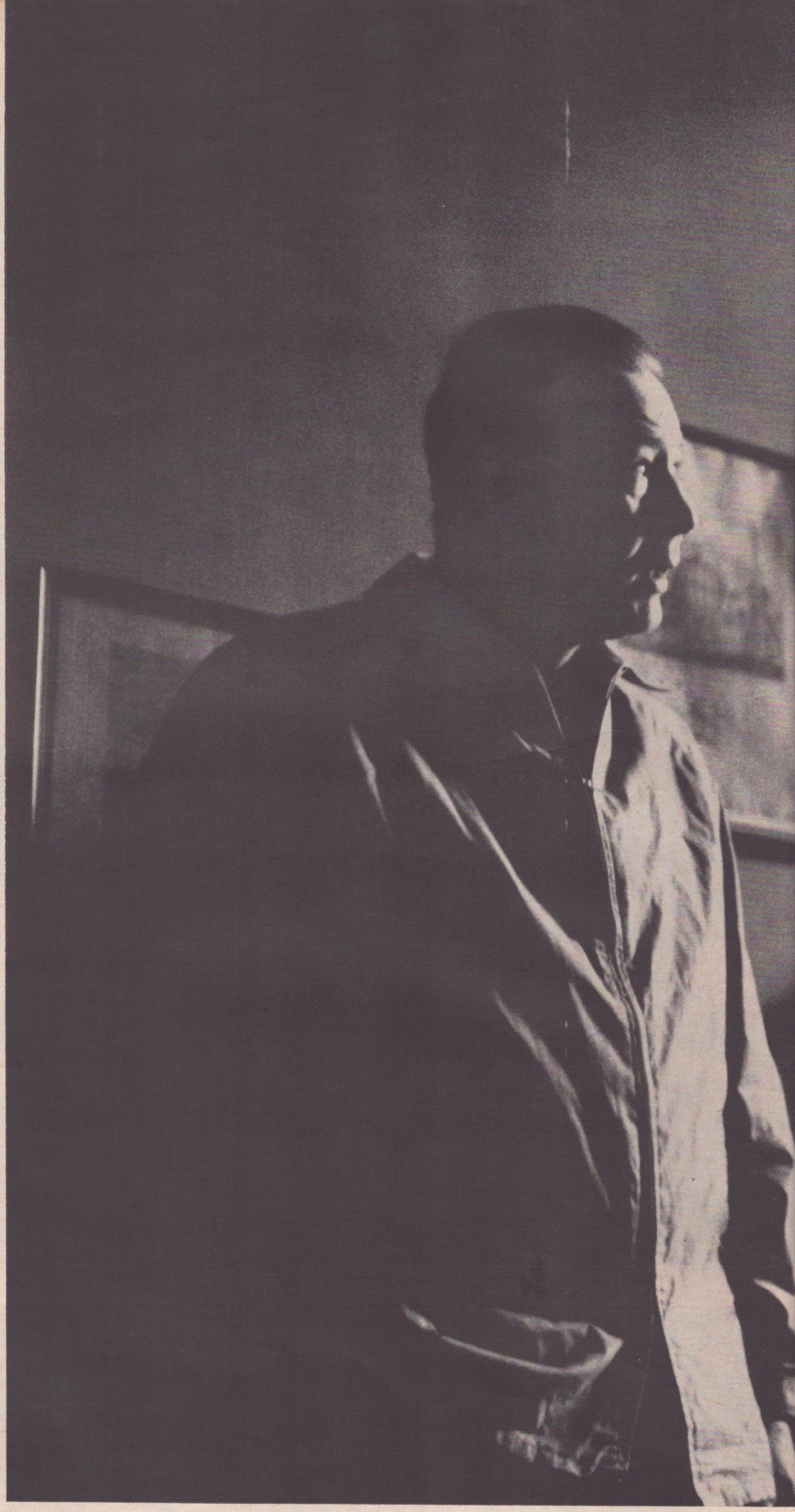
Table that Levi built at Road's End

Levi holds a spring flower



You dread most the loneliness of one you love cut off by illness

The strain of Levi's illness shows in Julia's face



"When you are living fast, enjoying life so much, you don't think you are going to get old [says Julia]. You're the same person you were and suddenly it happens to you and you know you are *old*. Everyone is frightened by it, but you must meet it philosophically and see you're lucky to live to *be* old and see your grandchildren come along. I've loved living so that even when it knocked me down, I popped right up again. Levi and I both had the example of our parents who lived to be 80 and more and remained so alive. My father had a very real faith and enjoyed it all—the flowers, seasons, the children. If you are philosophical, you know death is as natural as birth and as miraculous. I think the thing you dread most is not death, but what may come before it—the terrible things, the illness, the loneliness of those you love isolated by lingering illness or cut off by stroke. But you pray for strength to endure such things as will come to you, and now I pray for that strength every day. I pray too to keep a sense of humor, like Levi's. It's his humor that assures me he will get well, and you pray to have the wisdom to be thankful for your good fortune to be alive right now. Sometimes when I look back I am lonely for the good times gone, for those summers filled with the laughter of people we loved at Road's End who have left us. But if you live right now, in the present, you have the strength to go on. We have so much to live for in the present it makes life seem very pre-

At the worst moment in Levi's illness, Julia tells Fred about his father's ailing heart

cious, perhaps too precious. Levi doesn't think this way—he's always been too busy living. I sometimes think he has succeeded in defeating time simply by living. He has never given in. I'm afraid I've been less successful. I still wake up at dawn worrying about small boys at camp sleeping in wet blankets.❜

At Road's End with the grandchildren: 'Look at them, they go on and on'

For Levi Smith, going back to Road's End with his grandchildren each spring is like keeping a promise with himself. Walking with his grandchildren Rob and Cindy, identifying ferns, frogs, toads and stones, he refused to be stopped by trees that winter had felled across the streamside path.

Levi Smith on a walk at Road's End

He watches as his grandchildren Rob and Cindy run upstream

"I've been too busy all my life [says Levi] to have time for retrospection. Long ago I decided to disregard time. It was moving by me too quickly and I decided not to be bothered by noticing it. It's made things tricky at times. I get the generations mixed up—especially here at Road's End where the boys explored every inch of the mountain, cut paths, climbed the stream. We didn't expect them to be naturalists but to make use of nature. We cut the yellow birch in the morning and it was a davenport by evening. I like to bring the grandchildren here now and watch them all exploring it—especially in the spring when the little pale leaves come out and the birds return. Spring's my favorite season because seeing grandchildren here—well, perhaps it's like beginning again. And look at them—they go on and on and on."

Using a cane of striped maple that he had cut here years before, he climbed over them. When finally the granite-strewn stream stopped him, he leaned upon his cane to watch the children climb upward, following in his mind the path they were taking—the pools along the way, the shadowed places, the growing steepness of the climb. Years before he had described Road's End in a poem:

REFUGE

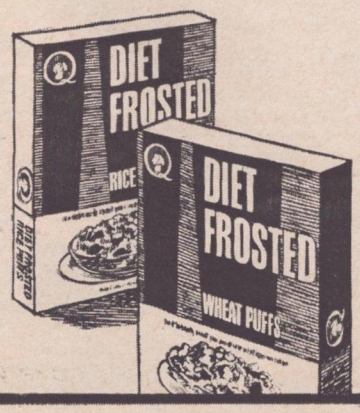
There is rose in the tips
Of the maples and the wide gray arms of
Beeches are clothed in gold, where the
Slant beams strike and shimmer,
And the gaunt hemlocks tower like spires of old.
The redstarts rifle pine cones,
And waxwings chatter and flirt in the mountain ash.
There is peace in the scent of the basswood,
And the glad surprise of a poem in the oriole's flash . . .
I should not be a deserter
If I wandered off alone at end of day
And lost me in the leafage
Where cool, soft tops of maples gleam and sway.

"I feel thinner already."

Quaker's new Diet Frosted has less calories per bowl than any other kind of cereal —less than half a grapefruit, even less than a slice of dry toast.

Because it's puffed, a full cup of sweetened Diet Frosted Rice Puffs has only 56 calories; Wheat Puffs only 51.

The right diet begins with the right breakfast: Diet Frosted. Feel full, look skinny, be happy.



Diet Frosted is pre-sweetened but not with sugar

The past that bred the Smiths' traditions

Families go backward as well as forward," says Levi Smith, and his family is conscious of its past. In America it goes back to a Puritan settler who was ancestor of both Levi and Julia. He was John Pease, who in April 1634 at the age of 4 embarked with his parents from Ipswich, England aboard the ship *Frances* bound for the New World. The Peases were Puritans leaving England to practice what they called "uncorrupted" religion. Several shiploads had already been persuaded to take up settlement in Barbados, but the Massachusetts Bay Company, promoting its own interests, had issued a warning against that island's lush climate. "If men desire to have a people speedily degenerate and to corrupt their minds and bodies too, let them secke a riche soile that brings in much with little labour; but if they desire that Piety and godliness should prosper . . . let them choose a country such as this . . . which may yeeld sufficiency with hard labour and industry." The same "Planter's Plea" admitted frankly that in New England winters were hard, serpents larger and more plentiful than in England and "muskitoes" an infestation.

The Peases chose piety and the muskitoes, and settled in Salem. When John was 14, his father, Robert, died. Growing up as a fisherman and a farmer, John prospered. He became a churchman, a voter and a freeman of the town, honors conferred only upon those who were judged to have served God well and received His favor. Among the signs that God favored John were his six sons, the fact that all survived a series of Indian uprisings and that John remained untempted by the several heresies that infected the colony.

He did not end his days in Salem. In 1679, when he was 50 years old, he and his sons moved west to the Connecticut River to settle a new tract offered by the Massachusetts Bay Colony. There his 29 grandchildren were born and his descendants multiplied. In the early 1800s, two Pease cousins moved north—Salmon and Daniel, whose lines were to come together in Burlington almost a century later. Salmon was Julia Smith's great-grandfather; Daniel was Levi Smith's great-grandfather.

Salmon chose to settle in Charlotte, south of Burlington, in 1826. Though he was a farmer, he brought with him from Connecticut his collection of books including Latin poets. He shared with his wife Matilda Huntington, daughter of one of Yale's earliest graduates, a leaning toward scholarship which was passed on to their children and grandchildren, many of whom later distinguished themselves as teachers and professors.

Daniel Pease was both a schoolteacher and apple farmer. His granddaughter, Anna, went to normal school and after her graduation was hired to teach in Burlington. There she met one of the city's most promising bachelors, Charles P. Smith, and in 1879 they were married.

The Smiths had first come to Vermont in the late 1700s when Caleb Smith settled in Williston, in the western part of the state. A hard-working farmer-storekeeper, he died young—at 37—leaving his wife and a four-year-old son, Frederick. At 12, Frederick was "bonded out" to a deacon who agreed to pay his mother a small sum and feed and house the boy in exchange for the child's labor on a farm until he reached the age of 21. Frederick Smith later claimed the deacon had worked him so hard and fed him so poorly that it stunted his growth and forced him to run away. He was still only 12 when, on his own, he went to Burlington and found work in one of the city's flourishing glass factories. His fellow workers were a rough lot and the boy developed toughness and a stubborn will. By 19 he was foreman of a crew, and by 25 he had bought the Champlain Glass Factory. Today Levi Smith recalls his grandfather: "A man once came to him for work as a drover and asked what his duties would be. 'Your duties, sir,' he was told, 'will be to drive that team of horses off the dock and into the lake if I tell you to!' "

Glass was Burlington's main business and Frederick Smith prospered. He built a fine house

CONTINUED

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

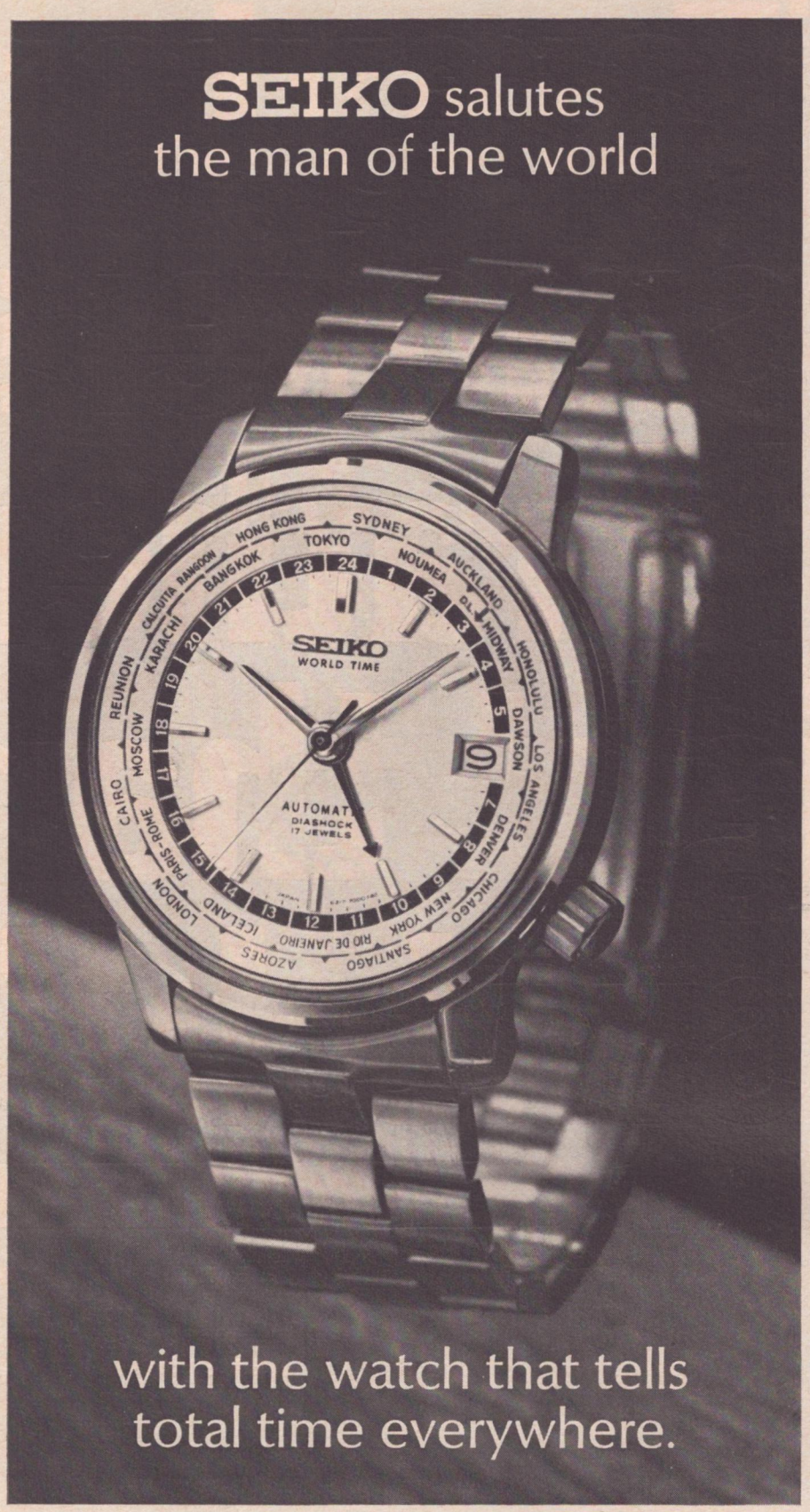
Tareyton has a charcoal tip
...and a white one, too.
Together they give Tareyton
the taste worth fighting for.

Tareyton

20 FILTER CIGARETTES

Product of The American Tobacco Company ©A.T.Co.

SEIKO salutes the man of the world



with the watch that tells total time everywhere.

SEIKO WORLD TIME WATCH

Now you can travel around the world and know the time—where you are . . . where you're going . . . or where you'd like to be without resetting your watch. Rotating outer dial matches earth as it revolves. Color-coded for night (black) and day (blue) and International Date Line already calculated for you right on the dial. Instant unique date change—no need to turn hands and mess up your time. *No charts—no arithmetic.* Conventional 12 hour hands and dial for everyday use.

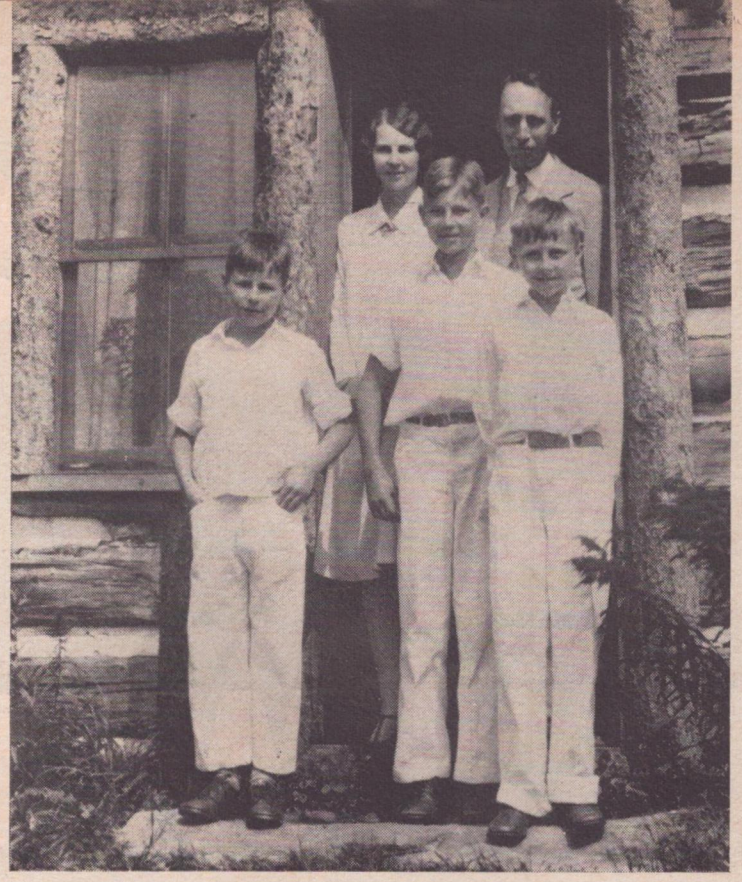
Only Seiko, the free world's largest and most modern jeweled lever watch manufacturer, brings you this new dimension in instant world-wide time and date reading. So up-to-date it's the perfect thoughtful gift—so sensibly priced you can afford—to have—or give. Waterproof* to 98.3 feet. "Diashock" resistant.

#2N52
$59.50

SEIKO
Modern Masters of Time

*When case, crown and crystal remain intact.

SEIKO TIME CORPORATION, 9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020



Levi and Julia Smith stand in 1929 at the door of their Mount Mansfield retreat, Road's End, with their sons Levi Junior, Frederick and Robert.

on the Battery overlooking Lake Champlain, established a ferry line across the lake and shipped glass as far west as Chicago. But by 1850 the seemingly inexhaustible pine forest that supplied fuel for the glass factories was cut away. The glass business slowly collapsed, and with it Frederick Smith's fortunes. "They were right down to hardpan in those days," recalls Levi Smith. "My father picked coal waste from an old mill to heat their house. Still, my grandfather accumulated enough to pay his debts and get along while helping to rebuild the economy of the town."

Burlington's depression ended when the Civil War began in 1861. In the first engagement at Bull Run, fighting in the 2nd Volunteers was a 30-year-old Vermonter named William Wirt Henry—Julia Smith's maternal grandfather. He was almost 20 years younger than Frederick Smith and in many ways his opposite. The son of an established family, whose father owned a prosperous drug business, Henry seemed to have been born into a different America from Frederick Smith's—one of high romance and adventure. When depression wiped away Smith's business, he started laboriously over again. William Henry simply left Vermont for the gold fields of California, where he tried prospecting, became a storekeeper who took gold dust for goods, was elected sheriff and returned to Burlington seven years later with a golden nest egg. When the war began he enlisted and brought so many men with him that he was commissioned a lieutenant. He contracted pneumonia after Bull Run, was mustered out, but returned a year later as a major of the 10th Vermont Volunteers. He was in command of the regiment in 1863, when Grant called the 10th into action at The Wilderness. Henry and his men fought at Spottsylvania and the Bloody Angle, along the North Anna and Totopotemy Creek. At Cold Harbor his finger was blown off as he led a charge. His arm in a sling, he continued at Petersburg, Weldon Railroad and Monocacy, where he and his men held ground ahead of the Union line until the enemy was on three sides. In a letter, Colonel Henry recalled that as they withdrew "I was taking long steps." Snipers began to fire from a plantation house and he stopped with one of his sharpshooters, Sergeant Pike: "I was watching with my glasses and giving him pointers. Soon I saw a head and gun come in sight around one of the window cases and directed Pike where to look, and almost at the same instant both fired and I felt a bullet go under my chin, and the reb pitched out the window. The brave color sergeant, Billy Mahoney, was watching us and in a moment he caught me by the coattail and pulled me on the ground saying: 'That will do Colonel. The blooming reb means you.' And a moment later the brave Sergeant Pike dropped upon us shot dead."

At Cedar Creek, Henry, now a brigadier general, led a charge up a hill to retake three Union guns

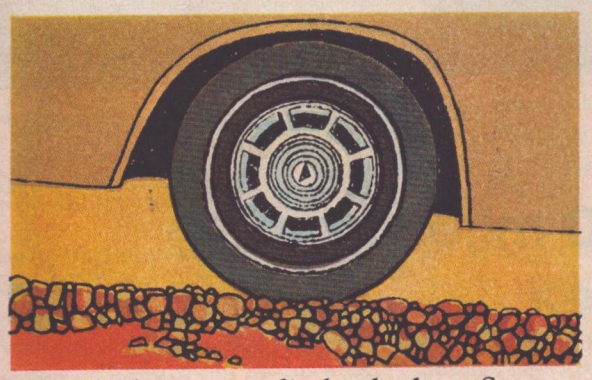
CONTINUED

To you drivers who really love driving, this could be the most welcome new car of the year

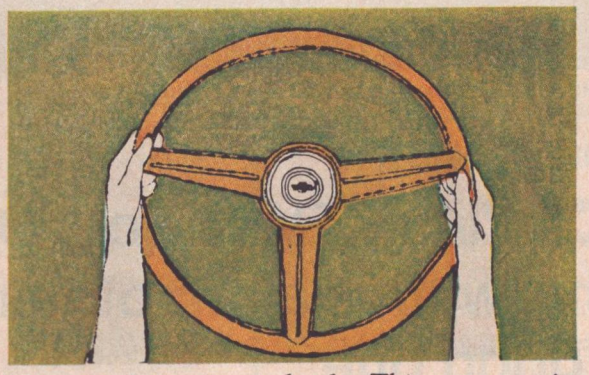
'67 Corvair

The rear-engine road car

Corvair 500 Sport Coupe, America's lowest priced hardtop—$2128*



New dual master cylinder brakes—Separate hydraulic systems, one for front brakes and one for rear brakes, mean that one set keeps working even if the other doesn't (an unlikely event). Red light on instrument panel warns of any pressure imbalance between the two systems.



New oval steering wheel—This easy-to-grip wheel sits atop the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column—one of many new standard safety features. Others include 4-way hazard warning flasher and a lane-change feature incorporated in direction signal control.

**Manufacturer's suggested list price for Corvair 500 Sport Coupe (model 10137). To this price add white-wall tires $28.20, and wheel covers $21.10, which are illustrated on Madeira Maroon Corvair in foreground. All prices include Federal Excise Tax and suggested dealer delivery and handling charge (transportation charges, accessories, other optional equipment, state and local taxes additional).*

Here it is—with its steering as crisp and precise as ever, its independent suspension as poised and flat-riding as ever, its styling as clean and sweet as ever. Plus new safety and convenience features that'll add to your delight in driving it. We who build Corvair wouldn't have it any other way. And we know you drivers who really love driving wouldn't, either.

CHEVROLET

RCA Victor New Vista® black-and-white "Celebrity" atop Mingus Mountain, Arizona. Power supplied by portable generator.

Actual photograph of RCA Victor TV at work 90 miles from transmitter. If it can do this well in a remote area think what it can do in a good one.

This RCA Victor portable has what it takes. A super-sensitive New Vista® VHF tuner linked with a 20,000 volt* chassis for big picture pulling power. Transistorized UHF tuner. And the space age reliability of RCA solid copper circuits. No other set this size gives you more signal pulling power for the money.

*Design average

RCA

The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Tmk(s)®

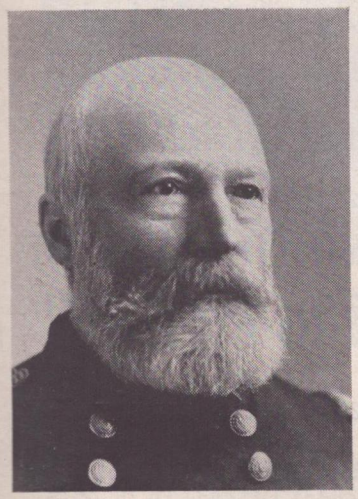
Her grandfather left a legend, his father built a bank

FAMILY CONTINUED

lost to the enemy. While his men hauled the cannons to safety, Colonel Henry and a small brigade held the hilltop. He was hit four times, though not seriously, and for his valor was awarded the Medal of Honor.

He lived at such a pitch of adventure and personal courage during these war years that ever after he seemed to his family to be a little larger than life. His granddaughter Julia remembers him as a consul general in Quebec, a post he was given years after the war. "My grandfather invited us to the tercentenary in Quebec. The Prince of Wales was to be there. It was all very glamorous, gay and innocent. I remember at the last of Grandfather's life, I went to visit him and said the usual things—assuring him he'd get well soon. He said, 'No, my dear, not this time. But it's not *that* I mind—it's the getting old.'"

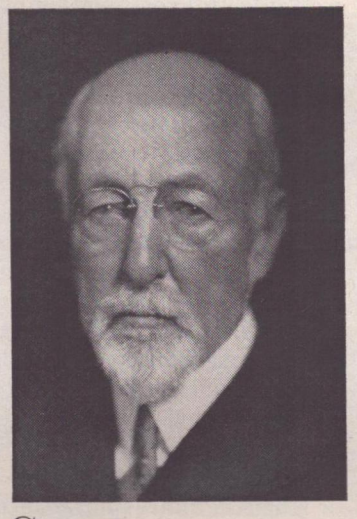
The general's daughter married Frederick Pease, grandson of Salmon Pease who had settled in Charlotte. The family had once farmed, but when Frederick's father broke his leg they moved to Burlington, where his sons went to work. Frederick and Molly Henry Pease eventually lived in



William Henry, Julia Smith's grandfather, wore brigadier general's uniform for portrait at 60.

one of Burlington's fine houses on the "hill." Not far away was the house built by Charles P. Smith, Frederick Smith's son.

Charles had set out on his own at 19 in 1866, giving his father two promissory notes. One was for the three years until his majority: it was the custom then for a son to work without pay for his father until 21 or to pay him for his freedom. The second note was for a small feed and grain business Frederick sold his son, who also agreed to pay his father a small salary for advice. "That was how a boy went to college in those days," recalls Levi Smith. "It was said, 'One of the smartest men in town is Fred Smith, ex-



Charles P. Smith, Levi's father, retired from presidency of the Burlington Savings Bank at 88.

cepting Charles, because every night Fred Smith tells C.P. everything he knows.' C.P. never seemed a young man, never considered himself young." Remote and with a sly humor, he was called by the family simply The Father and his wife The Mother. C. P. Smith had only one weakness his grandsons can recollect. Once a week, on Sunday after dinner, he would indulge himself with a single stick of Beeman's chewing gum.

At 38, he had become one of the town's leading citizens, building his feed and grain business into a bulk supplier to farms and livery stables and selling coal to Burlington's industries. Invited to serve on charitable boards, he had increased their assets by astute investment. Burlington's small mutual savings bank asked him to become a trustee, though no one then on the board was under 65. Within six years, the Burlington Savings Bank was the largest in the state and C. P. Smith was its president. This was perhaps the first time that Charles Smith did not take his father's advice. Old Frederick was against his son's spending so much time at that old bank, warning that "You can't make any money that way." But Charles P. Smith wanted to serve his community and be recognized for more than

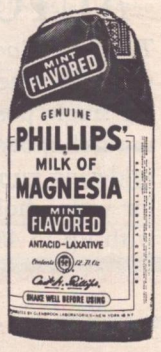
CONTINUED

constipation?

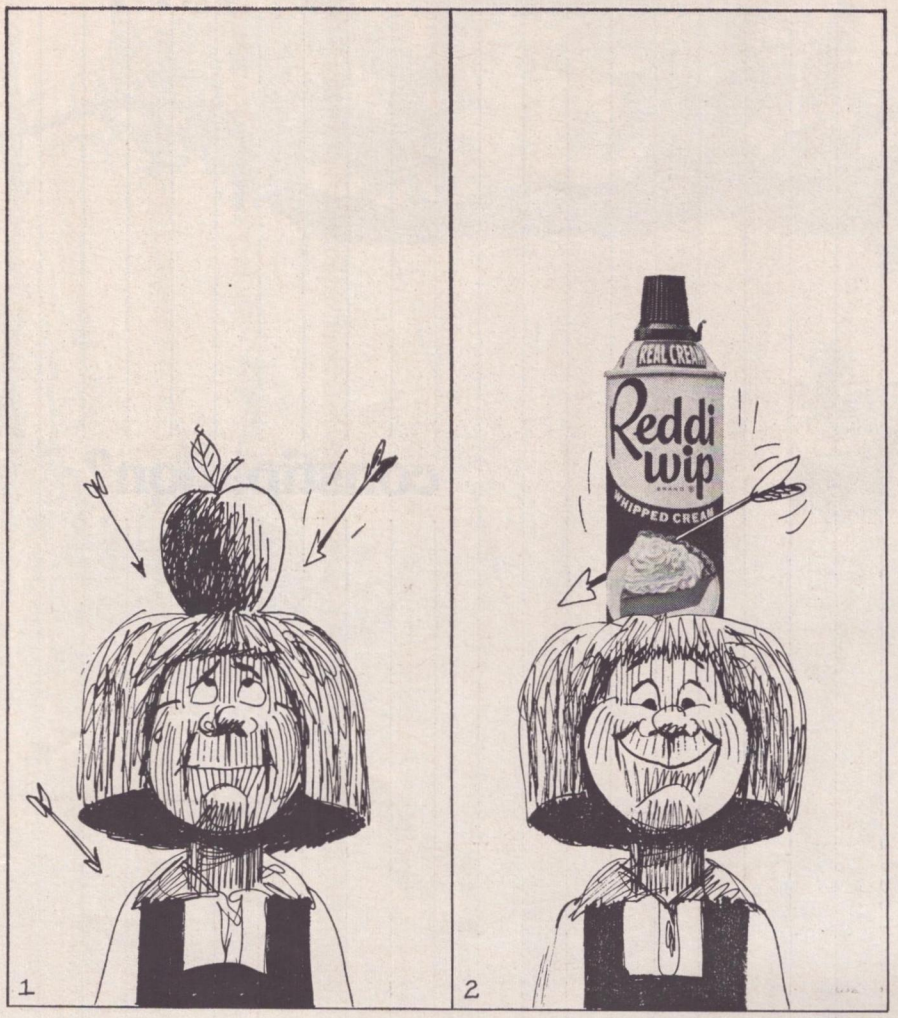
just what do doctors recommend?

Milk of Magnesia is the laxative doctors recommend most often!

There are many kinds of laxatives. As doctors describe them, there are...irritant-stimulants like the candy types...there are bulk types...lubricants like mineral oil. But the laxative doctors recommend most often is milk of magnesia. Why do doctors recommend milk of magnesia? They say it's thorough—yet gentle. So count on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Phillips' sets the problem straight... without upsetting you.



Phillips' Milk of Magnesia®



An arrow without a bow won't hit the spot. Neither will desserts without Reddi-Wip! Use your head! Use Reddi-Wip on pies, cakes, puddings . . . everything. It's fun! It's farm-fresh! It has the Good Housekeeping seal. Sure, Reddi-Wip costs a few pennies more . . . it's real whipped cream!

WEN "HOT ROD" GUN KIT
Model 222 Gun, two tips, flat iron accessory, plastic cutting accessory, solder, carry-case. $11.95 Mfr's. suggested list

WEN SINGLE-POST
"AUTOMATIC" SOLDERING GUNS

They're "Goof-Proof!" A magic built-in brain automatically controls the flow of heat. Can't overheat . . . can't underheat! And WEN's amazing single post is so compact, it can fit through a keyhole; get to hard-to-reach spots other guns can't begin to touch. There's a WEN single-post soldering gun for every man: fast-firing pistols for young hobbyists; heavy-duty "pro" models with up to 450 watts of heat power. Priced as low as $4.95 at most hardware stores.

WEN PRODUCTS, INC. • 5810 NORTHWEST HIGHWAY • CHICAGO, ILL. 60631

Old Pease line is rejoined by Julia's marriage to Levi

FAMILY CONTINUED

the accumulation of wealth. The bank became his life's work.

In 1898 he and his wife Anna moved with their three sons and their daughter from the old family house on the Battery into a new home on South Willard St. Towered and arched, the house was an artful combination of imposing elegance and practicality. Levi Smith describes it as "the fulfillment of my father's long-held dream. It became almost a community enterprise and he would show people through each Sunday. . . . My mother wasn't really sure she wanted to move up on the hill, wasn't interested in mingling with the glittering rich. My father didn't want that either, but he wanted to be able to entertain the men who had become his friends, men of achievement and excellence, and this home made it possible."

When the Smiths moved in, they were manifestly part of an elite. Though C. P. Smith as a young man had had to be unrelentingly practical, sparing no time for art, literature or walks in the woods, he wanted his sons to enjoy these advantages. Levi Smith grew up to consider such things as essentials to a rounded man.

As a boy Levi knew Julia Pease. She was "the little Pease girl" to him until he was at Harvard Law School and she at nearby Wellesley. Though Julia was already engaged to another young man, they began to see each other. "At first," remembers Julia, "I went out with Levi because he was so shy. My brothers and sisters and I were such a happy group that there was always something going on out at the lake where we stayed in the summers. Levi never seemed able to join in—he was so romantic and serious. He'd take me canoeing hours on end and read poetry to me. Sometimes I thought it a bit much! But slowly I came to see his wonderful qualities and after Wellesley I went to work for a charity in Boston and continued to see him and when he graduated from Harvard Law School, it was accepted that we were engaged." They were married in 1914.

NEXT WEEK

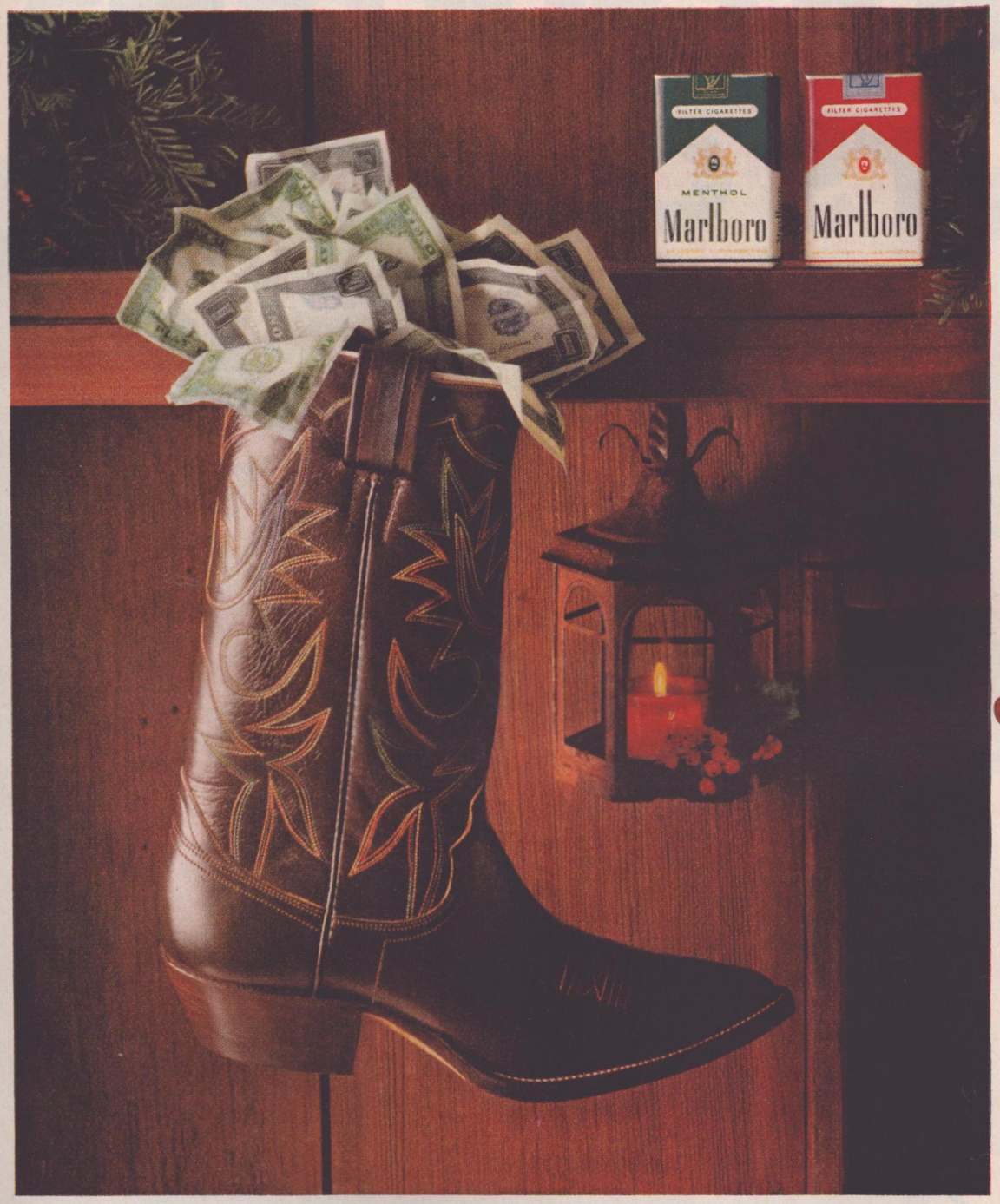
THE SONS OF LEVI SMITH

Fred, bank president and tough-minded heir to the family tradition

Bob, challenged by six lively children and his own ideals as a doctor

Levi, the youngest, stayed away until he found his answer in the family

25 "GRAND" PRIZES!



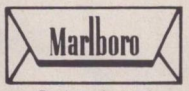
Win a Marlboro Christmas "Stocking," and $1,000.00 to boot!

25 pairs of fine Western boots, each pair stuffed with $1,000.00

1. Fill in coupon, or print name and address on blank 3" x 5" sheet of paper. ENTRANT MUST BE AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE.

2. Mail entry with an end panel from famous Marlboro Red or Marlboro Menthol cigarettes or a blank 3" x 5" sheet of paper on which you have hand-printed the word MARLBORO in plain block letters. Address entries to: MARLBORO Sweepstakes, Box 7777, Westbury, Long Island, New York 11591.

Box end panel



Pack end panel

3. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be mailed separately and postmarked on or before Dec. 10, 1966, and received no later than Dec. 17, 1966.

4. The 25 winners, to be chosen by a random drawing, will be notified by about Dec. 22, 1966. Winners each will receive $1,000.00 cash and a pair of fine Western boots. Choice of men's or women's style.

5. Void where prohibited or regulated by law. (Residents of Missouri enclose no proof of purchase or substitute therefor). Employees of Philip Morris and its advertising agencies not eligible.

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

MARLBORO SWEEPSTAKES, Box 7777, Westbury, Long Island, New York 11591

Gentlemen:
You bet I want to win $1,000.00. I enclose the end panel from a pack or box of Marlboro cigarettes, or a blank 3" x 5" sheet of paper on which I have hand-printed the word Marlboro in plain block lettering. (Residents of Missouri make no enclosure.)

Name_____
(Please Print)
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____
Dealer's Name and Address_____
_____
(No purchase required.)

This new invention shaves 3 hours closer.

The only shaver with a special setting for your neck.

© 1966 S.R.C.

SELECTRO and SELEKTRONIC: Trademarks of Sperry Rand Corp.

Now you can get a shave that's three hours closer—cordlessly. With the new REMINGTON® 500 *Selektronic*. It'll give you up to two weeks' shaves on a single charge.

Each one is our closest shave ever.

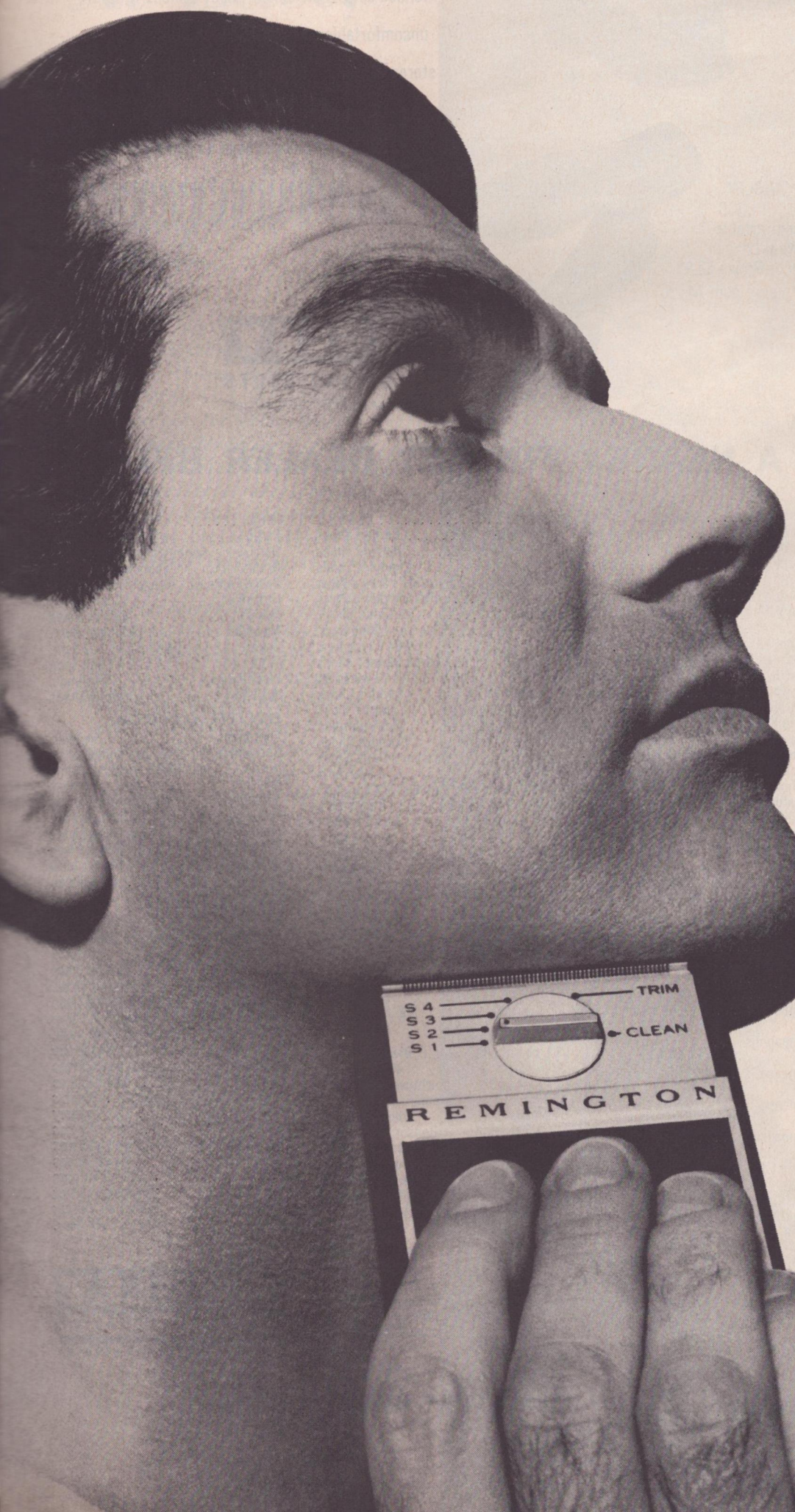
Here's why: the thinnest shaving heads and sharpest blades ever developed at Remington. Exclusive Guard Combs that gently sweep in the whiskers, keep skin out of the shaver.

The most powerful motor ever put into an electric shaver.

And of course, the Remington dial. It adjusts the cutting edge up and down to fit your particular skin and beard. You can dial the precisely right edge to clean off your neck beard. Your cheek beard. Your upper lip beard. And get 3 hours closer all over.

Also, the sideburn trimmer (just dial to the Trim position) is the biggest ever to come out in an electric shaver. This ends a lot of hacking around. Cleaning is simple. Just dial Clean, and blow out the whiskers with one pfft. And that's it. There's a cord model, too. The REMINGTON *Selectro*. Either way, you can now shave just once every 24 hours and get a shave that's 3 hours closer. Which may be the biggest setback your beard will ever have.

REMINGTON
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
SPERRY RAND CORPORATION



It's cordless, too!

There's a huge sideburn trimmer.

TINGLEY
TRIMS
Smart Looking — Protection for Street or Dress Shoes $3.95
Pure Gum Rubber $4.95

TINGLEY
DRESS BOOTS
Featherlight But Tough
Easy-On Easy Off Protection $5.99

TINGLEY
CLOGS
Light, Comfortable, Wear Longer
Black or Brown $2.95
pure gum $4.25

Look smart in sloppy weather

Tingley's new TRIMS, DRESS BOOTS and CLOGS have natural rubber S-T-R-E-T-C-H to fit any style of street or dress shoe perfectly. (They even fit the extended soles and heels of today's shoes without uncomfortable roll-over.) So step into any of the stores listed below and pick out the foul weather protection you need. And, remember, Tingley boots and rubbers have no fabric lining — they wash and dry inside and out in a jiffy — no grit to mar your expensive shoes.

ASK FOR
TINGLEY
RUBBERS AND BOOTS
Made in America By American Craftsmen

YOU'LL FIND THE NAME OF A NEARBY TINGLEY DEALER BELOW

IOWA

Algona — Diamond's
Atlantic — Brown Shoe Fit
Atlantic — Economy Shoes
Atlantic — Family Shoe Store
Audubon — Kraft Clothing
Buffalo Center — Winter Clothing
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's — Men's Shoes
Cedar Rapids — Fords Shoes
Centerville — Jack's Shoes
Cherokee — Brown Shoe Fit
Cherokee — Delaplane Shoes
Clarinda — Outlet Store
Corning — Carden Bootery
Council Bluffs — Iowa Clothes Shop
Council Bluffs — Peoples Dept. Store
Cresco — Vandy's Shoes
Creston — Family Shoe Store
Des Moines — Curley's Shoes — Locust Street
Des Moines — Lazy M Shoes — Merle Hay Plaza
Des Moines — Park Ave. Shoes — 3304 S.W. Ninth
Des Moines — Walker's Shoes
Eldora — Thompson Shoes
Fort Dodge — Gate's Shoe Dept.
Glenwood — Altekruse Shoes
Glenwood — Hamilton Clothing
Guthrie Center — Wilson Clothing
Harlan — Bauer Shoes
Hartley — Yager Dept. Store
Hawarden — Hub Clothing
Hawarden — Peterson Family Shoes
Holstein — Nicklas Clo. & Shoes
Indianola — Blake's Shoes
Indianola — Jones Shoes
Iowa City — Reddick Shoes
Jefferson — Ruth's Farm Store
Kalona — Reifs, Inc.
LeMars — LeMars Shoes
Manchester — Walt's Outlet
Manchester — Thompson Shoes
Marengo — Blinkensop Shoes
Mason City — Odd Lot Shoe Co.
Monticello — Edward Dept. Store
Monticello — Monty's Surplus
Nevada — H. & N. Distr. Co.
Oelwein — Duffy's Bootery
Orange City — Neal's Shoes
Osage — Leuthold's Clothiers
Osceola — Miller's Shoes
Ottumwa — Walker's Shoes
Paullina — Lundell Skogmo
Red Oak — Brown's Shoe Fit
Rock Valley — Arend's Clothing
Sheldon — Murphy's
Sheldon — Rudolph's Shoes
Sibley — Smith's Shoes
Sioux City — Frances Shoes — 507 Fifth St.
Sioux City — Walker's Shoes — 516 Fourth St.
Spencer — Brown Shoe Fit
Spencer — Minnick Gen'l Store
Storm Lake — Forbes' Shoes
Vinton — Mahood's Shoes
Washington — Brown Shu-Fit
Washington — Paul's Shoes
Waterloo — Fox Shoes
Waterloo — Walker's Odd Lot Shoes
Waterloo — Walker's Shoes
Waukon — H. & H. Shoes
Waukon — Jacobi's Clothing
West Union — Brown Clothing
West Union — Gruver Shoes
Williamsburg — Family Shoes

MINNESOTA

Ada — Salverson's
Aitken — Aitken Surplus
Albany — Weber Clothing
Appleton — Harry's Shoes
Arlington — Rauchy's Shoes
Arlington — S & S Shoes
Aurora — Aurora Surplus
Austin — Nate's Surplus
Bemidji — U-Save Store
Blue Earth — Bergesen Shoes
Brainerd — Army & Navy Store
Brainerd — Zimmerman's
Buffalo Lake — Becker Shoes
Canby — Canby Men's Wear
Canon Falls — Willie Clothing
Chaska — Nick Kranz Shoes
Chisholm — Chisholm Surplus
Cloquet — Johnson Dept. Store
Crookston — Crookston Surplus
Detroit Lakes — Diamond's
Detroit Lakes — Mayerson's
Duluth — Bussa Clothing
Duluth — Clark Shoes
Duluth — Famous Clothing
Duluth — Minnesota Surplus
Duluth — Phil's Shoes
Duluth — Plaza Bootery
Duluth — Undeens Shoes
Duluth — Warner Shoes
Duluth — West End Surplus
Eden Valley — Hillard Schuette
Ely — Ely Surplus
Fairbuilt — Burkhartz Men's Shoes
Fergus Falls — Swanson's Surplus
Glencoe — Vorbeck's Shoes
Glenwood — Eide Shoes
Glenwood — Meyer's Shoe
Grand Rapids — Glen's Surplus
Henning — Don Winkler Shoes
Hibbing — Hibbing Shoe Serv.
Hinckley — Tenquist Trading Post
Hoffman — Clarence Lee
Houston — Skifton Store
Jeffers — G. H. Heideman
Kenyon — Picha's
Lake City — Florine's Shoes
Le Center — Boyd's
Litchfield — Sandgren Shoes
Long Prairie — Northwest Surplus
Luverne — Nelson Bros.
Mahnomen — Athmann's Surplus
Mankato — Wood & Sterling
Marshall — Borch Surplus
Marshall — Kay's Shoes, Inc.
Melrose — Meyer's Clothing
Minneapolis — Clarence Shoe Serv. — 735 E. 48th St.
Minneapolis — Grove Shoes — 78th & Penn
Minneapolis — Korner Plaza Shoes — 66th & Nicollet
Minneapolis — Nelson Shoes — — all stores
Minneapolis — Schuller's Shoes — — both stores
Moose Lake — Lewis Family Shoe
Mora — Mora Clothing
New Ulm — Eichren Shoes
New Ulm — Harold's Shoes
Olivia — Wingates
Ortonville — Korolls Shoes
Pelican Rapids — Carr-Hanson
Perham — Diamond's
Pine City — Pine Clothing
Pine Island — Millers Clothing
Pine River — Silbaugh Dept. Store
Racine — Schwartz
Randall — Bermel Shoes
Redwood Falls — Herrold Shoes
Robbinsdale — Elmquist Shoes
Roseau — Burgraff's Men's Wear
St. Charles — Holland Men's Wear
St. Cloud — St. Cloud Outlet
St. Paul — Enersons Shoe Serv. — 1084 Payne Ave.
St. Paul — Frank Mosner Shoes — W. Seventh St.
St. Peter — Burch's Shoes
Sauk Rapids — Hart's Shoes
Slayton — Bob's Surplus
Sleepy Eye — Schmidt Shoes
Staples — Batcher's Dept. Store
Stewartville — Warren's
Thief River Falls — Andy's Trading Post
Thief River Falls — Bjorkman's
Thief River Falls — Oles Northern Supply
Tower — Myre Clothing
Virginia — Herberger's
Virginia — Virginia Surplus
Wabasha — Joseph Meyer Co.
Waconia — Family Shoes
Warren — Diamond's Clothing
Warroad — Wing's
Wheaton — Woody's Shoes
Windom — A. P. Nerdahl — c/o Quevlis
Zumbrota — K & J Shoe Serv.

NEBRASKA

Lincoln — J. L. Brandeis & Son
Lincoln — Wells & Frost — Downtown & Gateway
Omaha — Brandeis Men's Shoes
Omaha — Haney's Shoes — Benson-Ames Plaza
Omaha — Lloyd's Countryside Shoes — Countryside Plaza
Omaha — Philips Dept. Store — 24th & N Streets

NORTH DAKOTA

Bottineau — The Toggery
Bowman — Utteck's Bootery
Cooperstown — Model Clothing
Dickinson — Army Navy Store
Dickinson — Jonason Family Shoes
Enderlin — Merlin's Leather Goods
Fargo — Johnson's For Shoes
Fargo — Leaman's
Fargo — Twin City Army Store
Garrison — Cunningham's Dept. Store
Grand Forks — Economy Wholesale
Grand Forks — Grand Forks Surplus
Hettinger — Cub's Shoes
Mandan — Mushik Shoes
Mayville — Grinager Merc.
Oakes — Willies Sales & Serv.
Valley City — L & H Shoe Shop
West Fargo — Skogmo's
Williston — Family Shoes

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen — The Main
Gettysburg — Lee's Shoe Shop
Huron — Ivan Stock Surplus & Guns
Madison — Burg's Bootery
Mitchell — Merchandise Outlet
Parkston — Ed's Toggery
Sioux Falls — East Side Shoes
Sioux Falls — Weatherwax
Watertown — Herberger's
Watertown — Kjos Shoes

WISCONSIN

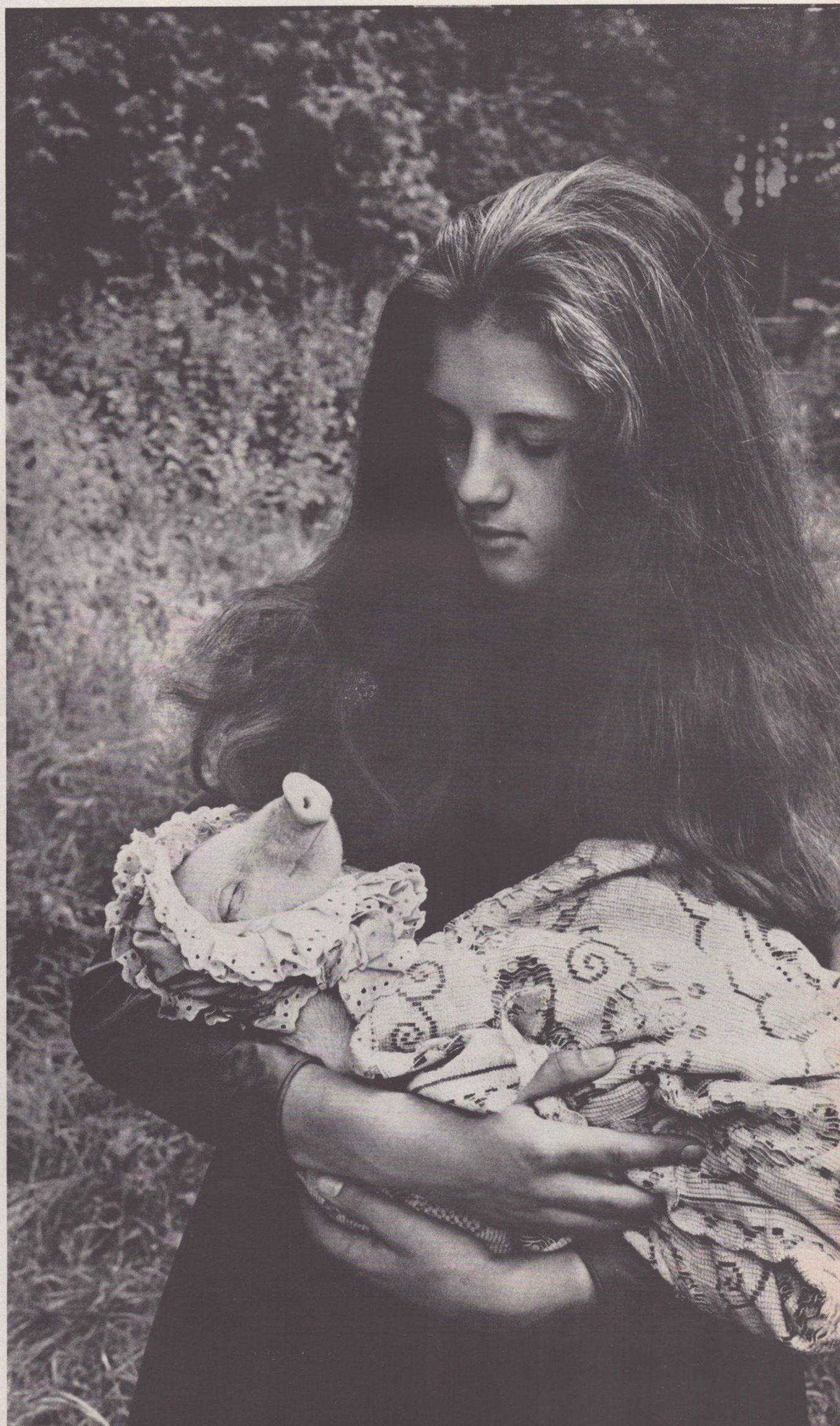
Amery — B. & B. Shoes
Ashland — Stanley's Dept. Store
Barron — Olson's
Bloomer — H & M Shoes
Cashton — Sandy's Shoes
Chippewa Falls — Ed's Boot & Shoe
East Ellsworth — Butler's V. Store
Eau Claire — Consumers Coop Assn.
Hillsboro — Ted Wurster Shoes
Hudson — Olson's Shoes
Monroe — Ben's Shoes
New Richmond — Olson's
New Richmond — The Toggery
Rice Lake — Bush's Shoes
Richland Center — Fleming Shoes
River Falls — Lewis Shoes
Spooner — Strand Surplus
Superior — Northwest Outlet
Whitehall — Whitehall Variety
Wilton — Bauer's Feed Serv.

TINGLEY
RUBBER CORPORATION
250 SOUTH AVE., SO. PLAINFIELD, N.J.

FOR STORMY WEATHER PROTECTION..."*NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF RUBBER*"

At Last, an Alice Unspoiled

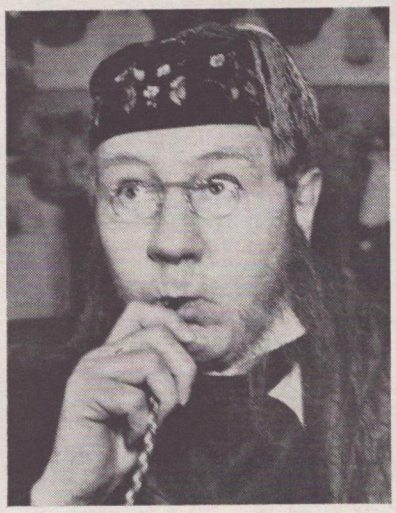
Alice in Wonderland has been vulgarized on celluloid more times than the Queen of Hearts bellowed "Off with their heads!" Now, at last, for BBC television, it has been filmed from an approach that takes no Hollywood-style liberties at all. Jonathan Miller, the British satirist known in the U.S. for his Broadway revue *Beyond the Fringe*, spent two years in typically somber Victorian homes and gardens preparing an *Alice* that is stubbornly faithful to Lewis Carroll's story. His star is not the customary spun-sugar ingénue but a not especially pretty 13-year-old who never acted before. "She's a protected, well-mannered, very Victorian child with a certain withdrawn sobriety about her," says Miller, "exactly what an Alice *should* be." As Miller sees it, Carroll was satirizing people, not animals. So his actors perform without animal costumes: Sir John Gielgud as the weepy Mock Turtle, Peter Sellers as the King of Hearts, Sir Michael Redgrave as the hookah-smoking Caterpillar. Where real animals are indispensable (*right*), Miller uses them. If America can convince Miller it can do without cuteness or confectionery settings, he may even permit his *Alice* to cross the ocean.



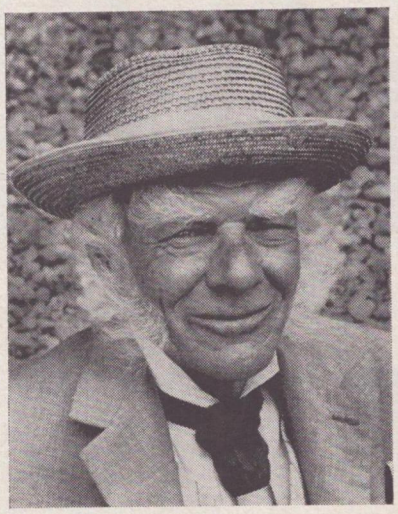
Alice cradles a baby boy who has turned into a pig—Carroll worshiped small girls but abhorred their brothers. She is played by Anne-Marie Mallik, an unknown who wrote to Miller after reading that he was looking for an Alice.

CONTINUED

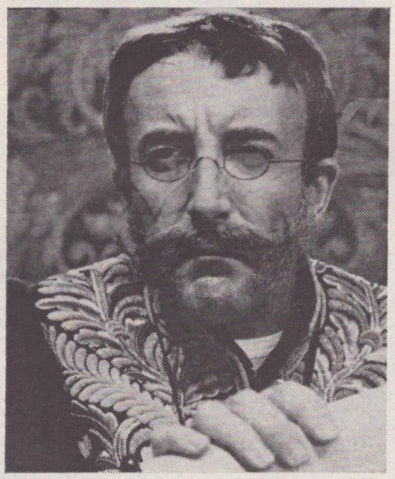
Making a child's dreams plausible



As the Caterpillar, Sir Michael Redgrave plays a schoolmasterish Victorian who studies Alice contemptuously, then demands that she explain herself.



Critic and 'erstwhile Punch *Editor Malcolm Muggeridge is the blowhard Gryphon, who helps the Mock Turtle teach Alice the Lobster Quadrille.*



Peter Sellers plays a King of Hearts less eager to learn who stole the tarts than to maintain order in the courtroom, thereby placating a shrewish wife.

The top-hatted timid White Rabbit, played by British character actor Wilfrid Brambell, foppishly orders Alice to fetch his gloves and fan. At right, as the film begins, Alice, having followed the White Rabbit down the hole, finds herself in a musty, hopelessly long corridor swept by billowing curtains.

Now a tiny thing herself, Alice stares down into the Pool of Tears she wept when she was 9 feet tall and sees a variety of strange folk. Miller found a splendid indoor swimming pool in a Neo-Gothic mansion near Nottingham and had great fun immersing his actors in the brine under the floorboards.

CONTINUED

'I had this sense of lurking magic'

by HORACE JUDSON

Over the past several months a seizure of lunacies, quirky little ones, tweaked and teased the British into realizing that someone was messing about with one of their natural treasures.

There was that item in the agony column of the *Times*:

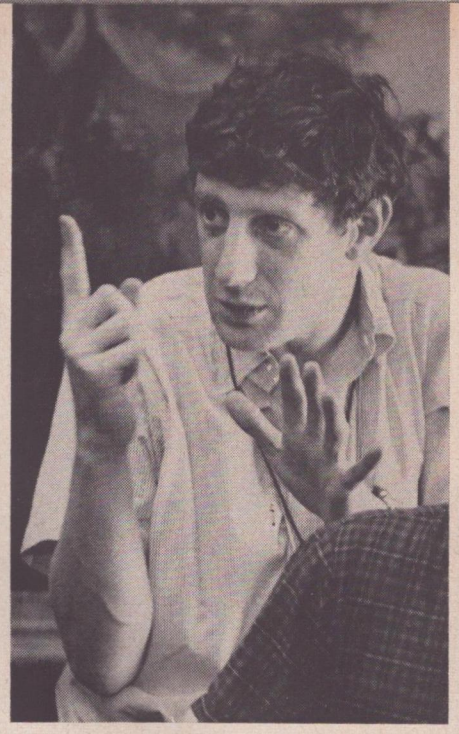
Jonathan Miller is looking for an enormous corridor—at least 100 feet long—in an 18th or 19th Century house for use in the BBC TV production of Lewis Carroll's famous story. . . . Also wanted, one very sinister, cranky indoor swimming pool, very old and very peculiar, for the Pool of Tears scene.

Then there was the appeal of BBC radio one morning for a number of live hedgehogs. This produced a typically English reaction: besides offers from hedgehog owners, the BBC (and the RSPCA) received prickly calls from animal fans who remembered that in the story the hedgehogs were knocked through hoops.

All in all, the response could best be described as touching and surely showed a national impulse to see that the production was done properly. In answer to one ad, hundreds of clergymen wrote to offer dilapidated rectories as film locations. A psychiatrist found the long corridor—1,630 feet long, in fact, nearly a third of a mile—appropriately located in an abandoned mental hospital. The call for hedgehogs brought protests, yes, but hedgehogs too, as well as the flamingos also needed for the croquet party, complete with a flamingo keeper who was forthwith bundled into costume. ("The idea that I'd knock them through hoops—aaagh!" says Miller, who is as British as the next man in the matter of kindness to animals. "I happened to want some hedgehogs simply to move around on the ground.")

The search for locations, Miller says, put all sorts of ideas into his head: "The book itself is full of intimations about the countryside: visions of nature which are slowly going to be obliterated by the corruptions of adult life. Journeying through England at the height of summer, I got this sudden sense of the magic lurking beneath the vegetation. It is a very old country indeed, full of gnomes and angels and apocalypses of one sort or another."

A lush setting was found for the Mad Hatter's tea party at a vast, parklike private estate in Oxfordshire, abounding in walled gardens, with an orchard where the tea table was laid out. The Pool of Tears scene was done at the derelict Neo-Gothic Donington Hall, near Nottingham, where there is an old swimming pool hidden under the floorboards, available only through a trapdoor. "When I was a child," says Miller, obviously delighted at this find, "I was fascinated by the idea that my house was larger inside than it could possibly be from the outside. There was always the intoxicating possibility that if one pried open the floorboards there was another whole universe."



Directing his cast, Miller strives for comic effects in keeping with the oblique ones in the book. "I don't like comedy played in front and center of the screen," he says.

Alice's plunge down the rabbit hole plunked her, of course, into that universe, and to Miller it is as real as the one she left behind. "The book," he says, "obviously

Magnavox stereo... the magnificent way to enjoy the full beauty of music in your home.

ASTRO-SONIC STEREO brings you music with unequaled tonal dimension and fidelity from your records, or stereo FM and FM/AM radio. This superb performance is maintained with lasting reliability because advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes, ends component-damaging heat. Micromatic record player banishes record wear. All this in elegant cabinetry you will admire and enjoy for years.

Magnavox is sold *direct* through franchised dealers, listed in the Yellow Pages, saving you middleman costs. Solid-state stereo console phonographs from **$149.50** and portable stereo from **$39.90.**

the magnificent **Magnavox**
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

If you can trust us with your appendix, you can trust us with your beard.

The same people who make Personna stainless steel razor blades also make surgical blades.

More stainless steel surgical blades than anyone in the United States.

And, oh, are those surgeons fussy.

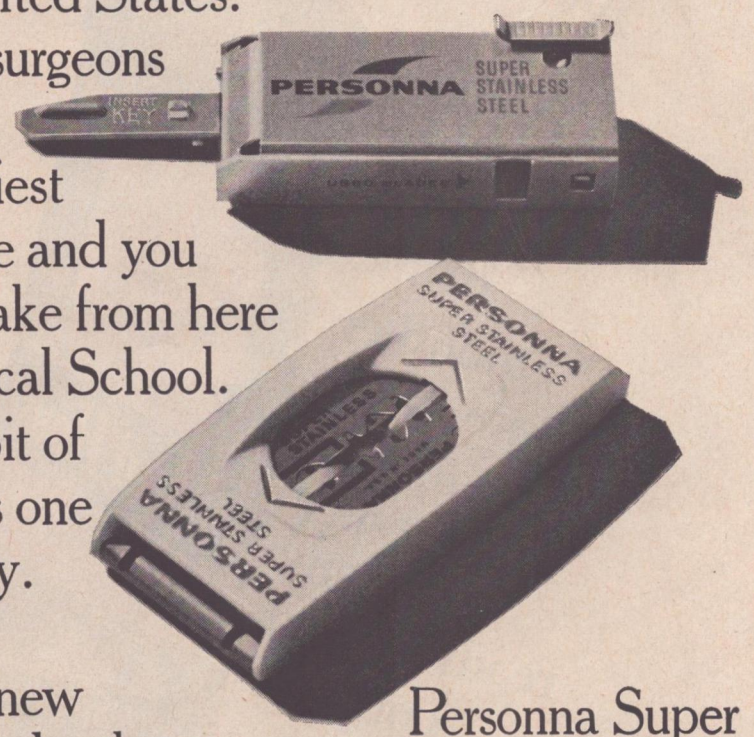
The teeniest, weeniest imperfection in a blade and you can feel the ground shake from here to Kookamonga Medical School.

We formed the habit of making surgical blades one way, and one way only.

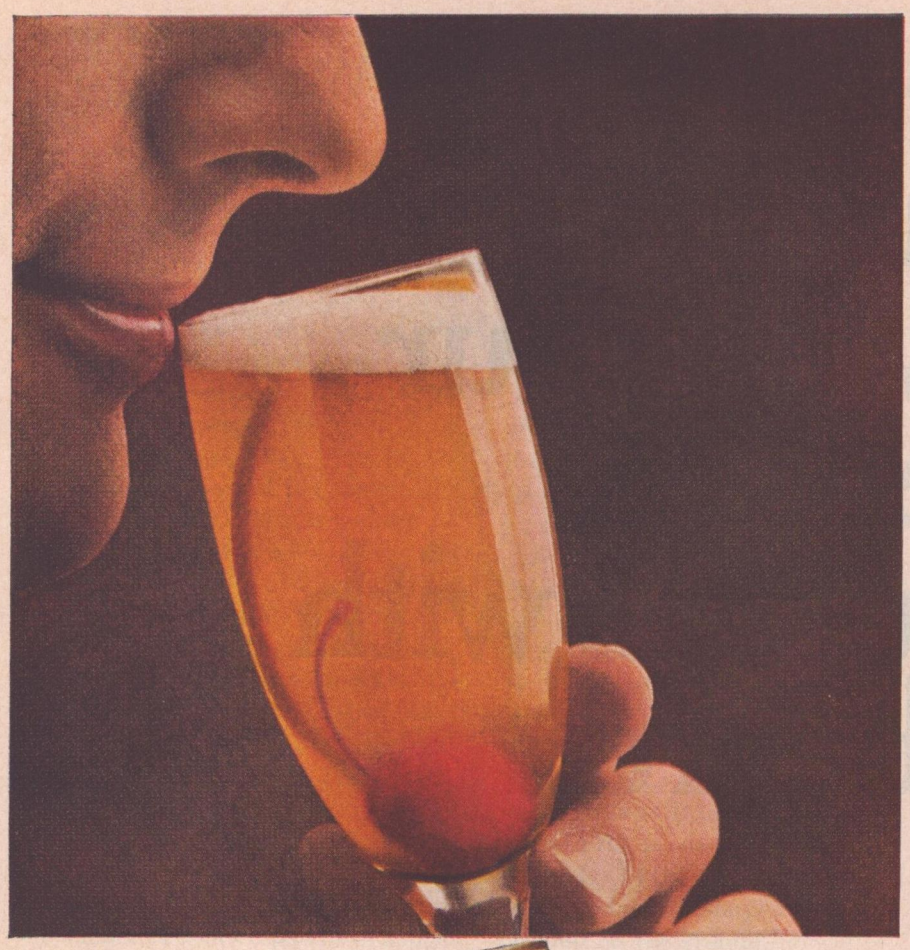
Flawlessly.

And we make our new super stainless razor blades the same way.

If you like the shave we give you, just chalk it up to our experience with your appendix.



Personna Super Stainless



The reason is right at the tip of your tongue*:

Holland House makes a better drink.

Smoother than any other cocktail mix, fresher than any ready-mixed cocktail.

*More reasons? Write in for "The Anatomy of a Cocktail," which explains why Holland House Cocktail Mixes are the largest-selling in the nation and the world. It's yours for the asking. All you do is write to Holland House Brands, Inc., Woodside, New York 11377.

Whiskey Sour, Manhattan, Daiquiri, Gimlet, Martini, Bloody Mary, Old-Fashioned, Sidecar, Collins, Mai Tai, Margarita.

'Not for an audience reared on Jerry Lewis'

ALICE CONTINUED

isn't just a fairy story. It's about two very important human things. First, it's about growing up, something which very few books are really about. Second, it's about what it's like to be a dreamer, to dream. It also happens to be a very funny book."

He goes on, and now it is Miller, the licensed physician and neurologist, who diagnoses: "The film is a child's vision, magnified and distorted through a dream, of what it's like to be a young person in a very authoritarian Victorian household. The book, by dressing things up in animal clothes, presents a disguised—a dream-disguised—domestic charade. The Duchess is not really a duchess. She's the new nanny looking after Alice's younger brother. The Queen is obviously Alice's mother and the King her father—these are dream forms, and there are always disputes going on between the mistress of the house and the nanny about the bringing-up of children. All the levels of authority and order-giving and obedience are reflected. The story is a tissue of crime and punishment.

"The males are ineffectual, curiously emasculated—odd visitors, resident uncles, with no function. The Mock Turtle is one of those English upper-middle-class gentry, faintly queer, wealthy, sensitive, with a sort of interest in the arts—but without any talent. The Gryphon is another footling character with no occupation, but more cynical about himself. The Mock Turtle probably has an aging mother he's enormously fond of, while the Gryphon obviously has mignonettes in Paris.

"The Caterpillar is altogether more sinister, asking the child impenetrable, slightly sadistic questions—'Who are you?' He might almost be a professor of ecclesiastical history, who would know that existential questions of this sort would upset a child."

What about the Mad Hatter's tea party, Dr. Miller? "Almost a Chekhovian episode—three avuncular figures set out there in the orchard, drowsing under the summer sun, quizzing the child and asking each other conundrums. What Carroll described at the tea party are in fact three classic, textbook psychoses clearly differentiated. The March Hare is a case of involutional melancholia—nervous agitation, and he cocks his head to listen to voices, answers Alice at a tangent as though he had heard a different question. The Dormouse is Korsakov's syndrome, toxic degenerative psychosis, loss of memory with confabulation—have you heard about the conference of neurologists where one brain specialist asked another researcher the exact location of the center for confabulation and got the answer 'Harvard'?—and the Mad Hatter is a chronic, low-level manic, always smiling a little, gleeful and good-humored, gesturing, rubbing his hands, his eyes a little demented."

Such psychoses, of course, are not without their tragic overtones. But Miller, in his own gleeful, gesturing, Mad Hatter manner, wants the show to be funny, in a way that fits the tone of the book. "I don't like comedy played in the front and center of the screen," he says. "It's a basic law of comic grammar, I think, that the funniest things are those that are thrown away rather than thrust at you. Of course this depends on an audience which has not been brought up on Jerry Lewis and Dick Van Dyke.

"The book is also about the loss of childhood irresponsibility. It starts out with the innocent child sitting on the riverbank. She falls to dreaming, and in the course of the dream encounters a whole series of hectoring martinets who boss her around, send her here and there, tell her to fetch gloves, fans, to keep her mouth shut. Gradually she grows up, becomes more independent: the final moment of the film and the book is a most symbolic representation of childhood ending, the symbol of responsibility—when you can be brought before a court. At the end, the court rounds on Alice for being two miles high, for being too big, for being grown up."

Fire...how can you save children like the McCarthys?

One night while baby-sitting for her little brother, Betty McCarthy, age 14, smelled smoke. She ran along the hall, which was filling with smoke, toward the bedrooms. Her brother was sound asleep.

Betty knew she had to act fast. Fortunately, she had been taught what to do.

She grabbed two blankets and wrapped her brother and herself in them as protection against flames and heat. Then the two of them crawled under the thickening smoke to the front door. Betty placed her hand on the door. She knew if it felt hot, she would have to use another way out. The door was cool.

Betty and her brother got out, went to a neighbor's and promptly put in a call to the fire department.

What could have been a terrible tragedy was avoided because their parents had rehearsed Betty and her brother in what to do.

Every family should have a plan of escape in case of fire—and rehearse it.

Here are 10 important rules to follow:

1. Get out of the house fast. Do not delay for any reason.

2. Be sure everyone knows at least *two* ways to get out of the house from each room, especially upstairs bedrooms.

3. Teach older children how to open windows (and screens) which face onto a fire escape or roof.

4. Feel a door for heat before opening it. If hot, do not open. Closed doors hold back flames and smoke.

5. Always close a door you have opened in a burning house whether you leave the room or not.

6. Remember that smoke and hot gases can be as dangerous as flames.

7. If you have to go through a smoke-filled room, keep low, take short breaths, and cover your nose and mouth with a cloth—preferably a damp one.

8. Decide beforehand where everyone should meet after leaving the house.

9. Don't return to a burning house. "Once out—stay out."

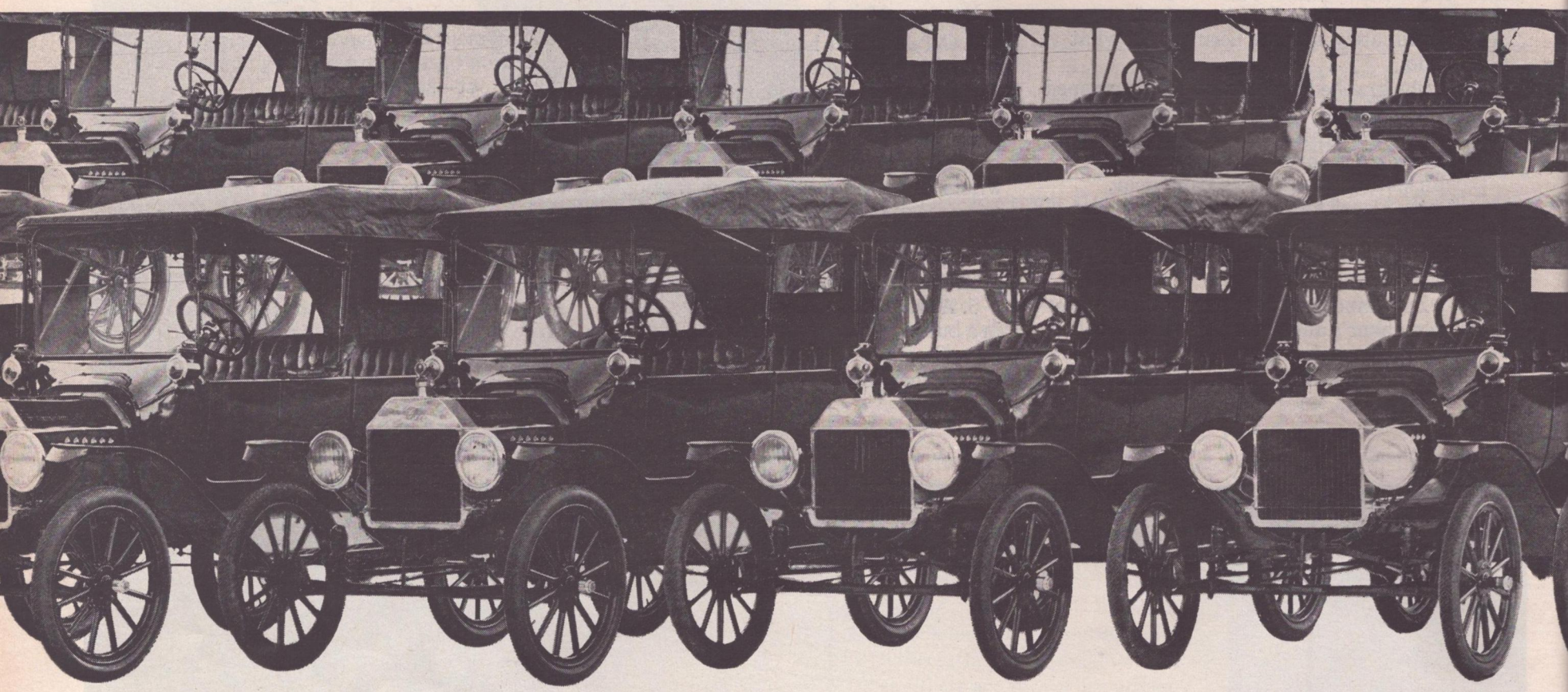
10. Report the fire at once on your neighbor's phone or at the nearest alarm box.

Metropolitan has published a booklet —*Panic or Plan?*—that covers a number of potential threats to your family's health and safety, and tells you how you can be ready for them.

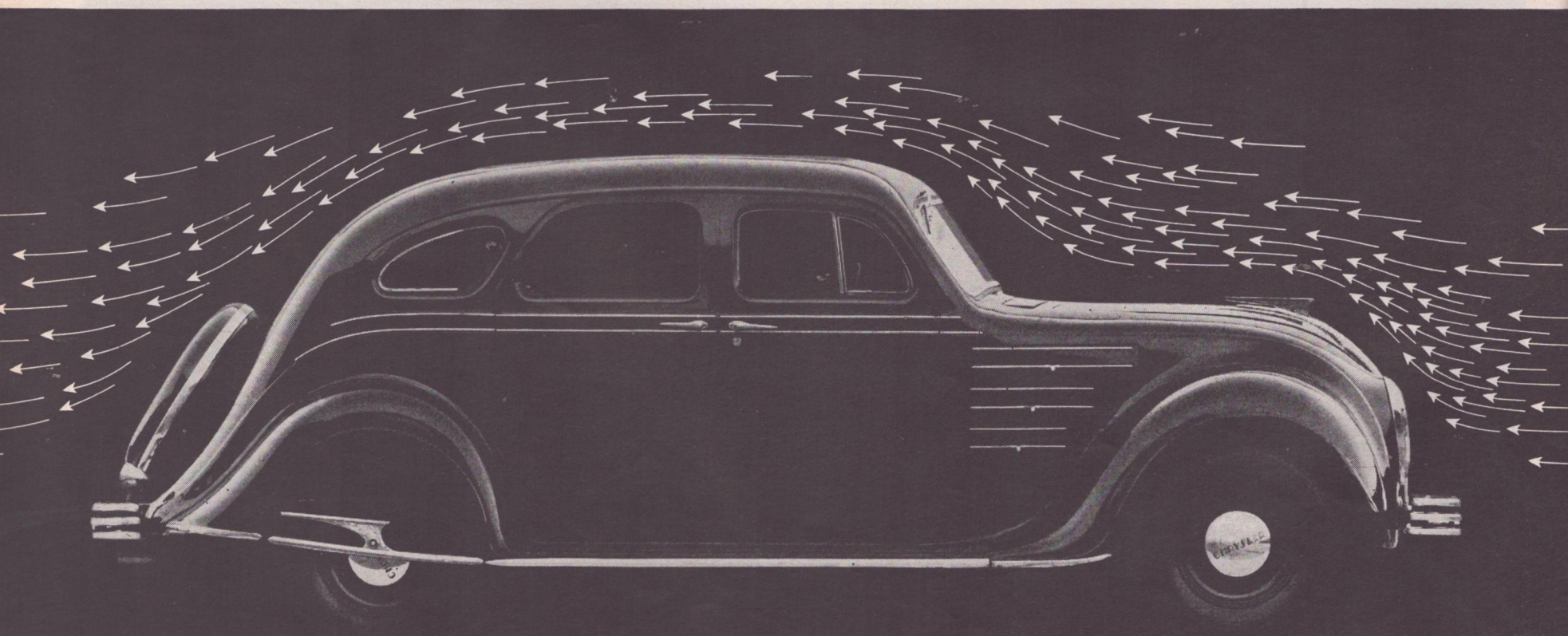
For a free copy, write to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dept. A116, One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

Three ideas that shook



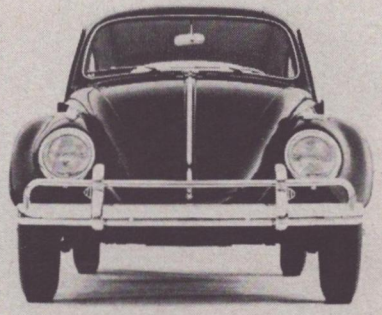
Mass production (Ford's Model T): "Any color you want, as long as it's black," was the theory. Henry Ford built one standard model that almost everyone could afford to buy. The "T" put the country on wheels.



Streamlining (Chrysler's Airflow): The Airflow was the first new car that looked like a new car. It was a magnificent flop in 1934 because it was way ahead of its time. But it left its mark on every car since.

the automotive world.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.



The small car (Volkswagen's Volkswagen): The VW came along and offered a sensible size, low price, high gas mileage, utter reliability, careful workmanship and a shape that was always in style. You can still get one.

The on-board drama of the fire that racked 'Oriskany'

A Carrier's

Agony —Hell Afloat

At stations just below Oriskany's *flight deck, crewmen turn to see a pink-white firelit cloud* (left) *ballooning out from the hangar deck three levels below. On the hangar deck itself, desperate sailors* (above) *wheel a 1,000-pound bomb on its dolly toward the side to jettison it.*

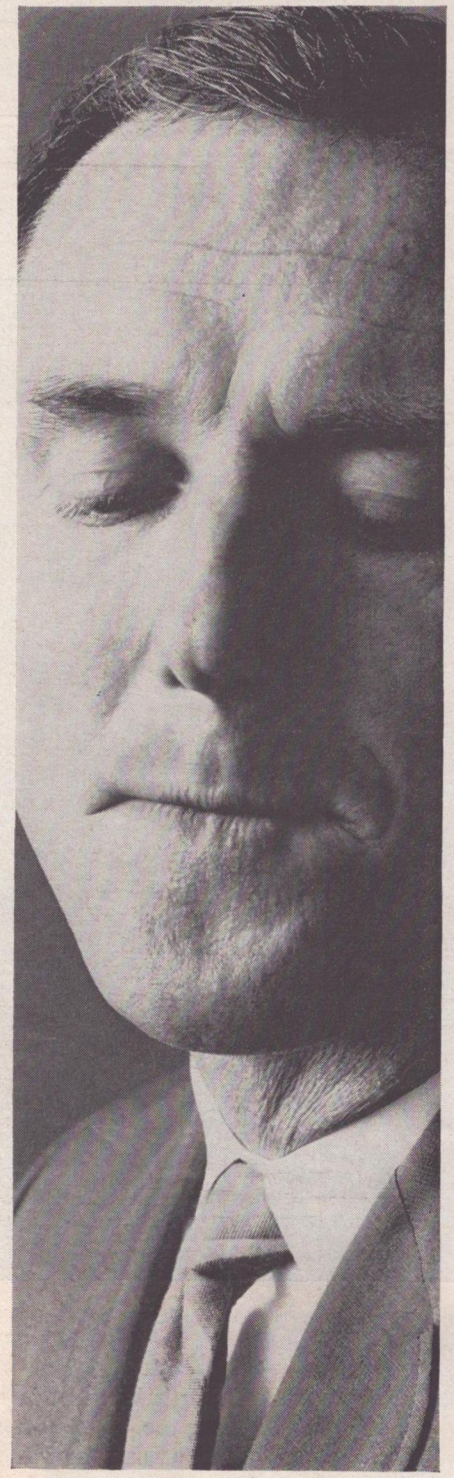
T-A/G
ICER

On smoke-laced flight deck (above), *fire fighters get a high-pressure hose into position. Others* (lower left) *manhandle a jet out of danger. Below, crewmen keep a safety line on sailor who is inside trying to rescue trapped shipmates.*

On station off North Vietnam in the Gulf of Tonkin, the 42,000-ton U.S. carrier *Oriskany* was in mortal danger from the second a magnesium flare somehow exploded on her hangar deck. The fire spread to other flares and then to combat-ready aircraft, and in its path lay rockets and bombs of all sizes. "If the bombs had gone off," said an officer afterward, "we would have lost the ship." Amid choking clouds of acrid white smoke, which swirled down through the forward third of the ship and suffocated those trapped there, brave crewmen reached the bombs and heaved them over the side. But in less than three hours, 43 officers and men died. And some of those who survived had harrowing tales to tell of endurance, luck and heroism (*see article beginning on next page*).

At tragic cost, cold courage saves the ship

CONTINUED 107



**Pardon me...
but your lips are showing.**

Use 'Chap Stick' before you need it.

Look at your lips. Are they as smooth as they can be? Or aren't they kinda dry . . . kinda wrinkled? 'Chap Stick' lip balm helps you prevent all that. Keeps your lips comfortably moist and smooth. And keeps away chapping, cracking, roughness. Wherever you are, your lips are showing. So put on 'Chap Stick' protection, and smile like you mean it!

Use 'Chap-ans' for hands
BOTH ARE FAVORITES IN CANADA

'Chap Stick' and 'Chap-ans' are Reg. T.M.'s © 1966
Chap Stick Company, Lynchburg, Va. • a subsidiary of A. H. ROBINS COMPANY

'Fire in Alpha 107 Mike!'

by DON MOSER

Far down in the complex innards of *Oriskany* there is a compartment called Damage Control Central, and in this room is a panel covered with scores of small amber lights, each one of them connected to a heat sensor somewhere in the ship. At 21 minutes after 7 on this morning—just as the aircraft carrier is getting ready to launch her first strike of the day—the light blinks on beneath a label reading: A107M. Simultaneously a bell begins to ring. The sailor on duty immediately picks up the telephone, dials 222 and tells the bridge, "I have a fire alarm indication for Alpha 107 Mike."

On the bridge the bosun's mate clangs *Oriskany*'s shining, chrome-plated fire bell and his voice rings out in loudspeakers throughout the ship. "Fire, fire, fire in frame 42! This is no drill! This is no drill!"

Aboard any aircraft carrier on extended operations fire alarms are commonplace and nothing for most people to panic about. But the Damage Control Officer worries about all of them. "Every time I hear that alarm I die a little," Lt. Commander Mel Berg says. Seconds after hearing this alarm he has made it from the wardroom, where he has just finished breakfast, across the ship to Control Central. When he walks in, the man on duty says, "Sir, we have a fire in Alpha 107 Mike," and Berg knows immediately that this one will be bad. "Alpha" means only that the fire is in the forward part of the ship; "107" indicates that it is on the starboard side of the hangar deck, beneath the great flight deck. But "Mike" means magazine.

Deep in *Oriskany*'s ample belly in Elevator Pumproom No. 1—at the sixth level, about as far down as a man can get at that particular point—19-year-old Fireman Claude Harper hears the alarm and the call to general quarters that follows it. But since the pumproom—servicing the giant hydraulic elevator that lifts planes from the hangar up onto the flight deck—*is* his general quarters station, Harper makes no attempt to leave, not even when thick, acrid smoke begins blowing into the room through the three 14-inch air vents. He moves to close them, but they are jammed—tight.

Harper happens to be a bug on physical culture. He can lie on his back and raise a 170-pound barbell three times on a single breath. But now, for all his well-trained muscles, he cannot get the vents shut. The smoke keeps billowing in on him, each lungful like a breath of acid, and Harper begins coughing like a consumptive. He grabs fistfuls of rags and stuffs them into the vents, but the powerful draft simply blasts them back into his face.

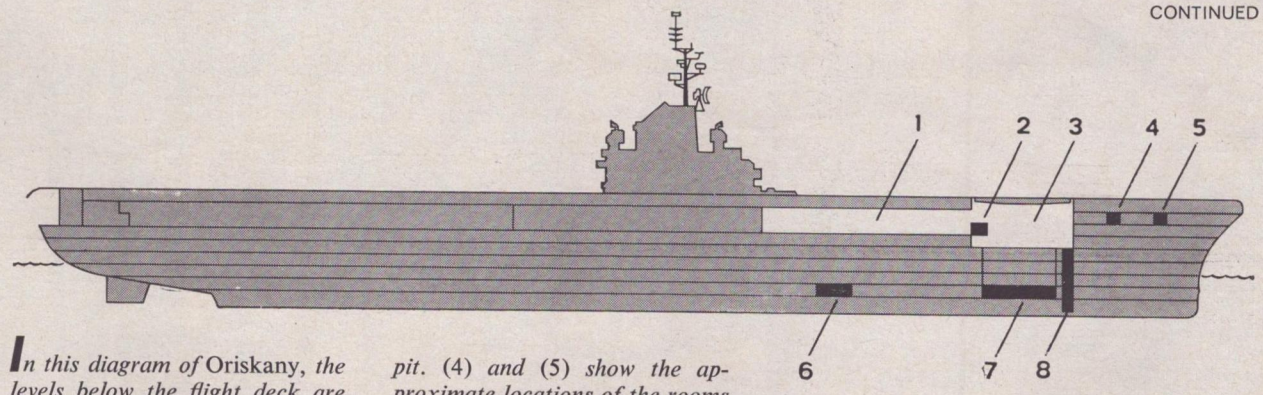
Gray-haired Lt. (j.g.) Bob Williamson, the ship's fire marshal, sprints down the deck. Williamson has been around fighting fires a long time—17 years as an enlisted man before he was commissioned last year—and as soon as he gets forward in Hangar Bay 1 he knows what Berg already knows. This one is going to hurt. Somehow a magnesium parachute flare has gone off in the forward flare locker where several hundred other flares are ranged in racks beside it, ready to go at any minute.

Already the fire—some 5,400° F hot—has burned clear through a steel bulkhead and out where the aircraft are parked. Men on the hangar deck have broken out a pair of hoses and, standing just behind the nozzlemen, Williamson guides them forward into the flame. Water will not put out the burning magnesium—virtually nothing will—but his only chance now is to use plenty of water to cool things down and try to keep anything else from catching fire.

For a few minutes Williamson and his men press ahead. Then a huge fireball explodes from the locker as most of the rest of the flares ignite in a chain reaction. The fireball races down the long hangar bay at ceiling height, over the heads of Williamson and his men. They are knocked flat but, astonishingly, no one is hurt. Unperturbed, Williamson picks himself up and moves forward again with the hoses. As more flares keep exploding, great gouts and balloons of fire burst from the locker and suddenly bits of white-hot magnesium are coming down on Williamson like rain, setting his gray hair afire. Aircraft parked in the bay begin to burn. The fire is barely five minutes old.

The internal geography of a great aircraft carrier is incoherent—a

CONTINUED



In this diagram of Oriskany, *the levels below the flight deck are shown and the relative positions of many of the characters in the accompanying article can be seen.* (1) *is Hangar Bay One, where the fire started at* (2), *the flare locker.* (3) *is the aircraft elevator pit.* (4) *and* (5) *show the approximate locations of the rooms of Commander Bellinger and Lt. Commander Reynolds.* (6) *is Damage Control Central.* (7) *is the pumproom where Harper was trapped and* (8) *is the "void" in which 1 men escaped suffocation.*

"Beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans"

These seven famous words come in your choice of models.

Your pocketbook should never stand between you and Hoover.

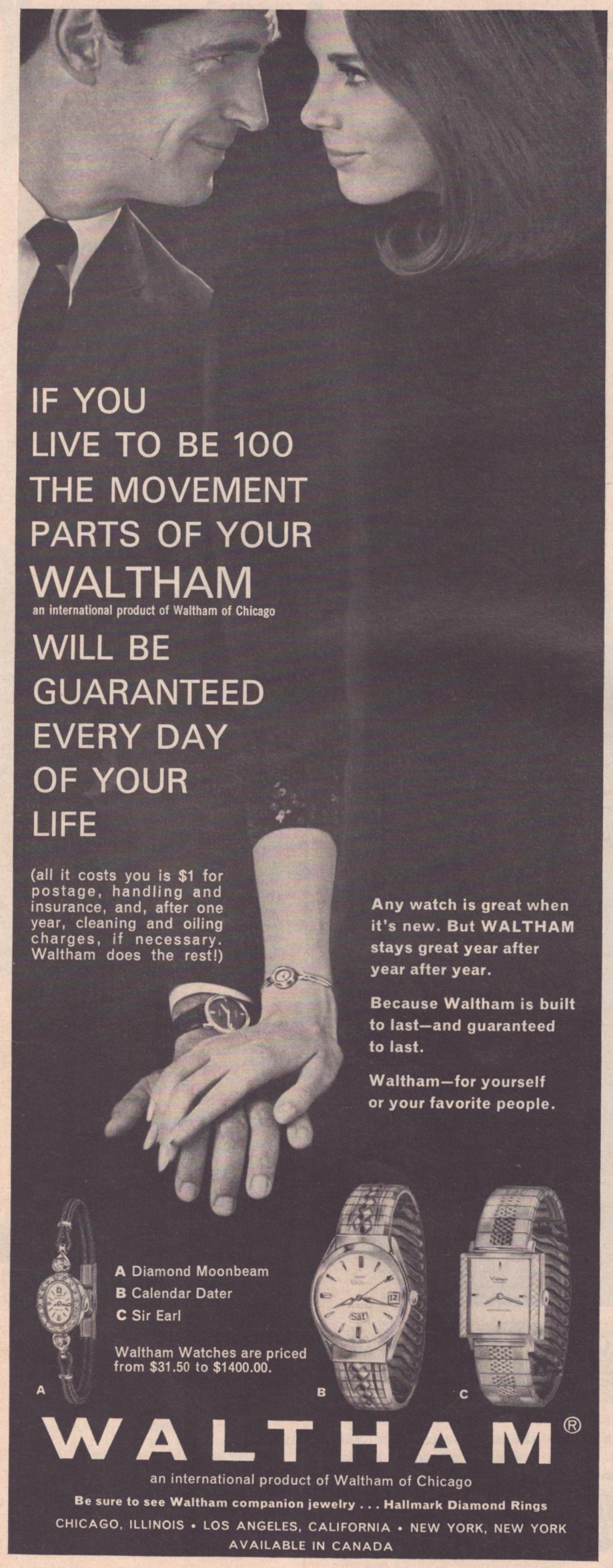
For we make not one but several upright vacuum cleaners. All with that famous "beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans" action. But all with different prices. Including one that fits your budget quite nicely.

Three examples. You can buy a Hoover Dial-A-Matic for about $99.95. Or a Hoover Convertible for around $74.95. Or a Hoover Convertible Special for something like $54.95.

Buy the one you can afford. But buy the one you can't afford to be without.

That's the one with "beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans" action.

And that's Hoover.



Deadly fireballs kill men in their tracks

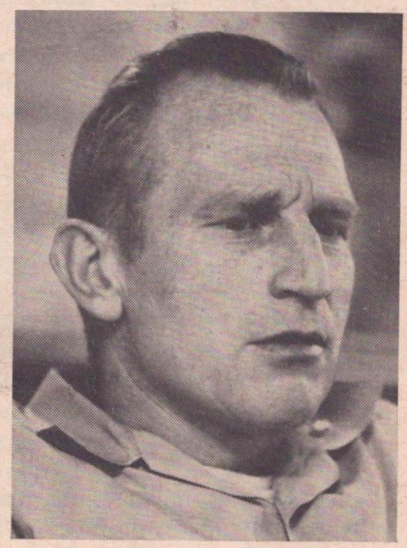
ORISKANY CONTINUED

three-dimensional maze of compartments, hatches, ladders, storerooms, passageways and cul-de-sacs. Even under ordinary circumstances it takes a man a long time to learn his way around, and on this Wednesday morning smoke from the burning magnesium in Alpha 107 Mike, sucked through the ship by the ventilating system, strikes men blind, chokes them, sends them aimlessly stumbling through the labyrinth of the forward section, groping helplessly in the darkness. Some, unable to see where they are, suffocate within feet of hatches that would lead them to safety. Fireballs shoot down the forward passageways. Those men who are caught in them die instantly, their lungs burned out.

Quartermaster Second Class David Willis, 22, finds an ordinary electrical extension cord, tells the 10 young sailors with him in his compartment to grab hold at intervals and then leads them through the twisting passages until they come to a turning they all recognize. There they drop the extension cord and tumble out onto the deck. Willis finds an O.B.A. —oxygen breathing apparatus— and charges back inside to see if he can help anyone else. He soon gets lost himself as the passages clog with smoke. Then his oxygen gives out. Cool as ice, Willis sits down on the spot, thinks things over carefully, finally searches out the extension cord where it had been dropped. He knows now where he is and once again makes his way out to safety.

Skyraider pilots Commander Gordon Smith and Lt. Commander Jim Harmon, who had escaped to the deck from their quarters, return again and again to the perilous corridors, getting down on their hands and knees to see under the smoke, groping about on bunks until they touch bodies of men who are perhaps dead, perhaps alive—they cannot tell which—and hauling them up to light and air. They stay down until their O.B.A.s give out and then somehow make it back to safety. On deck they take a few gulps of straight oxygen from a bottle. Each time one of them feels about to give out, the other says, "Well, ready to go again?" And off they go, back down into the smoke and fire.

Lt. Commander Marvin Reynolds, clad only in skivvies and a T-shirt, choking and half-blinded from the smoke in his personal quarters, somehow finds a wrench that will open his porthole. He starts to work frantically. "Now just take it easy," he tells himself. "If you let this wrench slip and lose it in the smoke, you've bought the farm." Eventually he wrestles the port open and sticks his head out. But no sooner has he taken a couple of breaths than his T-shirt and skivvies catch on fire. So does everything else in the room, including the fishnets and plastic flowers with which he's tried to make the place homey. Reynolds grabs a blanket, soaks it in the washbasin, wraps it around his body and ducks back to the porthole. Five minutes later the blanket is smoldering.



Skyraider pilot Commander Gordon Smith got out of his quarters safely and then returned time and again to the ship's burning interior to find other survivors.

For a while there is this crazy thing between Reynolds and the fire. Fire keeps blasting into the room through the louvers in the door, but Reynolds, who has been risking his neck against MiGs and flak every day of his life, is damned if he's going to die this way. He keeps dashing to the washbasin, wetting down sheets and blankets, wrapping himself up in them and sticking his head out the porthole to breathe till he starts catching fire again. Then he sprints back to the washbasin.

At last during one of the periods when he has his head out the porthole he looks up and there, on the

CONTINUED

MOGEN DAVID GOES DRY—TOO!

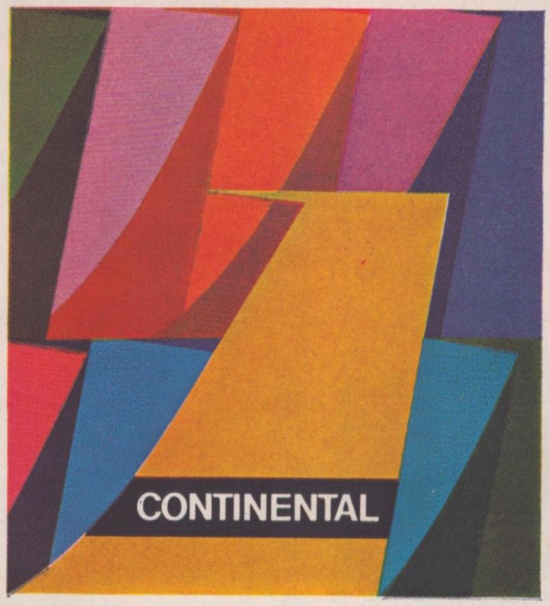
The tastes are superb. The decanters are tall. The wines are Mogen David®—Dry.

Make the dry scene with the new Mogen David Dry Wines. They've got a smart, delicious taste all their own. A sophisticated taste that adds excitement to any party, zest to any meal, delightful anytime. They're new from Mogen David, so drink them dry—Dry Concord, Dry Red, Dry Sauterne and Burgundy. They're the wines of today...and tomorrow. Try them tonight.

Mogen David Dry Concord, Dry Red, American Dry Sauterne and American Burgundy Wines. Produced and bottled by Mogen David Wine Corp., Chicago, U.S.A.

gold is the color of our proud bird's tail

so?



So next time you're at an airport watching different airplanes take-off and land — you'll know which ones are Continental's. But that's all you'll know because the color of any airplane's tail isn't too revealing. In fact, today there are no visible differences between airlines. When it comes to airlines what you don't see counts much more. It's what you feel that really matters. On Continental, you feel pride . . . the pride of Continental's people in their jobs, in themselves, in their airline. You can't see it — you feel it . . . all around you . . . all the time. This extra measure of pride is understandable when you consider that Continental is not a great big, impersonal airline. So Continental's people are not lost in a great big shuffle — and neither are you! It's not so much what they do but rather how they do it. That's what you feel — and you feel good. Comfortable. Confident! Travel with us and feel the difference pride makes. Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it . . . please call. Come to think of it — we couldn't have picked a prouder color than gold.

CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

Naked, the gunfighter bails out of his porthole

ORISKANY CONTINUED

catwalk above him, is big old Bosun's Mate Noel Hartford.

"What are you doing?" Hartford asks.

"Well, right now I'm burning up," Reynolds replies.

"Hold on," says Hartford and goes off to see what he can find that might be of help.

Meanwhile Commander Richard Bellinger, skipper of the carrier's Crusader squadron, is having a problem down in his quarters. Bellinger's recent life has been full of problems, as a matter of fact. A few months ago he was shot down by a MiG and had to be rescued from the water. Then, a few weeks ago, he got into a fight with a MiG-21, faster than his own ship. Bellinger evened his personal score by putting a Sidewinder up the MiG's tailpipe. He likes to talk about himself and his men as "the last of the gunfighters." Now the problem is what to do about the fire.

He has his porthole open and can breathe a little, but the passageway outside his door is full of flames and his room is soon going to be incinerated, no doubt about that. So Bellinger does the only thing he can do. He takes off all his clothes and starts squeezing his 205 pounds through the porthole. There is a covered walkway outside so there is no danger of his going overboard. But the porthole is small and Bellinger is not. Reaching out, he grabs a heavy cable and pulls and pulls and pulls against it. His chest gets through and his belly—and then he is stuck. He makes one more mighty effort and pops out of the porthole like a cork out of a bottle—safe, and naked as a jaybird.

Five minutes after the outbreak of the fire, a knot of men gathers in the choking passages of Officers' Country on the second deck just below the exploding flares in Alpha 107 Mike. The senior officer is Commander Charles A. Lindbergh (Cal) Swanson, the Exec for Gunfighter Bellinger's squadron. Most of the other men are junior officers. They are joined right away by two enlisted men: Bosun's Mates Third Class David Cox and Jerry Robinson.

These two are normally in charge of shipboard repairs, but for the last few minutes they have been bursting into officers' rooms and trying to get people out. Cox finds an O.B.A. locker, pulls out the masks and starts to show people how to use them. Meanwhile Robinson turns around and sees an apparition moving toward him through the gloom—an officer stumbling down the passageway, caroming from one bulkhead to another like some kind of human billiard ball. Blood is running from a deep gash in his head. A moment later he sees Robinson, stops, then turns and careens back down the passageway.

The man is obviously in deep shock and Robinson, reacting quickly, runs after him and grabs him by the arm. When he does, the officer's skin simply sloughs off in Robinson's hand, and Robinson realizes that the man is horribly burned. "Sailor, I'm dying," the officer says.

A few yards down the passageway Cox climbs up a ladder, opens a hatch leading to the hangar deck and sees a fireball go booming past over his head. When he climbs back down, Cox tells Commander Swanson, "The only place we can go now is down."

From the passageway there is a hatch leading down into what the men on the ship call a "void" but which is really a cramped rectangular trunk that drops straight down from the second deck to the seventh. A ladder runs down one side and small platforms jut out at each level of the ship. At each level there is a storeroom used for occasional supplies.

For Cal Swanson it is a nasty decision. If the ship is in danger of sinking, trapping himself and his men at the bottom of a blind shaft could be disastrous. But if they stay where they are much longer, men will begin to drop from asphyxiation. Swanson gives the order to go down into the void and seal the hatch behind them.

Soon there are 13 of them in there, including the poor burned devil whom they somehow lowered down, all corked up tight in their well. The men distribute themselves on the platforms at different levels in order to equalize the demands on air. Somewhere Cox and Robinson have found a heavy wrench and now they are working their way systematically down the void, knocking off the padlocks on the storerooms and opening the doors to make the extra air inside the s orerooms available.

But the brass locks are solid and it takes almost 10 minutes of steady

CONTINUED

What does the Red Cross do with your* money?

Last year, Red Cross helped over 444,000 servicemen and their families. They received everything from assistance with personal and family problems to help in obtaining emergency leave, and financial assistance in time of family crises. Whether he's stationed in Viet Nam, like the airman above, or in Fort Dix, New Jersey, the serviceman's strongest link with home is your Red Cross worker. Your dollars keep him on the job. Support your Red Cross!

*The financial support of the Red Cross comes from voluntary contributions of private citizens — like **you.**

You can help too!

JOIN UP...JOIN IN!

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE ·

Even the box is comfortable.

And Hush Puppies® casuals are more so. Lighter than most. With soft soles. In foot-flexible Breathin' Brushed Pigskin® as well as smart smooth leather. With steel shanks for support. They make great Christmas gifts. Many fresh, new styles from about $7 to $15, golf shoes to $18. At stores that insist shoes feel as good as they look. Don't you, too?

Look for our puppie in the shoe.

A gutsy sailor hoses down a red-hot bomb

ORISKANY CONTINUED

hammering to break each one, so it requires about an hour to reach the seventh—and bottom—level. There Robinson finds an old telephone set. It is badly corroded, but he plugs it in, pushes the talk button and asks, "Can anyone hear me? Can anyone hear me?"

No one can.

Methodically Robinson starts to take the phone apart and clean it. Just as he gets the pieces all spread out in front of him, the light bulbs in the void go out. It is a minute or so after 8:30.

In No.1 Pumproom young Claude Harper is getting nervous. For

Lt. Commander Marvin Reynolds stuck his head out a porthole to breathe—the room behind him and everything in it caught fire.

an hour and 10 minutes he has kept from suffocating by soaking rags in water and covering his face with them, but the smoke at his station is getting worse and worse. He picks up a phone and, coughing and shouting over the static, finally gets hold of his superior, Machinist's Mate First Class J. B. Tupper. "Get me an O.B.A. down here," Harper says, and Tupper promises to try. Harper lies down flat with a wet rag over his face. A minute later his lights go out, too.

Up on the hangar deck Williamson faces a scene out of Dante. Two helicopters and four fueled, combat-ready Skyhawks are on fire. Williamson has forgotten his burned scalp and is everywhere at once, getting his hoses where they will do the most good. MiG-killer Bellinger, having found a fireman's suit to cover his nakedness, is organizing O.B.A.s and fire-fighting equipment.

On another part of the deck Lt. (j.g.) Bob Davis is on hand, too. Davis is well-known on *Oriskany* as a great believer in life insurance. He has $60,000 worth of it, which is a lot on a junior officer's salary. Right now he is thankful for every penny. Davis is a qualified Navy diver but on *Oriskany* his job is ordnance disposal. At the moment he is standing in the middle of enough explosives to blow *Oriskany* clear out of the water, all of it ready to go at any minute. A tanker plane loaded with aviation fuel is parked near the fire. Fifty five-gallon drums of flammable paint are down in the elevator pits, 500 gallons of liquid oxygen are in the fire area, and bombs are everywhere. Crewmen swarm over the deck shoving planes on elevators to get them up out of the hangar. Two men pick up a 500-pound bomb between them, stagger to the side, toss it over and go back for another. A man stands calmly playing a hose on a 1,000-pounder so hot it turns the water into steam. Next to a flaming chopper one pint-sized young sailor wrestles a 2½-inch fire hose so heavily charged with pressure that it lifts him right up off the deck.

Boats Hartford, meanwhile, has found what he was looking for. He has a fire hose and is out on the catwalk again, trying to swing it down into the outstretched hand of poor Marv Reynolds, who is still breathing out of his porthole while the room behind him keeps catching on fire. The hose whips back and forth, back and forth, until Reynolds finally snags it and pulls it inside his porthole with him. From then until it is all over, Reynolds and that fire in his room are on something like even terms.

Down in the void Cal Swanson is trying to stanch the flow of blood from the badly burned officer's head with the handkerchief he'd been using to breathe through. His original group has been increased by some other survivors, one of whom while descending slips off the ladder, jack-knifes, and winds up wedged unconscious between the ladder and the bulkhead. Now there are two injured men down there.

CONTINUED

Trim-looking "Fritz" in brushed leather. Women's "Gigi" in brushed and smooth leather.

Girls love "Jody" in two-tone brushed leather. "Rufus" in brushed leather rates with boys.

Golf partners mix brushed and smooth leather. "Putter" for gals, "Blarney" for men.

Six of many new ways to make it a comfortable Christmas.

Look for our puppie in the shoe.

©1966, WOLVERINE WORLD WIDE, INC., ROCKFORD, MICH.—makers of Hush Puppies® casuals and Wolverine® brand shoes and boots, ski products and gloves.

A product of WOLVERINE WORLD WIDE

Need more nasal relief?

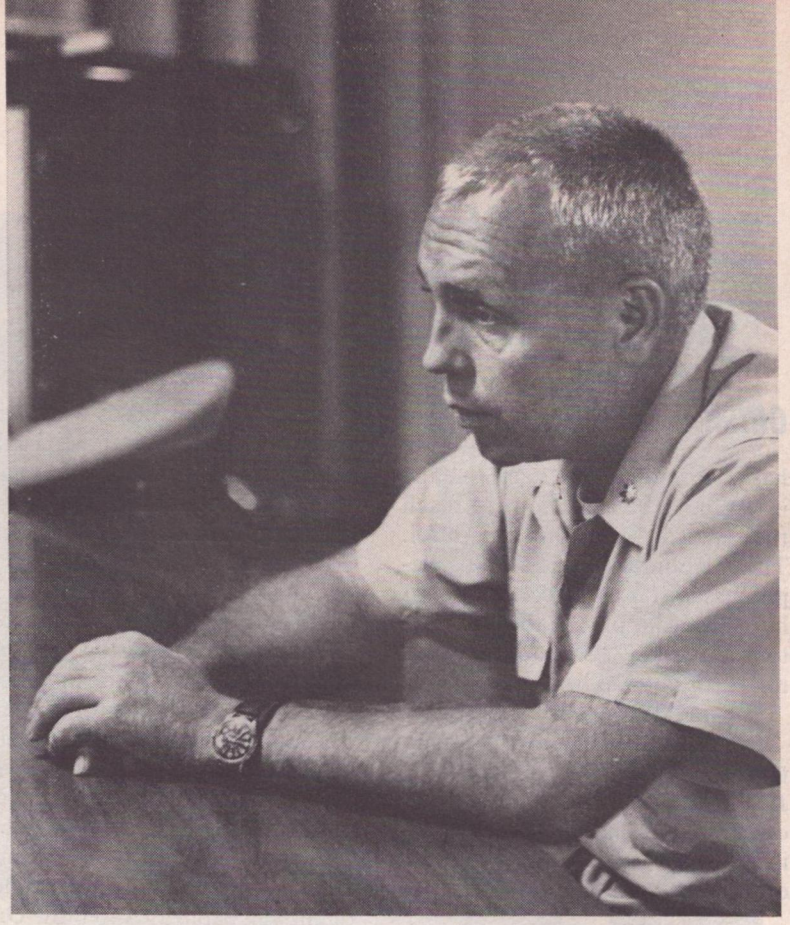
Dial it!

Dial 1...for heavy congestion. New Super Anahist Spray adjusts the dosage to your actual need. The extra medication gives you instant nasal-sinus relief. Helps you breathe easier for hours. Available in both mentholated or regular.

Dial 2...for mild congestion. Again as a doctor would do, the dial adjusts the dose—but in a finer mist spray! Decongestant, antihistamine, mucolytic in a clinical-strength formula no other spray offers! New Super Anahist Dial-Controlled Nasal Spray!

Super Anahist—first nasal spray with a special dial for heavy congestion.

©1966, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company



Commander Charles A. Lindbergh Swanson, fighter squadron Exec, led a chain of men to safety.

The burned officer is intermittently conscious. "Don't anybody touch me," he moans, and then, "Don't worry, Cal, I believe God is watching."

At about 9 o'clock down in Pumproom No. 1 Claude Harper, choking and coughing worse than before, gets Tupper on the telephone again. "I don't know what you guys are doing," he shouts, "but if you'll just get me an O.B.A. down here I'll be all right." Harper adds a few adjectives that he wouldn't normally use. Once again Tupper says that he's trying.

It makes no sense to Claude Harper, no sense at all. Why haven't they got him out of there? He gets to his feet, wet rags across his face, makes his way by the light of his cigaret lighter to a ladder and climbs up to the hatch, which has been shut and dogged down as part of the general quarters drill. The hatch seems to be leaking water. Now Harper starts to undo the scuttle, the smaller opening in the middle of the hatch; and when he forces it open, water cascades through, almost knocking him from the ladder. A solid waterfall keeps coming down on him through the scuttle, but if there's anybody around by now who has learned about breath control, it is Claude Harper.

The young sailor simply starts climbing straight up into the torrent. He forces his head up through the scuttle, then his shoulders and chest. He thrusts his arm up above his head. All he can feel up there is more water, as high as he can reach. Carefully he backs down the waterfall and closes the scuttle. Now Claude Harper knows what Tupper had not had the heart to tell him: tons of water from the fire hoses five decks above have drained down and sealed him in.

In the hot, smoky dark at the very bottom of the void Robinson and Cox are lying quietly, waiting, thinking, talking only a little. Robinson thinks about Murphy, North Carolina, his little home town back in the Smoky Mountains where he used to go out early on crisp October mornings with his .22 and pick the graytails and the fox squirrels neatly out of the high branches of the oaks, and where, on the last 4th of July before he joined the Navy, he rode with a great train of 500 mounted men and 96 covered wagons over the pass from Tellico Plains, Tenn. into North Carolina and they camped in the woods near Murphy and stayed up all night making music and square dancing.

"I think we're going to die down here," Cox says in the darkness.

"I'm going to fight it out till the last minute," Robinson says.

"Anyway," Cox says after a while, "I'm glad the two of us are together."

Throughout the morning bits of information from all over the ship pour in to Damage Control Central. In the cramped room 24 men work in an eerie, disciplined silence, for Mel Berg insists on quiet. The room is as yet unaffected by smoke. At a long table young phone talkers take calls on special telephones, scribble symbols on small chits, wordlessly hand them to the plotters who mark the data on their charts of the ship. The plotters then hand the chits to

CONTINUED

A child's education shouldn't stop at the three o'clock bell. There are always questions that need answering. Ideas to explore. Thoughts to express. It's in school, after school, in the home that children need The New Book of Knowledge.

Make the home hours count

With The New Book of Knowledge children develop the habit of finding the answers for themselves. And discovering new knowledge for themselves at home. The exciting style of writing makes knowledge interesting. Learning becomes fun.

Ten years of research

More than ten years of educational research and millions of dollars have been spent in developing The New Book of Knowledge; the first completely new alphabetical encyclopedia for children in the past thirty years. Every article was approved by educators who analyzed the curriculum requirements of schools across the nation.

Classroom Tested

The articles in The New Book of Knowledge were then tested in actual classroom use across the U.S.A. and in Canada. Result: Children understand the articles. They are related to today's school curriculum. So that when your child looks for information, he gets the same kind of answers he gets in school. Explained in language he understands. (If you happen to live in Tarrytown, ask Mrs. Braverman about it.)

What is in The New Book of Knowledge?

A 20-volume storehouse of knowledge. In its 9,442 pages you will find more than 22,400 illustrations (13,700 in color, more than any other encyclopedia.) 989 maps. Over 1,200 world-wide authorities contributed the 6,300,000 words in this brand-new set. There are over 85,000 index entries to make information easy to find.
We're offering a free booklet containing a number of excerpts from The New Book of Knowledge. Send for it.

The New Book of Knowledge
575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
Please send me free "The Story of The New Book of Knowledge." Tell me, too, about the Grolier Easy-Pay Educational Plan.
There are____children in my family, ages_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ County_____
State_____ Zip #_____
A publication of Grolier, Incorporated. 20-volumes blue and ivory Sturdite Binding.
Cash price $199.50 — $10 down, $10 a month.
ll-11-25-66

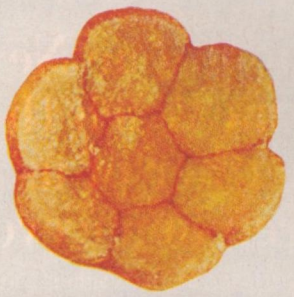
COMMENDED by PARENTS MAGAZINE

This advertisement is one of a series to strengthen the tie between parents and teachers, to bridge the gap between home and school.

R3

In 1621

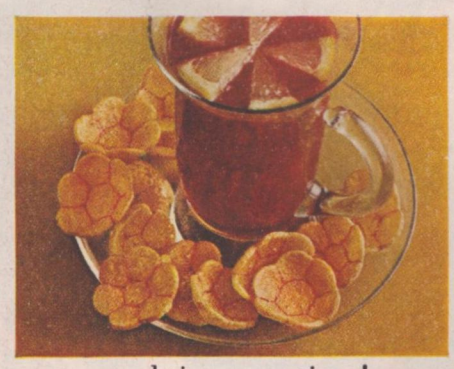
a Wampanoag Indian brought a snack to the first Thanksgiving Day dinner . . . *popcorn!*



In 1966

General Mills brings you a shapely new snack that looks like a daisy. A crunchy little corn flower . . . with a fresh new flavor!

For lunchtime, munchtime



snacktime, anytime!

Suddenly... snacks are in great shape!

Everybody's picking the Daisy*s!

Twice, a human chain to safety comes apart

ORISKANY CONTINUED

Berg himself. Berg reads and passes the papers to the status-board keeper, who, standing behind a big sheet of Plexiglas, posts the data in mirror writing.

The fire has been expanding, cropping up here and there all over the forward part of the ship, and Berg is chafing. He'd like to be up there fighting it instead of buried away down here merely keeping track of things, moving men and equipment from place to place.

After a while water begins seeping into the room through the escape scuttle above. The young phone talkers look at it apprehensively as it runs down the bulkhead. They are a long way down in the ship. Then reports come in that a man is overboard. Are people abandoning ship? "What the hell's going on up there?" one of the talkers bursts out.

Berg wheels on him: "Hey, hey, settle down, fellows!"

The void has become oppressively close and Commander Swanson has the tingly feeling he knows comes from lack of oxygen. He's got to get his men out of here. Young Cox opens the hatch and goes out with an O.B.A. He does not get far, but when he comes back he's got two men from a rescue party. The first problem is going to be getting the wounded officer—a big man—up the ladder and out the hatch.

"You've got to help," Swanson tells the burned man.

"O.K., Cal, I'll do it," he says, but he gets only one foot on the ladder and passes out. Swanson and the rescue men go about the grim, almost impossible business of lifting the man, clutching him by the clothes when his skin keeps coming off. Once through the hatch they lash him into a basket litter. A short way along the passageway they hit a sharp turn, and it takes them a few minutes to negotiate it with the litter.

Then Swanson goes back down the void and tells the other men to follow. He grabs the lieutenant who'd knocked himself out in falling from the ladder. "I don't think I can make it," the man gasps. "Goddammit, you've *got* to make it!" Swanson roars at him. Grabbing the lieutenant with one big arm, Swanson leads him through the hatch, shouting at the others to follow. Choking, Swanson and the lieutenant stumble through the smoke and dark until, finally, there is dim gray light ahead, and a moment later they stagger out into the light, into the air—clean, honest-to-God air.

Elated, Swanson turns around—to realize that there is nobody behind him—nobody. The men who were supposed to be following are still back in the void somewhere. So Swanson grabs two stretcher-bearers and an O.B.A. and starts back in again.

He finds the men still in the void where they have retreated after losing track of Swanson. One of them has passed out. Swanson can see that they'll all start dropping soon. He organizes them quickly but somehow the two stretcher-bearers he has brought back leave the void first, carrying the unconscious man, and when Swanson starts off with his human chain, he finds that the litter is jammed up again at the same bad corner. The smoke is even worse now, and a lieutenant right behind Swanson starts getting faint. Holding the lieutenant up and helping the stretcher-bearers at the same time, Swanson finally negotiates the corner and makes it out onto the deck for the second time. And once again he looks around and finds that, except for the lieutenant he's been helping, there is no one behind him.

For the third time Swanson goes back. This time he gets his human chain moving in the passageway. At the sharp corner he runs smack into two rescue men carrying a dead body. "Get out of the way!" Swanson yells through his mask. "I got people here who can walk!" At 10 a.m. Swanson once again stumbles out into the light, looks around, and there—thank God—there they are behind him, young Robinson bringing up the rear with the flashlight.

The telephone rings in the pump-room. The sound reaches Claude Harper's fogged brain. He fumbles for the instrument, finally gets it to his ear. "Take it easy, take it easy," Tupper says. "They're on their way." Harper says nothing. He cannot speak now. He tries to put the phone back on its cradle but it's no use. He doesn't have the strength to reach it. He slumps down again, lies there in the darkness and tries to keep his mind busy. "Everything's going to be all right," he tells himself again and again. But everything is not all

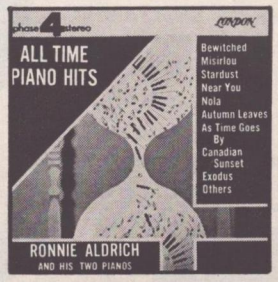
CONTINUED

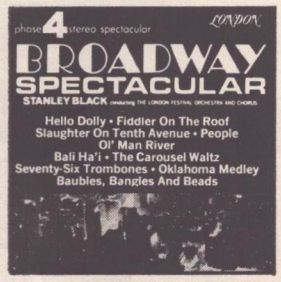
LONDON® phase 4 stereo®

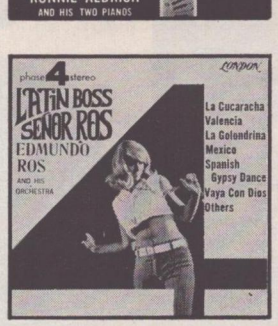
#1 in sound

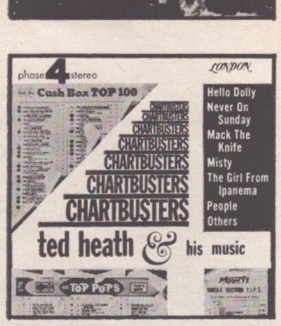
WHY?

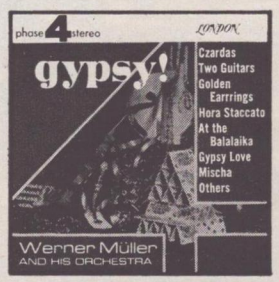
Because **phase 4 stereo** is a new point of view in recorded sound. *All stereo* from planning to production. The music selected, the arrangement it receives, the very placement of the instruments are all planned *solely* for stereo. With **phase 4 stereo** London Records has achieved a spacious clarity and brilliance of sound never before heard! And with unsurpassed musical integrity! To accomplish this, an electronic marvel was built. A twenty channel console mixer that combines and blends twenty different directional sounds into one precise musical perspective. The result... fresh *live* sound. The **phase 4 stereo** library offers Broadway and Hollywood spectaculars. Latin tempos, sound extravaganzas, piano favorites, big band performances and concert classics. Stereo truly becomes of age with **phase 4 stereo.**

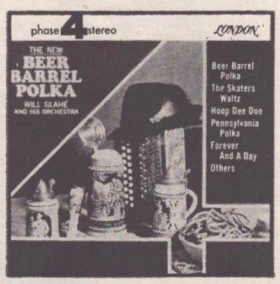


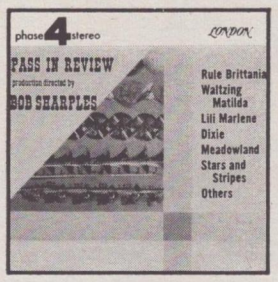


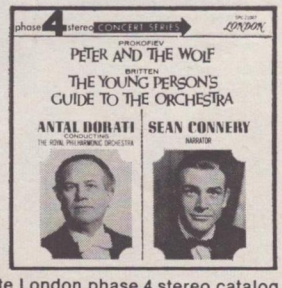


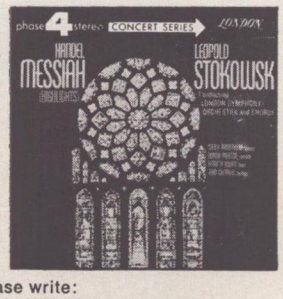












For complete London phase 4 stereo catalog please write:
London Records Inc., Dept. M, 539 W. 25th St. New York, N.Y. 10001

Number 1 in sales because it's Number 1 in sound

©Sony Corp. of America. Visit Our Showroom, 585 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Sony Side Show

Our 5" TV. For right-side-up or upside-down or any-way-you-want-it viewing. (No matter how you look at it you're getting a great picture.) Thanks to the Sony's solid state circuitry you can place the set anywhichway and it still won't get all shook up. (It's not very often you'll find a Sony flat on its back at the repair shop.) It works on an AC wall plug or clip-on battery pack. Its 24 non-heating transistors and flat-faced non-distorting picture tube give you a perfect picture at any position. And here's the beauty of a set like this: when you get tired of lying around on your back doing nothing all day, you can always turn on the TV and catch a little Sony on the side. **5" Anywhichway SONY® TV**

Scuba divers get to the last trapped man

ORISKANY CONTINUED

right. He has been in there with the smoke for hours. And after a while Harper does not think anymore.

At 10:30 a.m. Fire Marshal Bob Williamson passes the word to his phone talker, who passes it over the telephone to the talker in Damage Control Central, who writes it down on a chit of paper and passes it to the plotter, who hands it to Mel Berg: The fire is under control.

Half an hour later, Bomb Disposal Man Bob Davis runs into Lt. (j.g.) Jim Nunn and Machinist's Mate Tupper. Tupper has frantically been trying to get help for his man Harper who has been trapped for hours down in No. 1 Pumproom beneath God knows how many flooded compartments. Tupper has rustled up some scuba gear, and now he, Davis, Nunn and another sailor start down. Still three decks above Harper, they find five feet of water and face a difficult decision. If they let all the water drain down, they might drown the man they are trying to save. But there is no real choice. If they do not try, Harper will certainly die of suffocation. He may already be dead. Carefully, Nunn, Tupper and Davis work their way down through the third and fourth levels to the fifth. On the fifth level, in the vertical trunk above the hatch that leads to Harper, there is 10 or 12 feet of water. Now it's Davis' turn. In his scuba gear the well-insured Davis climbs slowly down the ladder into the dark water. He can see nothing. His battle lantern is worthless.

Bottom. Davis feels around carefully, finds the hatch in the murk. With his knife he bangs on it several times, waits for an answer from the pumproom. Nothing. He starts cracking the dogs that fasten the hatch and suddenly air bubbles stream from the edges. Davis dogs the hatch down again quickly, climbs back up the ladder. "There's air inside," he tells Tupper. What he wants to know is whether the pumproom is big enough to accept all the water in the vertical trunk above it without drowning the man. Tupper assures him that it is—unless the pumproom is almost filled with water now—so Davis kicks back down into the dark again and starts undoing the hatch.

In a few moments, down in No. 1 Pumproom, something penetrates the fog of Harper's mind, something at last. A voice saying "He's alive, he's alive!" and then a hand.

Fireman Claude Harper, who nearly suffocated at his post, was semiconscious when help arrived.

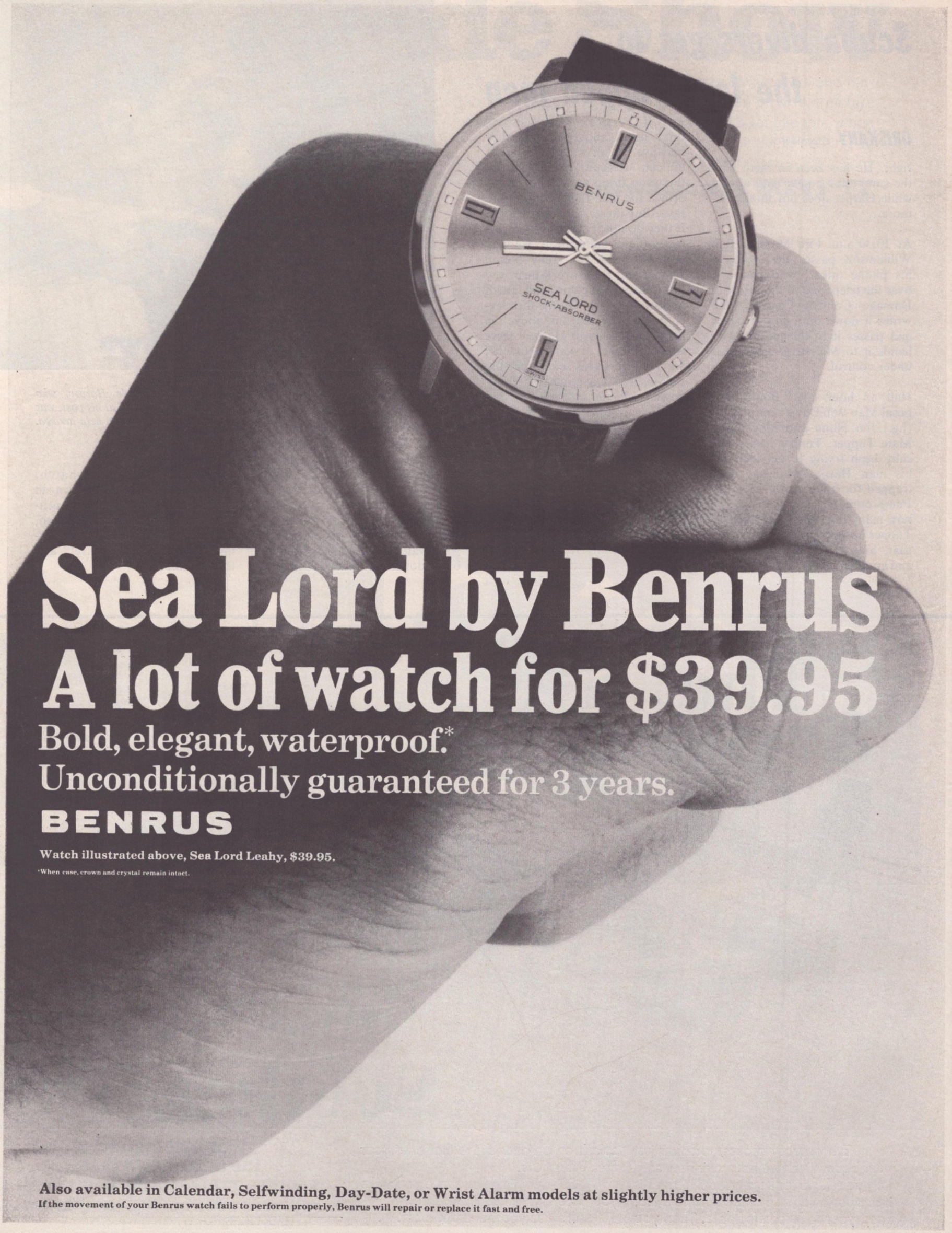
Every razor removes more than just your beard. Because no matter how carefully you shave, or how good the razor is, it scrapes away skin and natural oils that keep your face comfortable. Then you splash on an after shave that dries your face even more.

So every time you shave you make your face dry, irritated, and sore.

It's time you met the soother.

Mennen Afta, the after shave that soothes, protects, and helps heal... It replaces oils shaving scrapes away.

What other after shave can make that statement?



Sea Lord by Benrus

A lot of watch for $39.95

Bold, elegant, waterproof.*
Unconditionally guaranteed for 3 years.

BENRUS

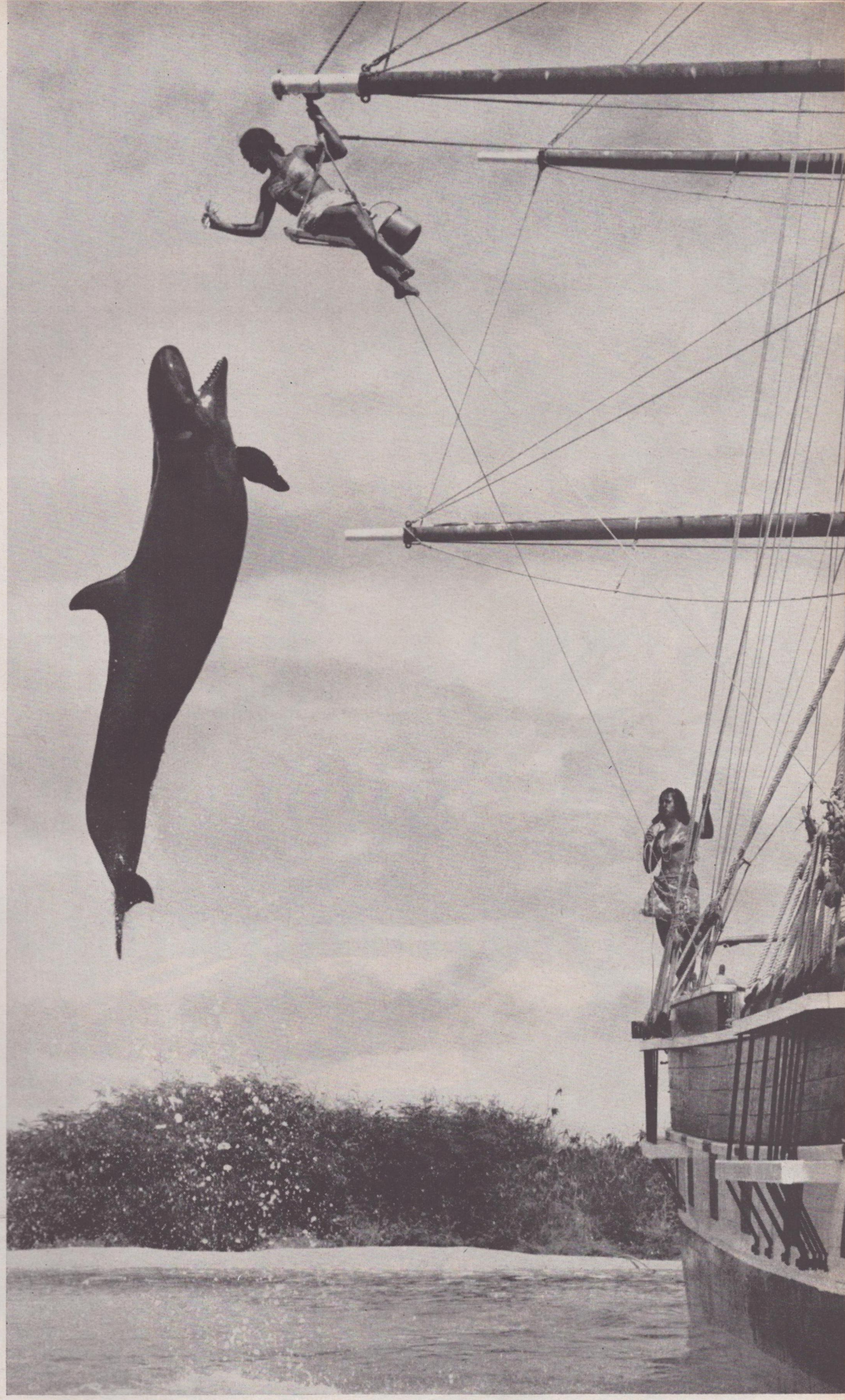
Watch illustrated above, Sea Lord Leahy, $39.95.

*When case, crown and crystal remain intact.

Also available in Calendar, Selfwinding, Day-Date, or Wrist Alarm models at slightly higher prices.
If the movement of your Benrus watch fails to perform properly, Benrus will repair or replace it fast and free.

Up, up, up—23 feet above the foamy surface of the water to the hand that feeds her—hurtles the world's champion high-jumping whale, a light-hearted leviathan named Makapuu. Caught a year ago off Hawaii, the 12-foot-long, 1,300-pound female is of the "false killer" species, which is smaller than a true killer whale. As the star attraction at Hawaii's Sea Life Park, she shows her aerial talents alongside a replica of the whaling ship *Essex*. Makapuu (which means "lookout" in Hawaiian) was taught the trick in a Pavlovian training routine. It took six months to accustom her to captivity. After that, she took handouts from her teacher, who moved higher until Makapuu had to leap up like a Polaris missile to get them. In six weeks she performed her act like a pro and now gives every indication of loving it.

Flukes flailing (*below*), Makapuu launches her jump. At right, she soars toward a trainer perched under the yardarm with a batch of smelts.



Heavyweight High Jump

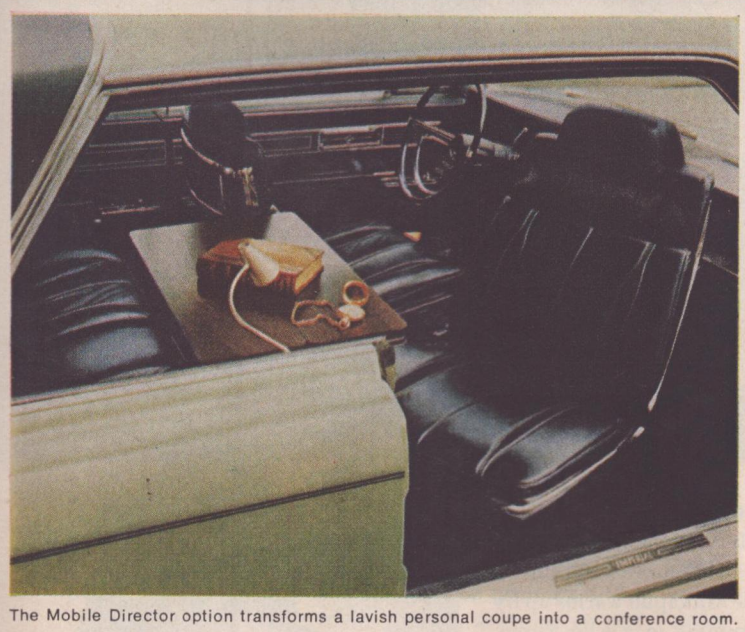
CONTINUED

The Yardarm View of Makapuu

To the trainer who holds out fish as bait, this is what Makapuu looks like at the top of her leap, mouth wide open and 48 teeth glistening in expectation. Like porpoises and dolphins, whales are mammals and are believed to possess extraordinary intelligence. Makapuu performs like this at a hand signal given by her keeper.

CONTINUED

Imperial '67. . . the newest prestige automobile in a decade.



The Mobile Director option transforms a lavish personal coupe into a conference room.

The world has changed. It spins to a faster pace, a more exciting cadence. A line of American prestige cars has changed dramatically. Imperial '67 enhances the contemporary world.

Consider . . . the new Imperial illustrated above is a lavish personal coupe. But with full accessories, it is a great deal more. The Crown Coupe with Mobile Director option introduces a totally new way to travel.

The front seat armrest pivots and unfolds to become a conference table.

The high intensity reading lamp may be mounted in any of four sockets.

The passenger seat swivels 180 degrees to face the rear.

Now you may work your way to work. After hours, chat facing rear-seat companions. Imperial '67 lives up to the new life you lead.

The Imperial introduces a new style of travel. A style you can discover for yourself.

At your Imperial dealer's.

The 1967 Imperial Crown Coupe

IMPERIAL '67

IMPERIAL DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Tune in Bob Hope Wednesdays and AFL Football weekly . . . NBC-TV.

WITH CHRISTMAS ON ITS WAY— HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THIS MONEY SAVING IDEA

?

Give your friends a gift subscription to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

52 weeks of the best of sport in lively, informative reading and colorful photography—a gift you'll be confidently glad you sent and your friends will be eager to receive.

What's more, the price is a gift in itself: $8 for one year-long gift; $6 each for two or more.

So get an easy headstart on your Christmas shopping and take a few minutes to fill out the form below. We'll do the rest—each of the gifts will be heralded by a handsome Gift Announcement Card hand-signed in your name and mailed shortly before Christmas. If you wish, we'll even delay billing until after the holidays.

Please send SI as a Christmas Gift

TO_____ (please print)

address_____

city state zip code

Signature on gift card should read

FROM_____ (please print)

TO_____ (please print)

address_____

city state zip code

Signature on gift card should read

FROM_____ (please print)

Bill me after Christmas ($8 for one subscription; $6 each for two or more.)

my name_____

address_____

city state zip code

Also include a year-long subscription in my name

☐ new ☐ renewal

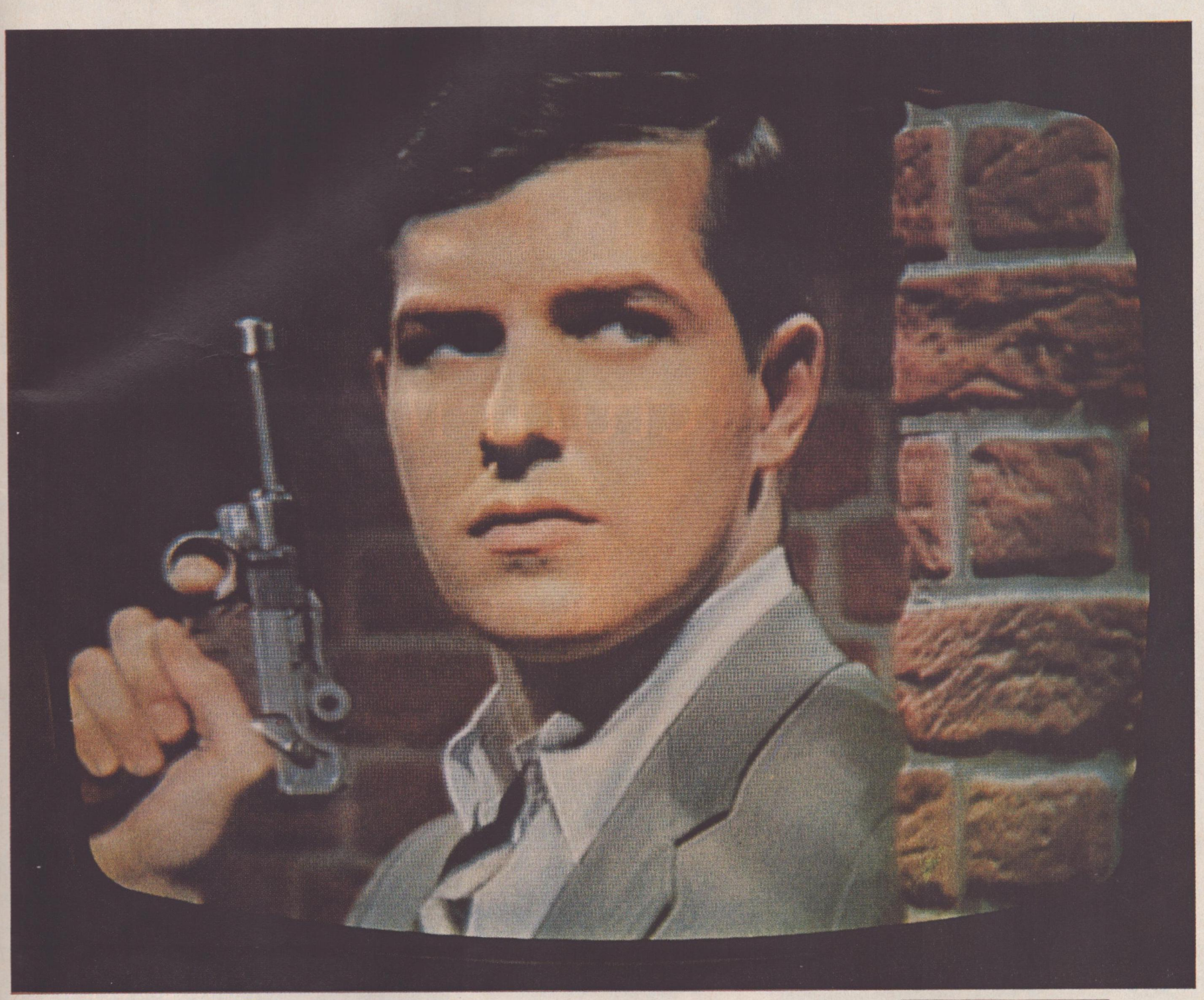
This rate good only in U.S. and Canada. Elsewhere: $10 for each subscription.

S 3597

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED / 540 North Michigan Ave. / Chicago, Illinois 60611

After her leap Makapuu plunges into the water head-first—near a porpoise that is her favorite playmate. At right she gets part of her daily diet of 50 pounds of smelts. Before each performance Makapuu warms up by swimming in a wide circle, followed by a practice leap of about 10 feet to get a visual fix on the yardarm. Then she "sounds" 25 feet to the bottom to get a swimming start—and up she zooms.

We think Philco has the best color TV you can buy. That's why we show you this unretouched photo right from the picture tube.



Our brand-new tuning eye makes it easy to tune color like this. As easy as tuning a radio.

We've eliminated the guesswork in tuning the picture. Just turn the fine tuning dial until the little green eye is at its narrowest point, and you've got it. On UHF or VHF. Then it's only a matter of adjusting the color tint to your personal taste.

Another reason the color is as good as what you're seeing here (telecast by WKBS-TV, Channel 48, Philadelphia, photographed from a production model Philco set at 1/15th second on ASA 160 film) is that we've made the vital signal system completely solid state. That means there are no old-style vacuum tubes in those circuits to heat up or burn out. Just cool little space-age miracles that sit quietly pulling in the kind of great color you're seeing here.

We've done other good things, too. But all we're trying to do right here is get you interested. Interested enough to find out more from your Philco dealer. And see some color programs on a Philco for yourself. Then make up your own mind. We'll take our chances on that.

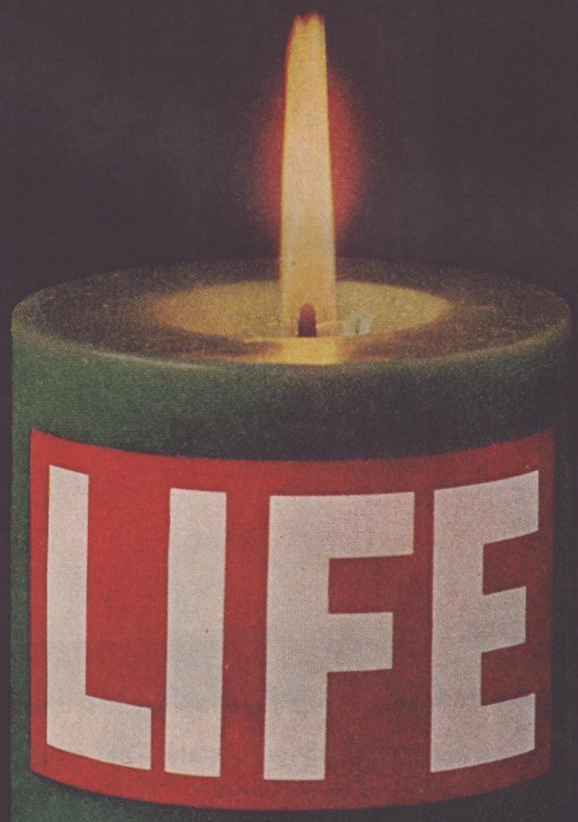
Philco-Ford Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. 19134.

PHILCO Ford

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

TELEVISION · STEREO PHONOGRAPHS · RADIO · HOME LAUNDRY · RANGES · REFRIGERATORS · AIR CONDITIONERS

Give LIFE for Christmas; no one ever wants to return it.



LIFE is the perfect Christmas gift. It's always the right color and the right size and the right price. Give LIFE, and you give 51 weeks of fascinating viewing and reading for only $6.00—about 12¢ a copy. We'll announce your gift with a handsome Christmas card in your name.

The first gift copy—LIFE's year-end issue on PHOTOGRAPHY—will arrive Christmas week.

The Christmas double issue is just the beginning. Each week LIFE is a new gift all over again. A gift that lasts the whole year—51 issues of memorable writing and photography. Send the card today. Send no money. We'll bill you later.

If someone has beaten you to the card, please send a postcard to the following address: LIFE, Time-Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

THEATER

Happy Encore for Kaufman's Classics

by TOM PRIDEAUX

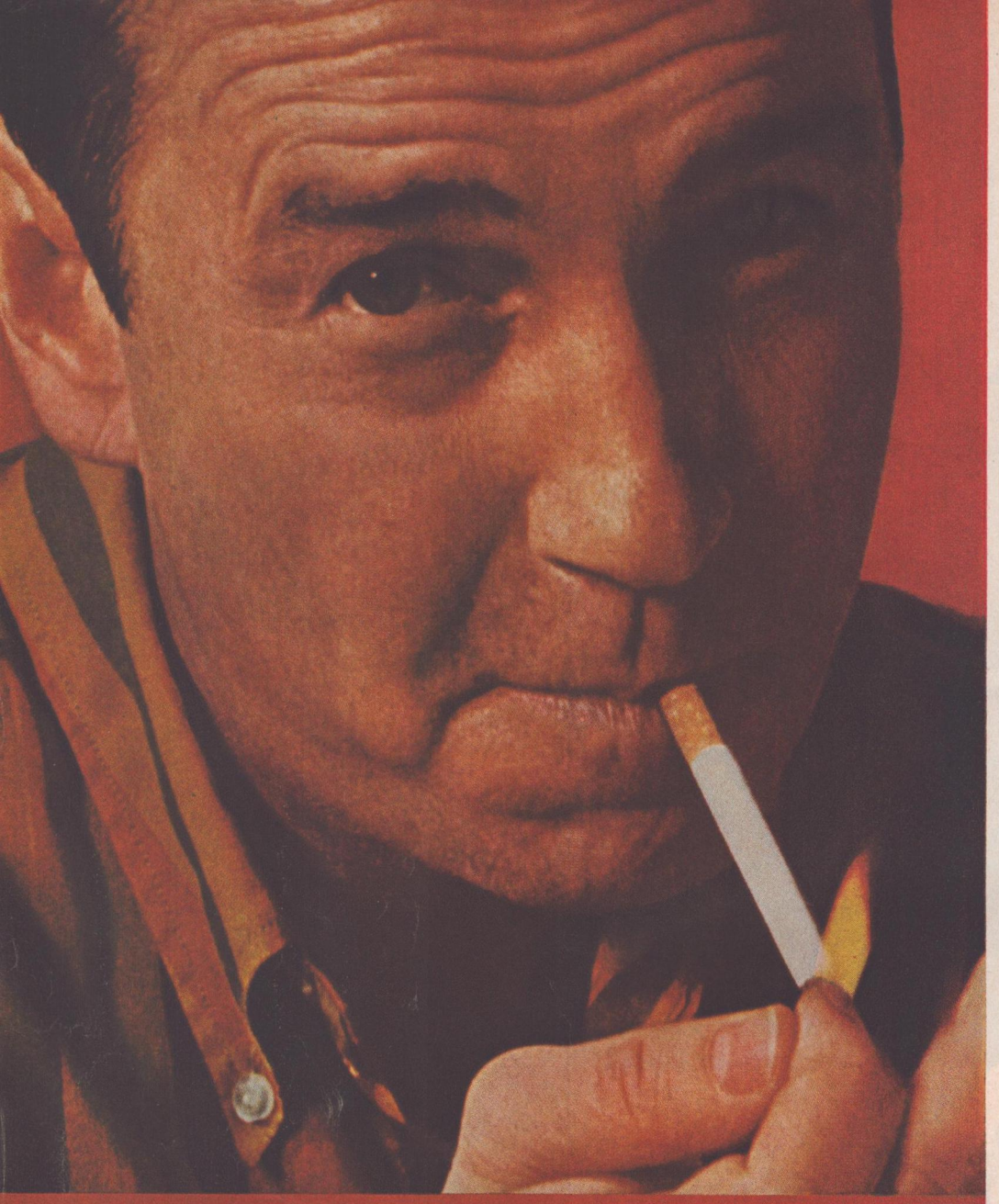
Eight people are invited to dine at an elegant New York town house. The gallant host, unbeknownst to his twittering wife, is suffering from both bankruptcy and a coronary failure. His beloved 19-year-old daughter is two-timing her socialite fiancé with an alcoholic middle-aged movie star, who commits suicide at the very hour he is supposed to be eating lobster aspic at the dinner. The aspic itself is spilled on the kitchen floor when a crazed chauffeur attacks a butler with a knife, all for the love of a parlormaid, while the cook who made the aspic has an agonizing toothache. Whew!

All this, and oh so much more, is jigsawed into the multiscened revival of *Dinner at Eight*, the old 1932 war horse by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, which is the biggest box-office dramatic hit on Broadway, filling an even larger theater than it did a quarter century ago.

A funny thing is happening to the U.S. theater on its way to the future. It is stopping to look at its past—and is enjoying it immensely. Oldtime American hits by Clifford Odets, Thornton Wilder, Maxwell Anderson and Tennessee Williams are being revived, generally with pleasure and profit. And the most revived works of all are George Kaufman's. All over the U.S., audiences are rediscovering his *Once in a Lifetime*, *The Beggar on Horseback*, *The Butter and Egg Man*, *You Can't*

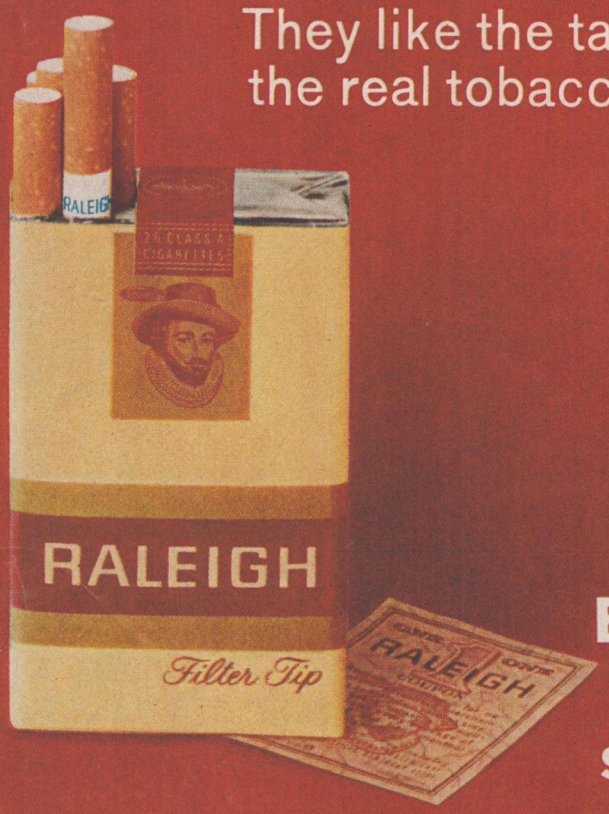
CONTINUED

"You poisonous little rattlesnake," shouts Dan Packard (Robert Burr) in a brawl with his two-timing wife (Pamela Tiffin) as they dress to go to the dinner in Dinner at Eight.



Lots of people smoke Raleigh and don't save the coupons.

They like the taste...
the real tobacco taste.



But most Raleigh smokers do save the coupons.

They like the taste too.

©1966, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products*

Collection of lovable

In a revival of Kaufman and Hart's You Can't Take It With You *now offered by New York's APA repertory group* (top), *the zany Sycamore tribe enjoys an orgy of artistic expression. Above, grandfather* (Henry Travers) *prays for his family in the first Broadway production in 1936.*

Monty Woolley in The Man Who Came to Dinner *played Sheridan Whiteside, a sybaritic celebrity who bullies his friends, in the first 1939 production. At far right, George Sanders rehearses the part for a musical version of the show, called* Sherry!

goofs and sybarites

KAUFMAN CONTINUED

Take It With You. And Broadway is about to see a musical version of *The Man Who Came to Dinner.*

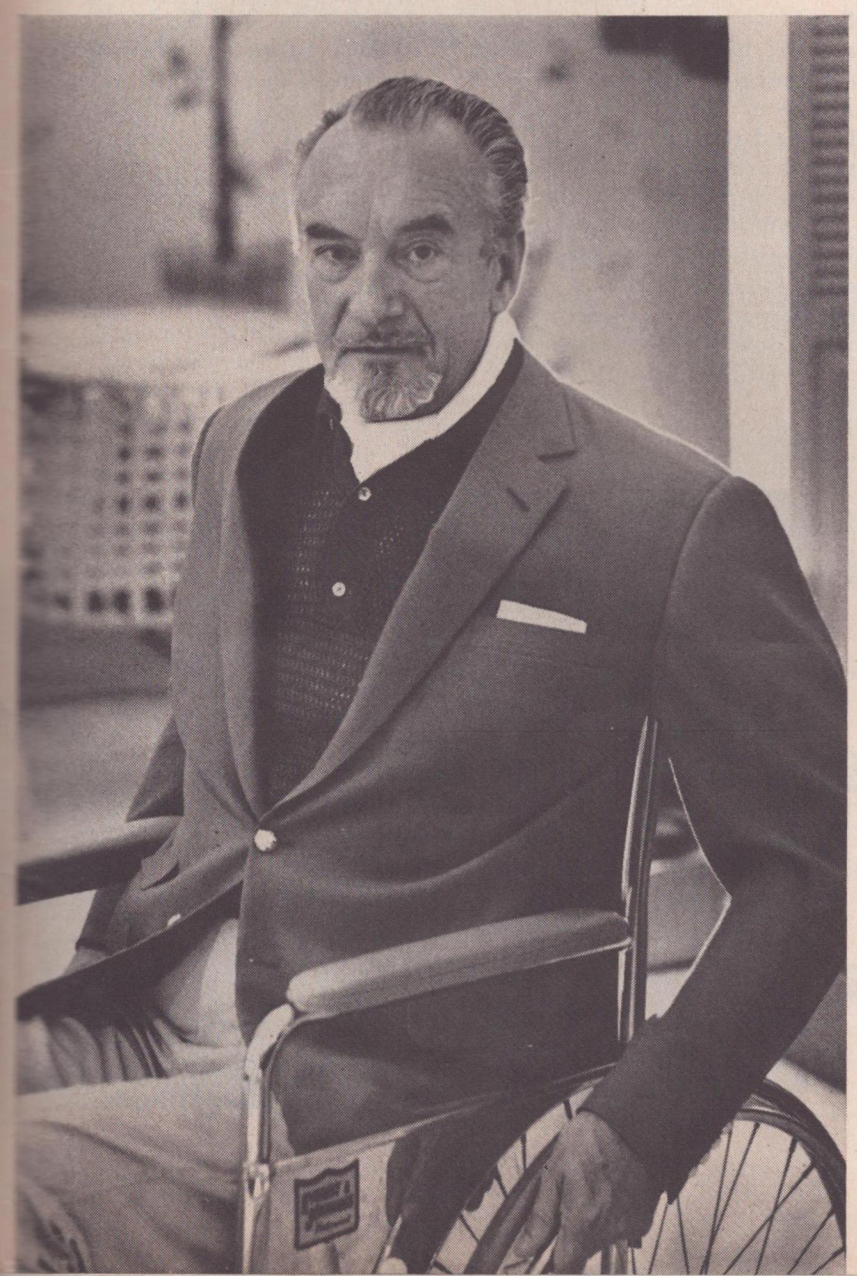
Since Kaufman usually worked in partnership with other writers (Ferber, Moss Hart, Marc Connelly), it is hard to sift out exactly what he did. But his mark is strong and indelible on his collaborators—as is his influence on the popular theater. And in the revival phenomenon Kaufman is currently king.

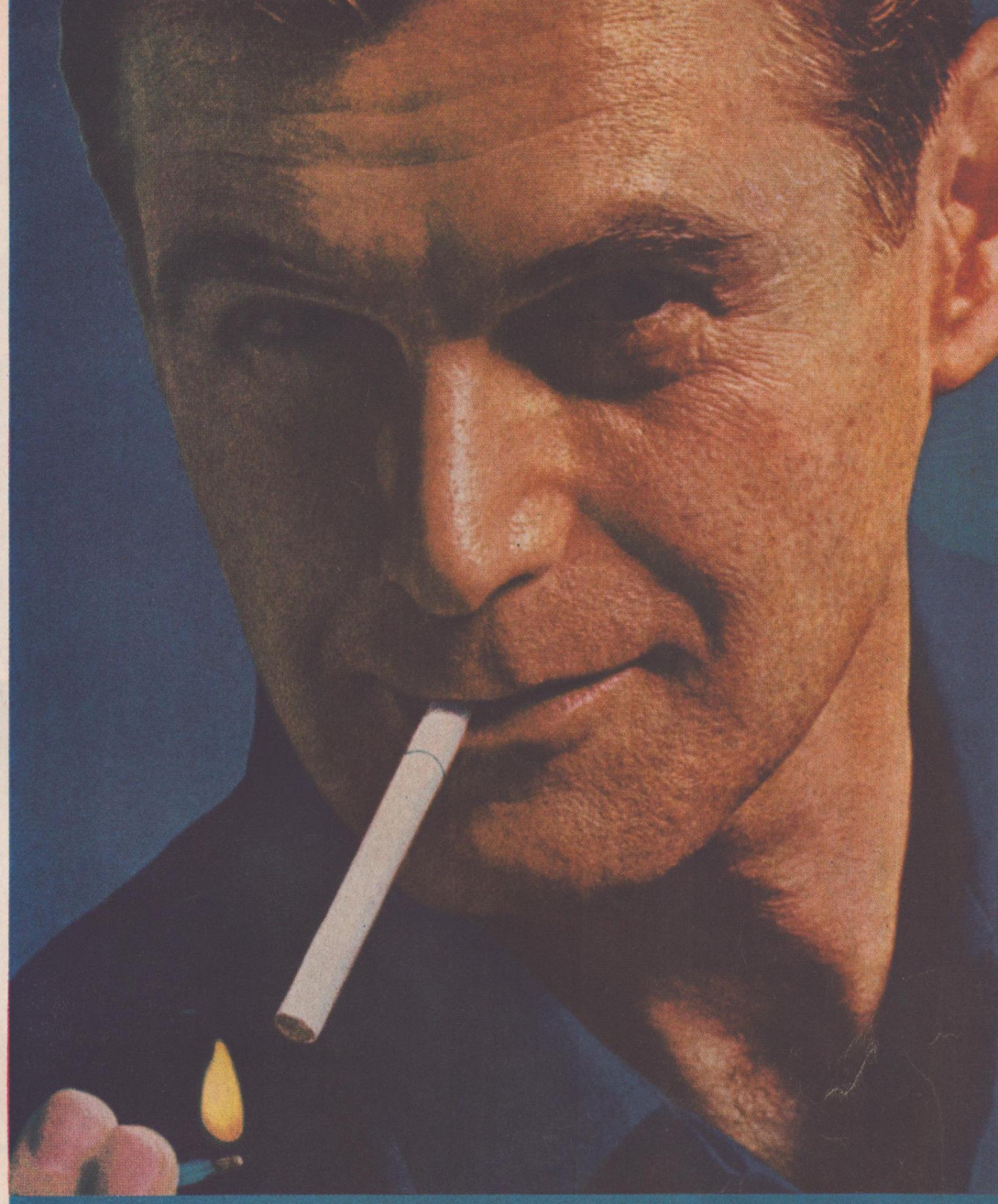
As an ex-newspaperman, Kaufman knew, and liked to tell, a good story. He catered to the age-old yearning to hear a surprising yarn full of twists and reversals of fortune. There's more plot in *Dinner at Eight* than in all the other plays now on Broadway put together.

It carries a kind of message—an implied indictment of shallow social values. But above all it was meant to keep audiences entertained.

In the 30-odd years since *Dinner* was first served—a film version was done in 1933 with Jean

CONTINUED





Lots of people smoke Belair and don't save the coupons.

They like the taste... the right touch of menthol.

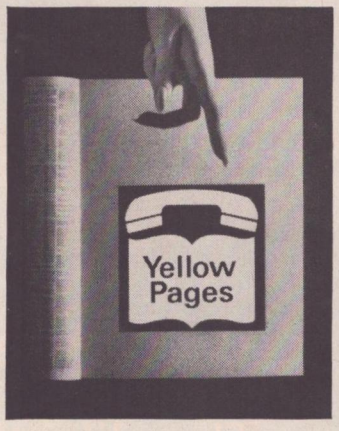
But most Belair smokers do save the coupons.

They like the taste too.

©1966, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products

Wear out
the Yellow Pages
instead of
yourself.

Let your fingers do the walking.
Shop the Yellow Pages first.



BELL SYSTEM

A healthy relish for the human race

Harlow and Wallace Beery as the bickering floozie and her husband —this same kind of thing has been milked dry by countless movies and soap operas. Most authors today would be embarrassed to try it. But what a picnic it is, after a famine diet of two-character plays, laid in one-set hells, to behold 11 big scenes, acted by an honor role of performers—June Havoc, Arlene Francis, Walter Pidgeon, Darren McGavin, Mindy Carson, Ruth Ford, Jeffrey Lynn, Blanche Yurka—all acting up a storm under the direction of Sir Tyrone Guthrie, who says *Dinner at Eight* is as "well constructed a play as I've ever read. It's dateless."

Through Kaufman's beautifully meshed plots marches an extravagant parade of characters: windbags, phony theatrical producers, gilded mountebanks of cafe society, larcenous schemers, kapok-headed dreamers. Perhaps his most vivid creations are the floozies—some of them good scouts at heart, like Fanny the ex-Indian club juggler in *The Butter and Egg Man*, others lethally predatory, like Kitty in *Dinner at Eight*, with her rosebud mouth and voice of "pure spearmint."

In all Kaufman's work, there is a healthy relish for the human race, gaudy and flawed as it is, and a persistent tenderness for young lovers. Today, in a peculiarly self-conscious time, Kaufman's salty people are especially welcome. They don't mind being themselves. They're no better than they should be, and they couldn't care less. They have little time for introspection, and not one of them has ever bowed his head and filled his navel with his own tears. They're too busy shouting and running, loving and plotting and telling each other off.

Kaufman's lively hubbubs, of course, should never supplant the cerebral, poetic avant-garde dramas that give a unique character to the modern stage. But they do afford a powerful antidote to the visions we sometimes have of ourselves in the future as humanoid computers with no pushbuttons for wisecracks. It may be that we recoil from those visions because they scare us. More likely, it's because they bore us—something Kaufman's creations never do. In other countries, plays that were once dismissed as merely popular are sitting side-by-side with the classics. The boudoir farces of the 19th Century French writer Feydeau are revived now by the august Comédie Française. And Noel Coward's trinkety little trifle, *Hay Fever*, is given—along with Shakespeare —by Britain's National Theatre. George Kaufman is now on his way to becoming a permanent treasure of our stage.

The Butter and Egg Man, revived this fall off-Broadway, is the only play Kaufman wrote by himself. Here, Tom Aldredge (left) and Philip Bruns play shoestring producers trying to save flop show.

The vodka cups, made of gilded silver and Russian enamel, are 19th Century Russian. Courtesy A La Vieille Russie, N.Y.C.

Three of the world's great vodkas.

Gilbey's is the one you can buy without a passport.

VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

FASHION

The Wastebasket Dress Has

Arrived

This, at last, is the year of the paper dress that can be worn and then tossed in the wastebasket. The women's apparel industry, after years of coping with crackle, droop and flame, has now brought paper out of the laboratory and put it onto the backs of fashionable ladies. As shown here, a paper dress can range all the way from a thousand-dollar ball gown (*left*) to a $1.39 beach shirt (*right*). The ball gowns, by Tzaims Luksus, were created for a museum's fund-raising ball and will become part of its collection. On the commercial level prices vary depending on the style, but for the most part are attuned to the short life of the dress—six or seven wearings for the cheap ones. They are soft and comfortable to the touch, may be pressed with a cool iron and are reasonably sturdy. A shoulder strap did give way on one of the museum ball gowns but was quickly repaired with Scotch tape.

Paper enthusiasts foresee inexpensive designs like the colorfully striped beach shirt (above) *by Mars Manufacturing Co. being kept in vacation houses to parcel out to visitors like guest toothbrushes. The silver party dress* (below), *made by Leslie Juniors, costs $40. Its designer, Gene Neil, found the quilted silver paper in a party decoration shop. Because of the synthetic metallic surface, dress can be sponged clean. The hand-painted evening dresses* (far left) *made of Kaycel, a paper product developed by Kimberly-Stevens, were worn at Wadsworth Atheneum Paper Ball in Hartford, Conn.*

From pulp mills, party dresses and shaggy 'furs'

Paper "fur" coat (above), *by California designer Judith Brewer, costs $200—and is warm, if that's important. Inserted between the thickly layered fringes are bows of paper ribbon. Strapless party dress* (right) *is by Elisa Daggs and costs $6. Its skirt is propped up by a paper petticoat. Miss Daggs admonishes wearers to be tidy—"If you spill, you're dead."*

© 1966 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

"When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer."

No glass is emptier than the glass that just held Schlitz. Because this is the beer with 1,174 careful brewing steps in every drop. Which makes it the most carefully brewed beer in the world. If there's something missing from the beer you're drinking, replace it. With gusto.

Schlitz®

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous.

on your new Ford – wheel covers of Stainless Steel

Nothing can dull the luster of stainless steel wheel covers on your new car – not dirt, gravel, salt, salt air, nor winter's road chemicals. Clean even the dirtiest salt-encrusted covers with a simple rinse-and-dry! We ought to know. We supply stainless steel for wheel covers.

IN STAINLESS, TOO. You Can Take the Pulse of Progress at
REPUBLIC STEEL
CORPORATION
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

This STEELMARK of the American Steel Industry on a product assures you it is modern, versatile Stainless Steel. Look for it on products you buy.

The answer to laundry in outer space

One of the chief attractions of a paper dress, of course, is that from any casual distance it does not look like paper at all—but more like cotton fabric. Most of the paperlike characteristics are visible only under close scrutiny. For example, Kaycel, the Kimberly-Stevens paper fabric, has a slightly bumpy surface resembling paper toweling, though its next-of-kin is actually Kleenex. Kaycel is made of 93% cellulose wadding (like Kleenex) plus 7% nylon. The nylon, which is pressed inside the cellulose wadding, imparts two qualities essential to wearing apparel: strength and what is called "drapability"—*i.e.*, it hangs like cloth. With its flame-retardant finish a paper dress will char but not flare up when a lighted match is held to it. However, since the retardant tends to come off in water, it is advisable to throw away a dress that has been rained on or pushed into a pool. This same problem precludes washing or dry cleaning. With normal use, barring spills and snags, a paper dress has remarkable durability; one garment survived a wear test by a woman who did her housework in it every day for a month. (This lady, a motherly type, was understandably a little tired of the dress when the test ended, but her one complaint was interesting in its nostalgia: "I like a dress I can wash.") Paper dress fabric takes color well and can be shortened with scissors. Lengthening, more or less academic with current styles, can be accomplished by pasting on trim, like lace on a valentine. The fabric does not wrinkle excessively and can be pressed easily. It rustles slightly in motion but no more audibly than taffeta.

Wearable paper fabric has been around for a decade in the form of shower slippers, hospital gowns, lobster bibs and the like; but its application to stylish apparel has been very recent. Much of the excitement was generated by the phenomenal success of a mail-order dress offered as a promotion for household paper products by the Scott Paper Company (LIFE, April 29)—Scott's paper, called Dura-Weve, is 93% napkin stock and 7% rayon. Half a million orders resulted, and no retailer is going to pass up that sort of market evidence.

Paper apparel's real pioneers, after years of speaking into deaf ears, are now talking ebulliently about a boundless future. "Five years from now 75% of the nation will be wearing disposable clothing," says Ronald Bard, vice president of Mars Manufacturing Company, a family firm once devoted only to the making of women's and children's stretch tights. Mars has sold 300,000 paper garments since last June, and a New York department store which carries them has been swamped with orders—one from a lady who cabled from London asking for two styles to be air expressed immediately. Mr. Bard is broadening his firm's line from dresses to football jerseys, uniforms for service personnel, graduation gowns, children's wear and undershorts (three for $1) for the traveling salesman. "In paper," he says, "you are only limited by your imagination."

Elisa Daggs, another of the early paper prophets, predicts a revolution in dressmaking techniques: "Paper needs its own architecture. Sealing machines will replace sewing machines."

Farthest-out of all paper's partisans is Julian Tomchin, a textile designer, who became fascinated with paper when he printed some for the Hartford Museum's Paper Ball. "It's right for our age," he says. "After all, who is going to do laundry in space?" Mr. Tomchin also believes that improved techniques will bring prices down until garments will be packaged in tear-off rolls, like sandwich bags, and sold for pennies.

HELEN CARLTON

In April, Norma Wick's kitchen was
sunburst yellow in May
apple red in September
spring green.
But for the past six years her cars have been Ford, Ford, Ford. Why? Because her Fords stayed strong, quiet and out of trouble. It's a trend. Ford owners are coming back for more Fords in record-breaking numbers. Norma's '67 is the best yet—the strongest, quietest Ford ever built. It offers stereo tape music automatic speed control, front power disc brakes, much more. Test one.
Ride Ford's New Wave for '67.

STRONG CARS MAKE STRONG FRIENDS

New ideas available from Ford for '67: ☐ All Ford automatic transmissions are now SelectShift, can be used automatically or manually, according to the driving situation. ☐ Front power disc brakes (available on all models).

☐ Convenience control panel has lights to warn when fuel's low, door's ajar. One switch locks all doors. ☐ Stereo Tape/Radio system comes as an integrated unit, smartly styled into instrument panel. ☐ Magic

Doorgate for wagons (standard) swings out like a door for people, down like a tailgate for cargo. ☐ Ford Motor Company Lifeguard-Design safety features are standard equipment on all 1967 Fords.

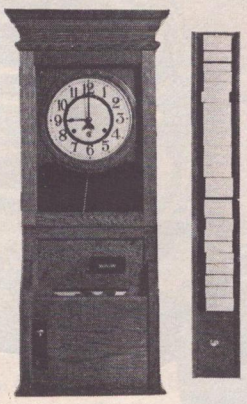
Ford

YOU'RE AHEAD IN A FORD

FORD

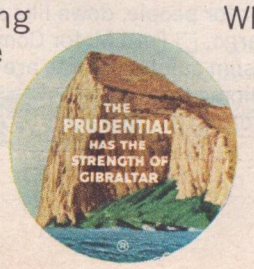
Your wife worked as a single girl and enjoyed it. But it'd be different if she had to support the family. She'd be doing a different kind of work.

A man's work.



Prudential understands that any woman can take a woman's work in stride. But, if she had to do a woman's work and a man's work, too, that might be quite a problem.

And that could be the problem your wife would face if anything happened to you. Because she might have to be mother, father, and provider all in one



—unless you had done the providing beforehand.

"PAYCHECKS" DON'T HAVE TO STOP. Prudential insurance can help you provide your family with an income month after month, year after year.

While insurance can never replace you, it does keep the money coming in. To buy groceries. To pay for shoes and clothing. To take care of the mortgage or rent. Even to meet your children's college bills.

SOUNDS EXPENSIVE—BUT NEEDN'T BE. Your Prudential man has many plans to fit many kinds of needs as well as many kinds of income. You can do a lot of protecting of the future without taking the fun out of the present. You can easily tell: Prudential understands.

Prudential understands

Niagara Falls Reduced to a Trickle

At midnight U.S. Army engineers began throwing switches and turning valves, and by dawn the normally mighty flow (*right*) of the Niagara River over the American Falls had slowed to a trickle (*below*)—a quarter of its normal roaring cascade. For seven hours the 8,000 cubic feet of water which customarily plunges over the falls every second was reduced to 2,000. It was accomplished by an upstream diversion, sending most of the flow over the companion Horseshoe (Canadian) Falls.

The American Falls aren't what they used to be. In 1931 the protruding lip of the falls crumbled into a huge pile of rock at the bottom. Instead of the long fall to the pool below, the water now foamed over rocks. The lip of rock has continued to crack off ever since, and there is real danger that the magnificent American Falls may degenerate into a jumble of rapids. During the seven hours of trickle, the engineers studied the rock structure for a report in December on whether the falls can be saved.

This is the sight that tourists—honeymooners in particular—come for miles to see—the falls (*above*) in the full glory of their flow. As river is diverted (*below*), the ugly accumulation of rock, called talus, is slowly unveiled at the bottom of the falls.

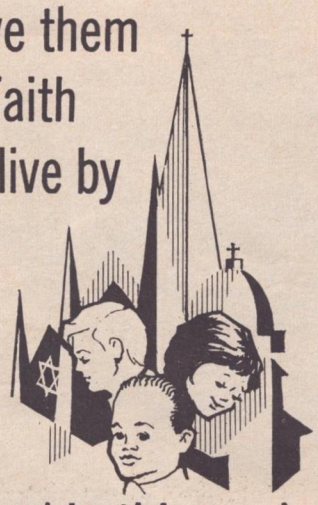
PUSH-BUTTON PAINTING AT ITS BEST!

Goes on in seconds—dries in minutes! no fuss, no muss, no ugly brush marks!

NEW!
For auto touch-up, use KRYLON exact-matching car colors.

KRYLON . . .
AMERICA'S NO. 1 SPRAY PAINT
A Product of Borden Chemical

Give them a Faith to live by



Worship this week

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE ·
RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE

dax the rechargeable electric lighter with a wardrobe!
$14.95 at fine stores
dax · Springfield, N.J.

NEW FOR '66
WITH THE MIRACLE STITCH

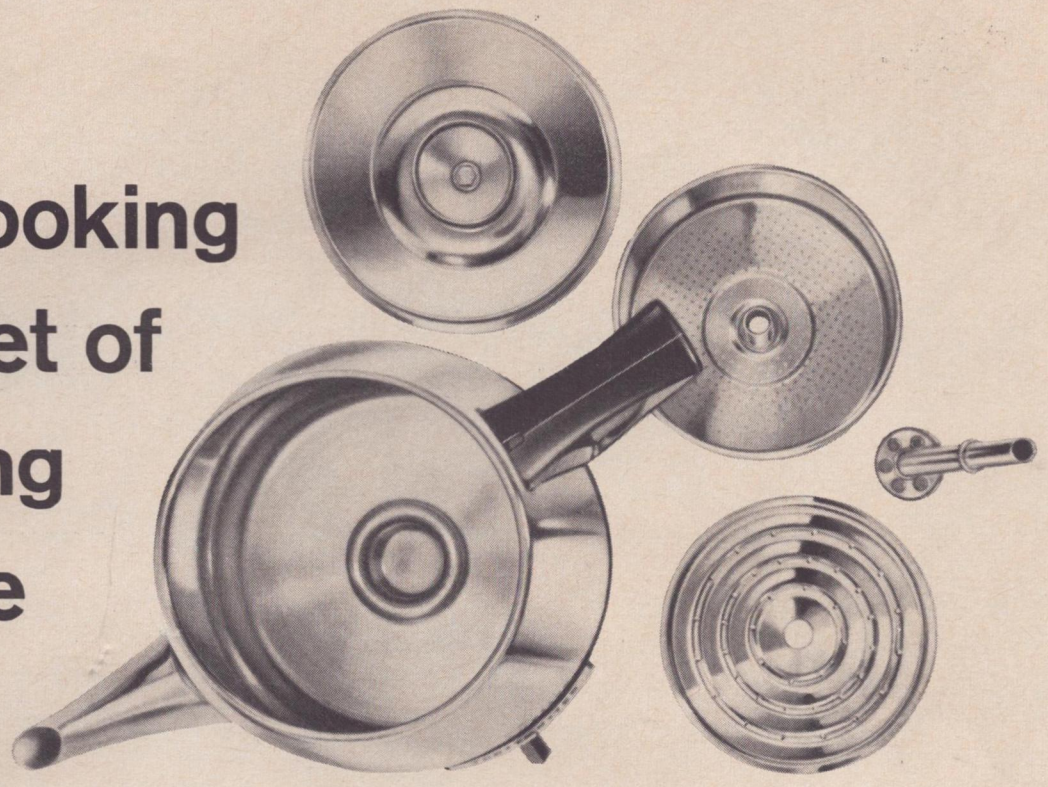
MODEL 701

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
P.O. Box 25901, Los Angeles, Cal. 90025

TOYS TOYS
THE TOY HOUSE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Popular Priced Toys
Sold All Over America
Look For This Nationally
Accepted Brand of Approval
WORLD TOY HOUSE, INC., ST. PAUL 2, MINN.

Gates in an 1,800-foot water-control dam were used to divert the river away from the American Falls, shown at the bottom of the picture above. The outer gates were closed, forcing the water to pass through gates nearer the Ontario shore (top) and on toward (broken arrow) the spectacular, more famous and larger Horseshoe Falls. Between the two falls is Goat Island. While engineers examine the rocks, work crews take a bulldozer into the depleted stream (*below*) to clear debris against a backdrop of spray from the lip of the falls.

You're looking into the secret of better-tasting coffee



The flavor of the coffee you drink depends on your coffee maker, as well as on the coffee itself. And you can't tell about a coffee maker just by looking at a shiny outside. Some coffee makers are softies. Made of soft, porous metals that can harbor old, bitter coffee oils even after washing.

Not so this glistening beauty from Toastmaster. It's hard steel, tempered steel, stainless steel inside and out, clear through to its very heart—a tiny vital part you can easily see for yourself.

Look inside

Lift off the top of this king among coffee makers . . . take out the stainless steel basket and basket cover and perk tube . . . and peer down deep inside.

See that little thimble-like depression inset into the very bottom? That's the perk-well . . . where water gets pumped up the perk tube. And *it's* stainless, too. It's relatively difficult to fashion this tiny, thimble-shaped perk-well out of stainless steel, but Toastmaster does it, to protect the flavor of your coffee. Some coffee makers—even many that are stainless steel outside—don't have stainless steel perk-wells. But *everything* is stainless steel, inside this peerless Toastmaster coffee maker.

Speaking of flavor, do you like your coffee strong or mild? This coffee maker lets you choose, with a precision flavor-selector.

And look at the handle

Now, then. Take a quick look at the "See-Level" handle on this Model M521. See the tube inset into it? It shows you how much water you've put in before you perk it, how much coffee there is left as you pour it out and serve it up.

And naturally—however much coffee there is—this coffee maker keeps it at just the right drinking temperature, automatically.

See for yourself. This Toastmaster coffee maker is truly the one to own . . . or give. It's the same with all fine Toastmaster products.

Doesn't someone you know deserve a Toastmaster coffee maker? (Don't you?)

TOASTMASTER®

McGRAW-EDISON

Toastmaster Division · McGraw Edison Company · Elgin, Illinois — Toasters · Coffee Makers · Fry Pans · Broilers · Irons · Waffle Bakers
Hair Dryers · Mixers · Blenders · Can Openers · Hair Clippers · Vibrators · Shoe Polishers · Power Tools · Fans · Heaters · Humidifiers

MISCELLANY / # PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

In 1621 the Pilgrims invited Massasoit and a few friends over to share what proved to be the first Thanksgiving turkey, a wild bird about the size and texture of a small, hard-run rooster. Now cast an eye on Tom, the 70-pound 1966 model at left above (his friend at right, young Donny Bigfeather, weighs 35 pounds). Tom, a whopper with a gobble that shatters goblets, was hybridized by a California breeder, who figures the *100*-pound turkey is about as near at hand as man's first trip to the moon. Think of it: a turkey that can march at the head of Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade, star at an open-pit barbecue and leave enough leftovers to last all the way to Easter!

PALL MALL

FILTER TIPPED

New Luxury Length

You get that same famous length of the same identical Pall Mall tobaccos—and a filter tip! Discover the long cigarette that's long on flavor. Filter Tipped Pall Mall. *Outstanding...and they are mild!*

Luxury length for menthol smokers—PALL MALL Menthol, now in green soft-pack. Also at popular filter price.

© The American Tobacco Company